Mar. 27, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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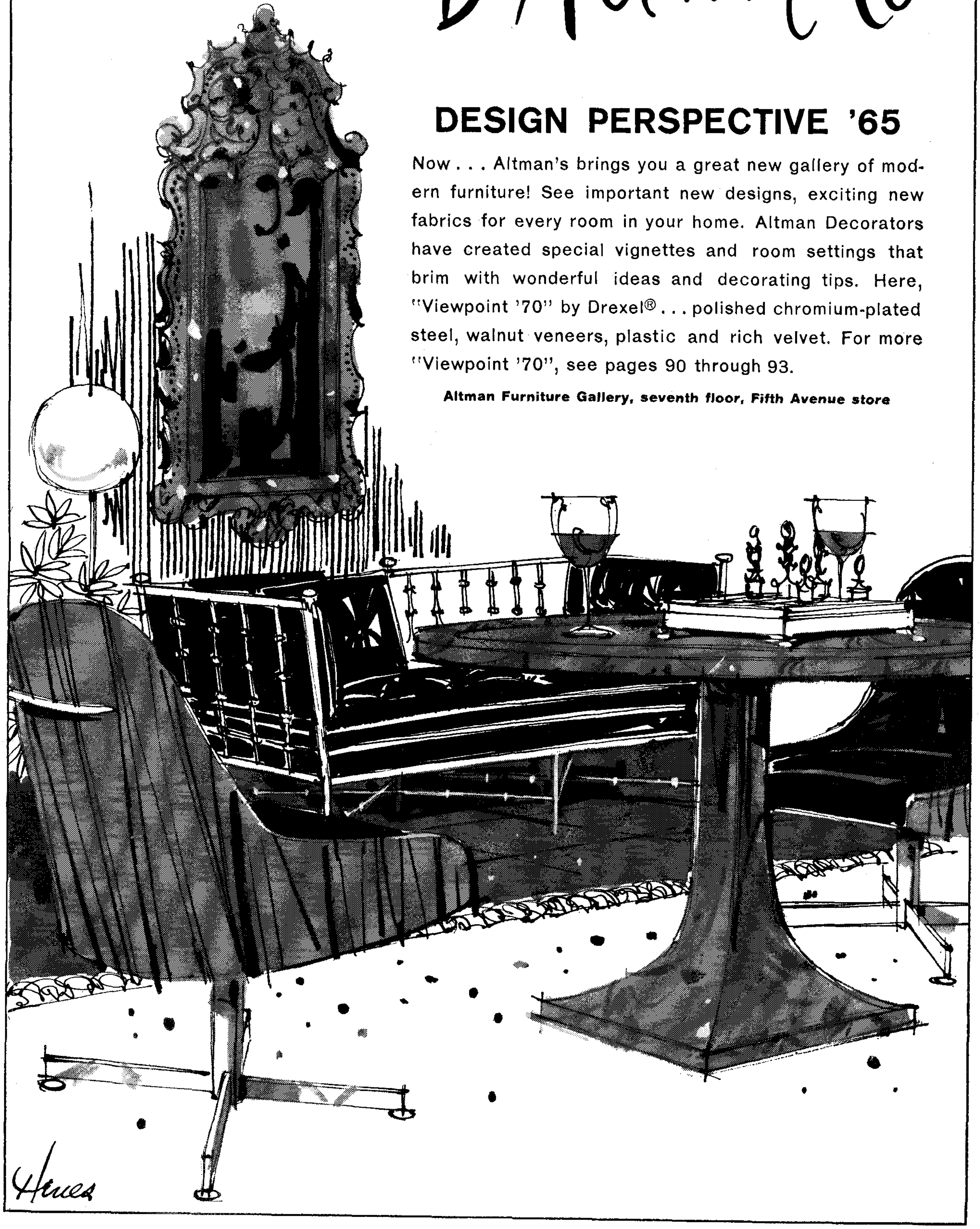
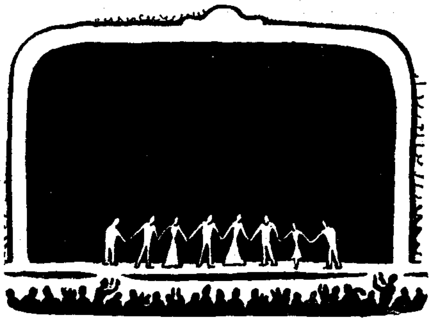


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All in Good Time—Donald Wolfit, Marjorie Rhodes, and Brian Murray are all effective in this homely comedy by Bill Naughton, which deals with family difficulties among assorted proletarians in the North of England. However, the core of the matter, which has to do with the impotency of a young bridegroom, is hardly enough to sustain it. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 27.)

Catch Me If You Can—Something described as a murder-mystery comedy, which is short on the two last ingredients. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie give their all in this one, but their all, unfortunately, is not enough to save the show. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in this feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiny Alice—Edward Albee in a metaphysical mood, and who is to parse him? John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are in the cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, March 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** A man in his sixties learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott play the leading roles. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. Book by Jerome Coopersmith, music and lyrics by Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, whose wit custom cannot stale, assisted on this occasion by Leonid Hambro, who is a pretty comical fellow himself. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, March 29, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy—originally "The Time of the Cuckoo"—about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster in the current go-around, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fade Out – Fade In—Carol Burnett is very good in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, March 25, at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 28.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Maurice Chevalier at 77—A solo show of songs and monologues. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, March 30-31. Opens officially on Thursday, April 1, and will run through Saturday, May 1. (Alvin Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—**INCIDENT AT VICHY,** an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8:30; Saturday, March 27, at 2 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 30-31, at 8:30.... **TARTUFFE,** Molière's old war horse

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Sunday, March 28, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 3, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's JUDITH: Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8:30; Saturday, March 27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, March 28, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 30-April 1, at 8:30. . . . Shaw's MAN AND SUPERMAN: Friday, April 2, at 8, and Saturday, April 3, at 2:30 and 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, March 27: "The Magic Flute," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, April 2: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre. 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Billy Liar—A charming comedy that Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall have fashioned from Mr. Waterhouse's novel about an English adolescent whose weakness for make-believe lands him in one fix after another. Ethel Griffies gives a marvellous performance as the hero's pesky grandmother. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cat and the Canary—This production of John Willard's spooky old comedy has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis—Arthur Kopit's new farce is a disappointment, partly, but not entirely, because of a generally poor production. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harry, Noon and Night—A play by Ronald Ribman, with Joel Grey and Gerald S. O'Loughlin. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New Playwrights Series—The third three-week bill consists of Joseph Morgenstern's "Lovey" (with Ruth Ford) and Kenneth Pressman's "Hunting the Jingo Bird." Opens Thursday, March 25, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, April 11. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—This dramatization by Robert Lowell of Herman Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is a winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

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Othello and Baal—Shakespeare's tragedy is being joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Previews Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and A Slight Ache—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and The Toilet—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Worlds of Oscar Brown, Jr.—A program of songs, impressions, and improvisations, with the Floyd Morris trio. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, March 25: "Les Sylphides," "Dark Elegies," "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Giselle" and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27 (primarily for children): "Giselle" and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Miss Julie," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 28 (primarily for children): "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 28: "Les Sylphides," "The Four Marys," "Sargasso," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 30: "Les Sylphides," "Les Noces" (première), "Esmeralda Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 31: "The Wind in the Mountains," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "The Combat," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 1: "Grand Pas—Glazunov," "Caprichos," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "Miss Julie," "The Frail Quarry," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3 (primarily for children): "The Wind in the Mountains" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "Theme and Variations," "Sargasso," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The Wind in the Mountains." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, April 11. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Melissa Hayden and Edward Villella—In a ballet program, with Sabicas, flamenco guitarist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Four performances of a program that consists of "From Sea to Shining Sea," "9 Dances with Music by Corelli," "Post Meridian," and "Duet." (Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. CO 5-1855. Wednesday, March 31, at 8, and Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey in their annual paean to spring. Opens Thursday evening, April 1, and will be around through Sunday, May 9. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam about among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

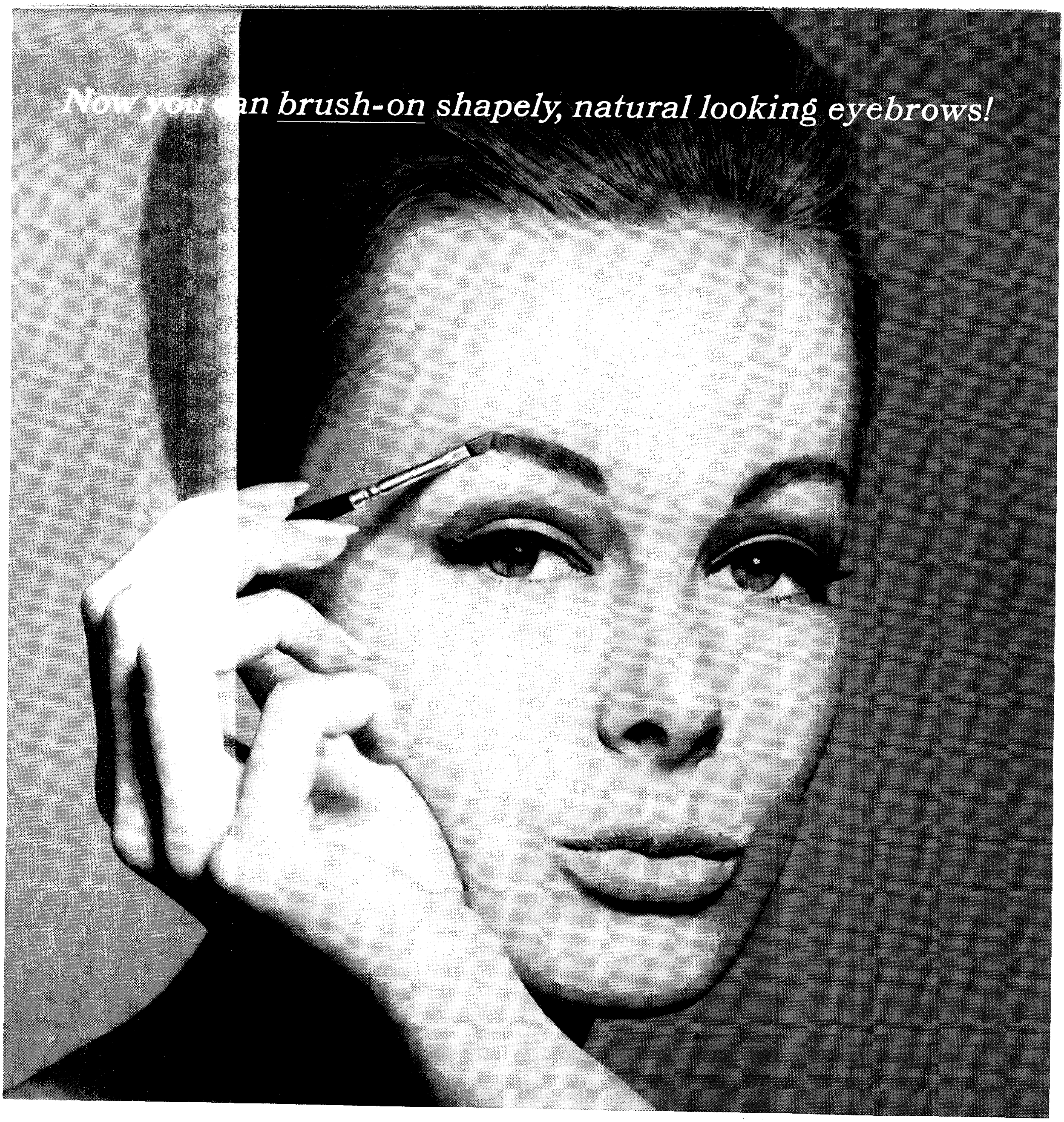
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The silly season is in full flourish at the Royal Box, simply because (at dinner and supper) Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, who is Mrs. F., are letting the quips fall where they may. Flat is where a couple of them fall, but the rest will certainly do. This foolery is supplemented by the band of Lee Evans, one of the best now in our possession. You can watch the Fords go by on Saturday, March 27, for on Monday, March 29, a new bill arrives—Nancy Ames, of "T.W.T.W.T.W.," and Morty Gunty, a hard-working comedian. The Evans boys will stay on. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but everything is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This community playhouse has acquired an almost completely new cast of performers, but they, too, are imbued with the idea that the show simply *must* go on. Freddy Alonso's and Freddie Jagels' dance bands keep up a perpetual chatter. Machinery with the bit and the tape in its teeth does the dance music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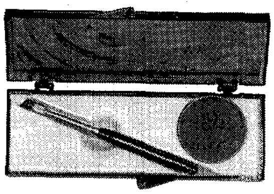
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in the wing called the Garrison; in the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio (Ernest Schoen's, from the demised Viennese Lantern) provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The steam calliope (that is to say, Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five) is again sounding off all through the week, from dinnertime until twelve-thirty, or one (on Fridays), or two (on Saturdays). Sundays, from one to ten, a can opener is used to provide prepacked music for whoever wishes to dance.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among whom is Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—These chilly nights, Vic Damone, wandering troubadour, is working under wraps in the Persian Room, which is more than can be said for the aggression-complex orchestra that is snapping at his heels. Mr. Damone's solemn occasions (dinner and supper) are lightened by the dance tunes of the big, rumbling band of Emil Coleman, Jr., and the frisky band of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. No music Mondays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ducal Maisonette is the winter palace of Charles Turecamo's cheerful band, which still has the summery sound of Southampton in its trills. When his crew ceases and desists. Quintero's musicians resume their recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays.

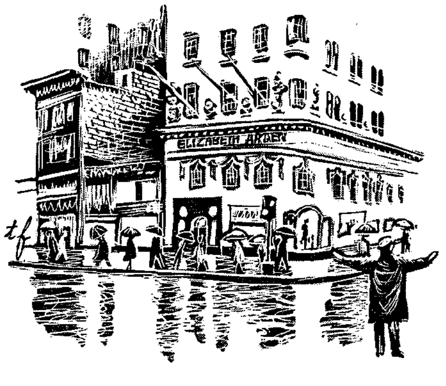
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The setting is Egypt in its Ptolomaic heyday, or heynight, but the decathlon that happens on the dance floor is peculiar to the United States—and, come to think of it, peculiar in every way. The music, untouched by human hands, is all wax and tape, and it runs without halt from eight to four.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, which embraces both halves of the Western Hemisphere, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole at a country club that does not go in for outdoor sports. Continuous talk is the favorite pastime, and its background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are currently inclined toward "Rigoletto" and "The Student Prince" (*there's* a strange pair of bedfellows), but on Tuesday, March 30, they will be reverting to those famed Parisians called Mimi and the Merry Widow. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is apt to be present, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **le caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The night sky as it looks from a terrace of Fontainebleau or Versailles. The lodestar, visible on the dot of ten-thirty, is Bobby Short, the facile fancier of flip songs, hip songs, quip songs. His piano and his merry aides—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer—make Short work of the aforesaid night. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a grandiose assemblage of scenery, every *geste* is *beau.* In the midst of it, Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which is Viennese (cuisine and all) on its best behavior, serves up dinner, seven to ten, along with the calm zither of Hans Hansberg. Closed Sundays. . . . **downstairs at the upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The fittings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **café renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handmade guitar music (Gustavo Lopez) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from seven to twelve. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for Andalusian guitar (José Luis Franco) on the same schedule every night but Monday. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **late edition,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): This neat new split-level apartment is open for inspection, not to mention dinner, at six; Hugh Shannon, a wandering minstrel who has carolled his special songs about the *Weltschmerz* Set over the whole wide *Welt,* sits down to his piano at nine-thirty, when supper begins. Mai Tatum also has a go at the piano, from six-thirty until twelve-thirty. He stays home Sundays, she stays home Mondays. . . . **il mio,** 65 E. 59th St., in another sector of Delmonico's. (EL 5-2500): *Discothèque* has become a dubious word around town, but here it is raised to the *n*th power by the fine-fettle feet of Tanya Everett, of "Fiddler on the Roof," and her brother Timmy, the catalysts of an extremely jolly mass-participation and extemporaneous ballet by the house guests. Eight to three is the music; snack is the menu. Closed Mondays. . . . **sheraton motor inn,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The roster of court musicianship reads like this: Daphne Hellman at her harp from seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday; Gladys Hubner, at another harp, and on the same running time, the rest of the week. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is also a grill, gets the precise, pensive piano of Tony Gorody from six to one-thirty every evening but Monday, and Enzio Lembo, guitar at the ready,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

starts in at nine-thirty. He adds lyrics to his music, and he lays off Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade—from one to nine—of flamenco chanters and careeners. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There is treacle-and-molasses piano by George Feyer in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. There is casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like quite a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There is guitar every so often in a bar that is clearly of noble lineage. The musicale runs from nine-thirty to one, except Mondays. No dining.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Galore is the word for the girls, ranging from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas who spend their evenings in the world of extravaganza. There is further amusement by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes, and by the kilted Dagenham Girl Pipers, a skirling mass of British maidens; the humor may be taken or left alone. Dancing. No action Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Hail to the conquering heroine, Peggy Lee, who makes all the songwriters' dreams—the little, sentimental ones and the big, bold ones—come ever so true. Lou Levy's trigger-happy band is a fine trampoline for her cakewalking and carolling. Her reign comes to an end on Saturday, March 27; the room reopens on Thursday, April 1, to admit Jackie Mason, a humorist who must now be heard only in person and not on the Sullivan show. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Shani Wallis, a pretty little picture, comes up like thunder from London 'cross the sea when she starts to sing; George Kirby, always on the hot line to Miami, is the wit of the occasion. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week.

CABARETS

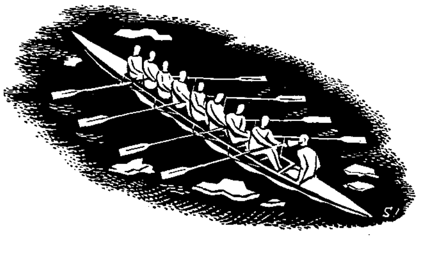
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speedwriting (and also speedreading) is given at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The course is handled by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who turn nuance into a fine art, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Marcelo, who knows everything there is to know about weightlessness in the stratosphere, departs this Spanish plaza, along with his ballet troupe, on Monday, March 29, and next evening's arrival is Lucho Gatica, a Chileno with an imperious and transfixing voice. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, gaily mouthing speeches of the gravest inconsequences, is the life of the new version of "The Game Is Up," a vest-pocket revue which holds that flippancy is the best policy. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who go along with him, likewise have moments of madness. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda that houses a bunch of balletomanes who believe in flamenco. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. A durable balladeer, Carlos Ramirez, is also in stock. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The trial runs of a portmanteau revue, "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited," have begun, and they happen every night at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. The formal commencement exercises take place on Tuesday, March 30. Kaye Ballard and Harold Lang are the principals, and Bud McCreery is the script man. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Jazz Workshop of Charlie Mingus, whose speeches are all sermons and whose music is a blend of righteousness and riot, is in residence every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon, as well, at four-thirty. Sunday, March 28, is the closing night for two sunny venerables—Roy Eldridge, wielding a trumpet whose bark is as good as its bite, and Lucky Thompson, whose saxophones wear silver threads among the gold. Mondays are given to other earnest talkers (without benefit of music), mostly a panel of precipitate arguers, who have at one another on the stroke of nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This is now a duplex (restaurant top deck, playground lower deck). The playing is done by Nina Simone, a singer and pianist almost lost in thought, and the band of Hugh Masakela, whose trumpet is African and spirited. Dancing. Mondays, the play area is occupied by one Latin band or another, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse by virtue of its singers, who at present are folksters called the Guild and the Womenfolk. Humor comes from the young Dick Cavett. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and go on into the night (more traditional weaponry, such as one band involving Gene Krupa and Sol Yaged and another involving Red Allen). Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. On Monday, March 29, Maynard Ferguson's sextet replaces the Krupas. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A pizza foundry that runs an extra shift to accommodate the quartet of John Coltrane, author of some of the world's longest saxophone solos. Every Sunday, a four-to-seven afternoon run-through is added. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Coleman Hawkins, a perfect example of how to be indestructible, is striking many a handsome blow for his sextet. Mondays, another group of players get to play. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Joe Castro, whose piano is now really warmed-up instead of merely warmed-over. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the piano—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists—or the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves—eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such forefathers as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Morey Feld, and Herb Gardner talk over the old, old days. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week. Sundays are hard days: rant-and-rave sound from six until very late.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Sculptures, reliefs, collages, and drawings; through Saturday, March 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

WILL BARNET—Abstract oils; through April 17. (Grippi & Waddell, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Paintings done on his return from a trip to Egypt; through Saturday, April 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings and collages; through April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Figure paintings and landscapes; through April 10. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN DAVIE—Abstract paintings by a contemporary British artist; through Saturday, April 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large abstractions; through Saturday, April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE GATCH—Pictures in various combinations of oil, collage, and stone; through April 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Figures and landscapes; through April 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—One large semi-abstract

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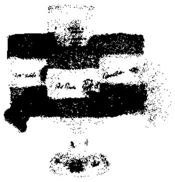

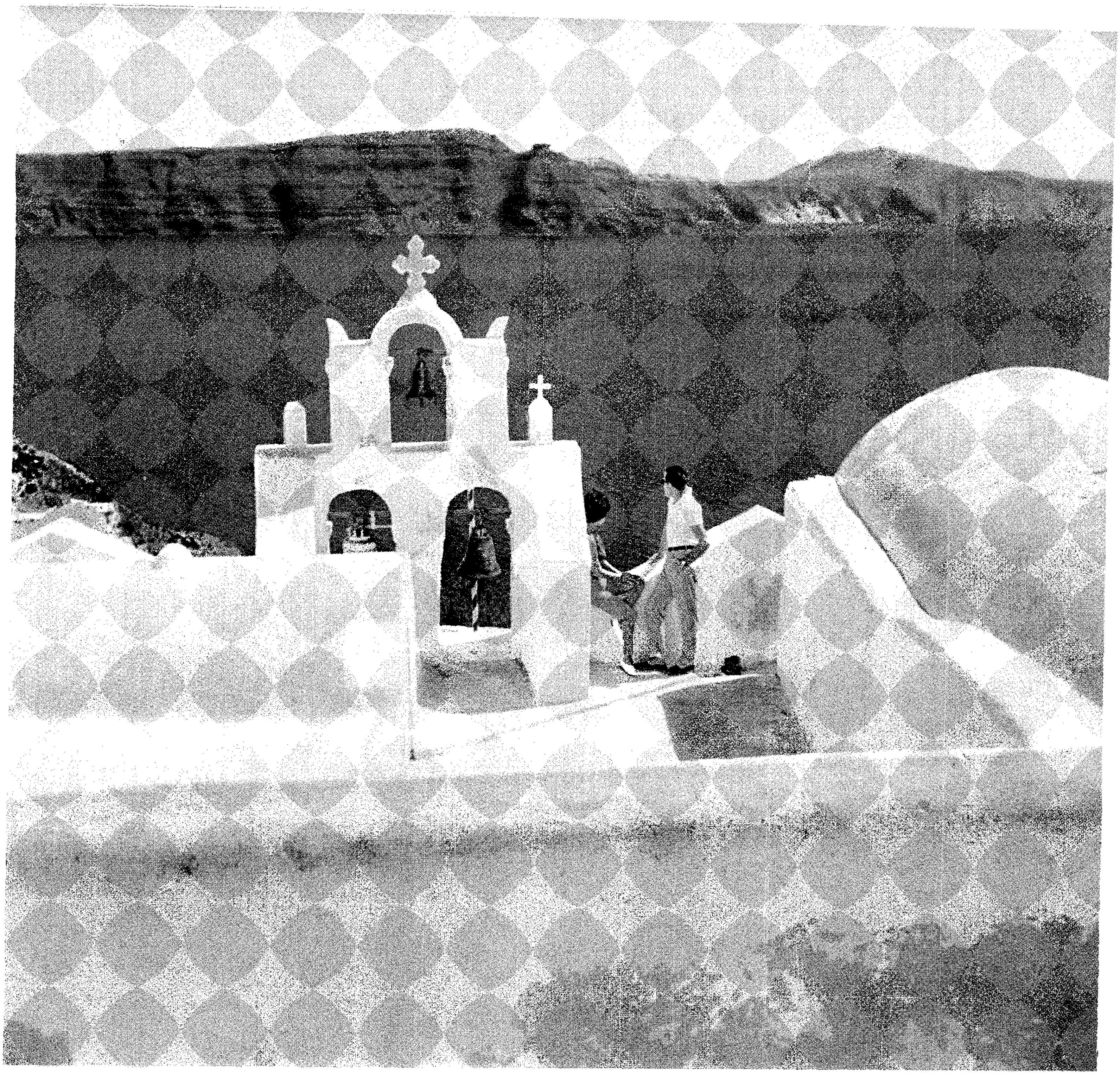

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For more information about the unforgettable Greek islands, write: National Tourist Organization of Greece, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10017. Or see your Travel Agent.

GREECE

painting, plus smaller abstractions; through Saturday, March 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Paul Granlund—Bronze figure sculptures; through Saturday, April 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Seascapes and figure paintings; through April 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henri and His Friends—An exihibition celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, comprising scenes of Paris and New York, as well as portraits, by him, plus works by the Eight; through April 15. (Chapellier, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Morris Hirshfield (1872-1946)—Primitive paintings; through Saturday, April 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Robert Huot—Paintings and flags; through April 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A retrospective of paintings by one of the early Expressionists; through Saturday, April 3. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Kilstrom—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, April 3. (Fischbach, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Lekberg—Welded-metal figure sculptures; through Wednesday, March 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Mon Levinson—*Moiré* pieces; through Thursday, April 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Lipton—Abstract direct-metal sculptures; through Saturday, April 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Lutz—Paintings of Mexico; through April 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Len Lye—Automated steel sculptures; through Saturday, April 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Maril—Semi-abstract landscapes and coastal scenes; through Friday, March 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Marin—Paintings (seascapes) of the thirties; through Saturday, April 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gastone Novelli—Abstract paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, March 27. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Tetsuo Ochikubo—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

James Penney—Landscapes and interiors; through Saturday, April 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings; through May 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)...¶ Another benefit exhibition, this one of drawings; through April 5. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

David Porter—Collaged paintings; through Saturday, April 3. (Marble Arch, 135 E. 79th St.)

Anton Refregier—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 3. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt—Black paintings, 1953-65; through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)...¶ Red paintings 1950-53; through Saturday, March 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)... ¶ Blue paintings, 1950-53; through Saturday, March 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Charles Salerno—Stone sculptures; through Saturday, April 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Guggenheim Museum; through April 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Schmidt—Paintings and drawings of leaves; through Saturday, March 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Burton Silverman—Drawings, pastels, and watercolors of people and places; through Saturday, March 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Kurt Sonderborg—Paintings and drawings; through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soto—Op art by a Venezuelan artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, March 27. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

John Storrs—Stone and wood carvings, bronze casts, metals in various combinations, and terra cottas polychromed; through April 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Tinguely—Electrically powered moving constructions; through April 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Tovish—Bronze sculptures; through Saturday, March 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstractions; through Saturday, March 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Stanford White—Watercolors of the Hudson Valley; through Saturday, March 27. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Sybil Wilson—Paintings; through Thursday, April 1. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Tribal Sculpture," an exhibition of masks, statues, and implements, in wood, ivory, and bronze; through April 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans: Group Shows—At the **Bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Pop art by Oldenburg, Lichtenstein, and Warhol; through Saturday, March 27.... **Borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Ilya Bolotowsky, José de Rivera, Jimmy Ernst, and Roy Gussow are the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures called "The Precise Construction;" through Saturday, March 27.... **Zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Figurative paintings by, among others, Lester Johnson, Robert Beauchamp, and Jan Müller; through Saturday, March 27.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Griffin**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through April 30.... **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, April 3. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Shows—At the **Hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Picasso; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth-century artists as Courbet, Ingres, and Boudin; through Saturday, April 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—On view in the newly renovated galleries of Far Eastern art are heads and full figures of Buddha, a pagoda, steles, a fourteenth-century wall painting, and the like. In the gallery of Islamic art, also newly renovated, are pottery, glass, metalwork, ivory carvings, woodwork, and miniature paintings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," an exhibition of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through April 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-eight twentieth-century European and American paintings (by, for instance, Hassam, Beckmann, Wyeth, and Hofmann) from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation Collection; through April 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through Sunday, March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Scandinavian painters, including Ernst

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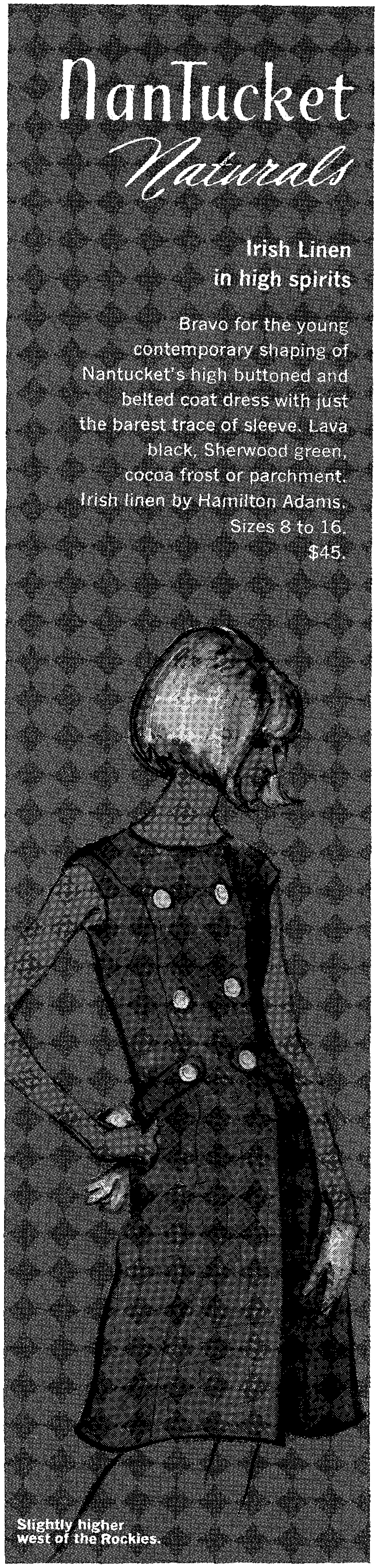
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Josephson, 1851-1906; through April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the showing of the Schiele works is his exhibition at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixty small sculptures in bronze and silver by Dorothy Dehner; through April 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books, manuscripts, and pictures from the Cornell University Wordsworth collection; through April 17. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. . . . ¶ "The John White Drawings of Raleigh's Virginia, 1585," watercolors of American Indians and their customs, on loan from the British Museum; through April 5. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Rubbings from early New England gravestones, plus a contrasting exhibit of modern roadside signs; through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of twenty-five American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are James Brooks, Jimmy Ernst, Marcia Marcus, and Robert Cronbach; through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-ninth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about seventy members and guests, including Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, and Ibram Lassaw; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Art: USA," the S. C. Johnson & Son collection of paintings by contemporary American artists, among them Willem de Kooning, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andrew Wyeth; through April 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 25: "Tosca," with Maria Callas, Richard Tucker, Tito Gobbi, Clifford Harvuot, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Samson et Dalila," with Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, William Walker, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "Turandot," with Gladys Kuchta, Licia Albanese, Sándor Kónya, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Mariano Caruso. . . . ¶ *Sunday evening, March 28: "Aïda," with* Birgit Nilsson, Rosalind Elias, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and Louis Sgarro. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 29: "Simon Boccanegra," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 31: "Ernani," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Cesare Siepi, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 1: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Bruno Prevedi, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 2: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gladys Kuchta, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, George London, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 3: "Vanessa," with Mary Costa, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 3: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, Norman Scott, and Gerhard Pechner. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday, March 25, at 8: The première of Jack Beeson's "Lizzie Borden." . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 27, at 2:30: "Die Dreigroschenoper." . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8:15: "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi"). . . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 2:30: "The Saint of Bleecker Street." . . ¶ Sunday, March 28, at 8:15: "Susannah." . . ¶ Wednesday, March 31, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8:15: "Susannah." . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8:15: "Il Trittico." . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2:30: "Katerina Ismailova" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 2:30: "Lizzie Borden." . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, March 25, at 8:30; Friday, March 26, at 2:15; Saturday, March 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 28, at 3. . . . ¶ Danny Kaye conducting on Monday, March 29, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening work). . . . ¶ Lorin Maazel conducting on Thursday, April 1, at 8:30; Saturday, April 3, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 4, at 3 (all with Nathan Milstein, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30, and Friday, April 2, at 8:30, both with Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30, a Schoenberg-Mahler program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting an all-Beethoven program, with John Browning, piano. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Players—Ralph Shapey conducting a chamber ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30, an all-Varèse program. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30, a varied program.)

New England Conservatory Chorus—Lorna Cooke de Varon directing, with Aaron Copland directing one of his own works, and with Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a Verdi-Brahms program, with the Festival Orchestra of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

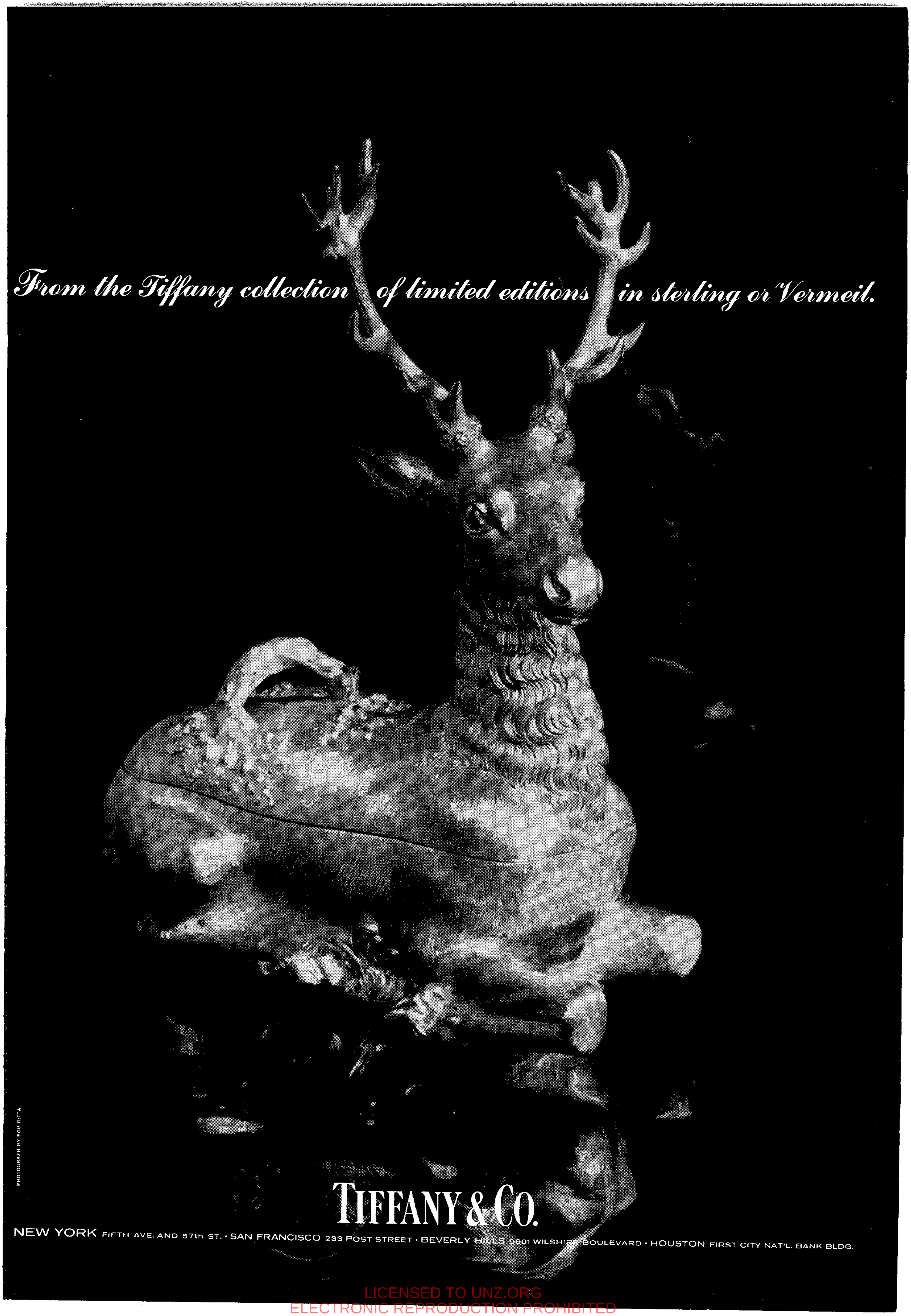
Music in Our Time: 1900-65—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Teo Macero and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, March 25, at 8.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Nieuw Amsterdam Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New York String Sextet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

PETER SERKIN—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—*Flamenco guitarist.* (Town Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 29, at 8:30.)

EASLEY BLACKWOOD—Piano, in a Boulez-Ives program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 30, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—Seven composers, among them Henry Cowell and Ernst Krenek, performing their own works, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and Claude Monteux, flute. The final concert of the season. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Thursday, April 1, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

GERTRUDE RIBLA—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

CHAD MITCHELL TRIO—Folk singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JULIA SMITH—A program of her chamber music, performed by Paul Doktor, viola; Mark Howard, baritone; Miss Smith herself, piano; and the Astor Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 28, at 3.)

DANTE ANNIVERSARY/1265-1965—Vittorio Gassman reading from "La Divina Commedia," in Italian, with music of the period performed by the Church of Our Saviour Gregorian Choir, directed by Johannes Somary, and the Renaissance Quartet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Dizzy Gillespie's band, Sonny Rollins, Bud Powell, J.J. Johnson, Sonny Stitt, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Haynes, and others; Nat Hentoff, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Willie Pastrano vs. José Torres, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship, and Emile Griffith vs. José Stable, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, March 30. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 9:30.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 28, at 7:30.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Spring Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 3.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 3.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Gotham, Saturday, April 3. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 17.

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 3, at 10, and Sunday, April 4, at 10 and noon.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; *through Wednesday, May 12.*

FOR CHILDREN

BALLET—The American Ballet Theatre presenting three programs primarily for children. Saturday, March 27: "Giselle" and "Graduation Ball." . . ¶ Sunday, March 28: "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3: "The Wind in the

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Mountains" and "La Sylphide." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Afternoons at 2:15.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel Ghost." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 27, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ "Absolutely Time." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 3, at 11.) . . . **MAYFAIR THEATRE:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, March 27, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Just So Stories." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 27, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **STORY TIME DANCE THEATRE:** "Sokar and the Crocodile." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 27, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

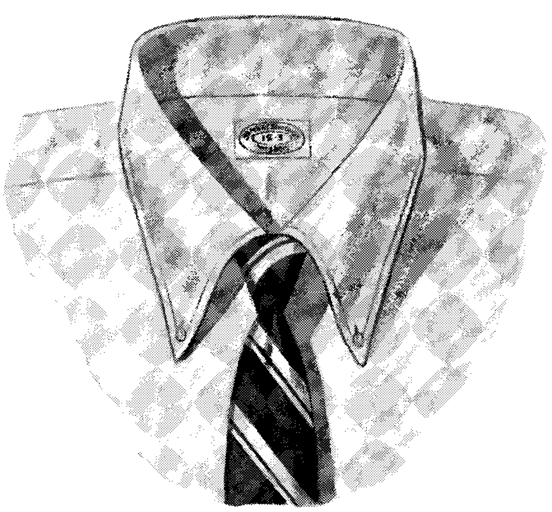
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Louis Simpson and Gary Snyder reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Abbie Huston Evans and Ned O'Gorman reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, March 29, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual spring affair, featuring, for instance, Pennsylvania cupboards, Chippendale chairs, French paperweights, Chinese porcelains, and Biedermeier clocks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, March 29-April 2, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 3, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 26-27, at 1:45: French and English furniture, Tiffany glass, and decorations; the property of Clifford G. La Crosse and others.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe have a wonderful time acting and watching each other act in a fast-moving French melodrama. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through March 28.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 30, tentative.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 30. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting March 31.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Love Goddesses—A parade of screen heroines and vampires, fascinating in their unlikeness. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture, which stars Ivan Dixon, was made by Michael Roemer and Robert Young. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through March 28.)

The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 31, tentative.)

Samurai Assassin—The great Toshiro Mifune, in a sombre and powerful study of a Japanese warrior too ambitious for his own good. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 28. No one will be admitted after the film starts. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 29.)

36 Hours—An ingenious thriller about a desperate moment in the Second World War. James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor are all plausible in highly implausible roles. The director, George Seaton, also wrote the screenplay. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through March 30.)

Topkapi—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 30. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 31, tentative.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 28.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 26-28.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 25.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 26-29.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 28.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 30.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 30.)

The Great Chase (1962)—A medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 27.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26-29.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 30-31.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 26-29.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 30. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26-29.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting March 30.)

The Secret Passion (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. Formerly called "Freud." (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting March 31.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 31.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 30.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—A movie about the rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 27.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; March 28-31.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 30.)

Two Daughters (1963)—Sufferings of youth and age, as experienced in the steamy back country of Mother India. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through March 27: "The Body Snatcher" (1945), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ March 28-31: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) **THE TRAIN.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **MY FAIR LADY.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 30: **36 HOURS.**
From March 31: "Quick, Before It Melts," George Maharis, Robert Morse.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through March 31: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through March 28: **NOTHING BUT A MAN.**
From March 29: "Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 30: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.
From March 31: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) "The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788) **SAMURAI ASSASSIN** (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 28: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival.
From March 29: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through the afternoon of March 28: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
March 28-30 (evening performances only on Sunday, March 28): "A Debt of Blood" (in Armenian).
From March 31: **GOLDFINGER.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 30: **GOLDFINGER.**
From March 31: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 30 (tentative): "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Bedtime Story," revival, Marlon Brando, David Niven.
From March 31 (tentative): **TOPKAPI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) **NOTHING BUT A MAN.**

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through March 27: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**, revival; and **THE GREAT CHASE**, revival.
March 28-31: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "The Amorous General" (formerly called "Waltz of the Toreadors"), revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 30: **36 HOURS.**
From March 31: "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), Jenny Karezi.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262) "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 30: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.
From March 31: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through March 28: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**
From March 29: "Taxi for Tobruk" (in French), Lino Ventura, Charles Aznavour.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) **THE TRAIN.**

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) **THE LOVE GODDESSES.**

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664) "Circle of Love," Jane Fonda, Catherine Spaak.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
March 25: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
March 26-28: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
March 29: "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From March 30: **ROMAN HOLIDAY**, revival; and "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) **GOLDFINGER.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 30 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From March 31 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

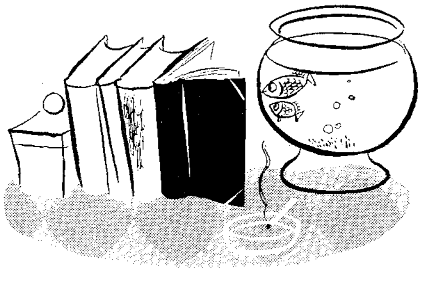
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 30: **GOLDFINGER.**
From March 31: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 30: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.
From March 31: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," Shirley MacLaine, Peter Ustinov.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 25: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
March 26-29: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival.
From March 30: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 30: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.
From March 31: **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 30: **TOPKAPI**; and **PHAEDRA**, revival.
From March 31: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) "The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 30: **GOLDFINGER.**
From March 31: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland; and "Witchcraft," Lon Chaney.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 30: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.
From March 31: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

R.K.O. 23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 29: "My Blood Runs Cold," Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton; and "Devil Doll," Bryant Haliday.
March 30: "The Merry Widow," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier; and "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From March 31: **THE SECRET PASSION** (formerly called "Freud"), revival; and "Mondo Pazzo," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) "Empress Wu" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323) "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) **MARY POPPINS.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123) **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333) "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through March 28: **BANANA PEEL** (in French).
From March 29: "Not on Your Life" (in Spanish), Nino Manfredi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 29 (last showing that day at 1): "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse; and "Words and Music," revival, June Allyson, Judy Garland.
March 29, at 6, 8:15, and 10:30: "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," revival, Al Jolson; and excerpts from "Evergreen," revival, Jessie Matthews.
March 30-31: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," revival, Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) **GOLDFINGER.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 25: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
March 26-29: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.
From March 30: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 30: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.
From March 31: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

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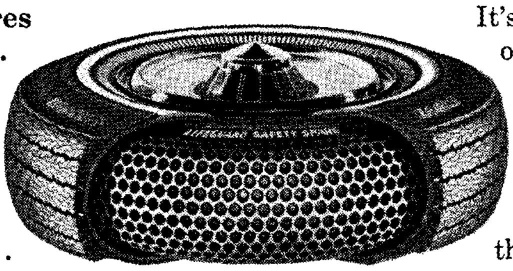

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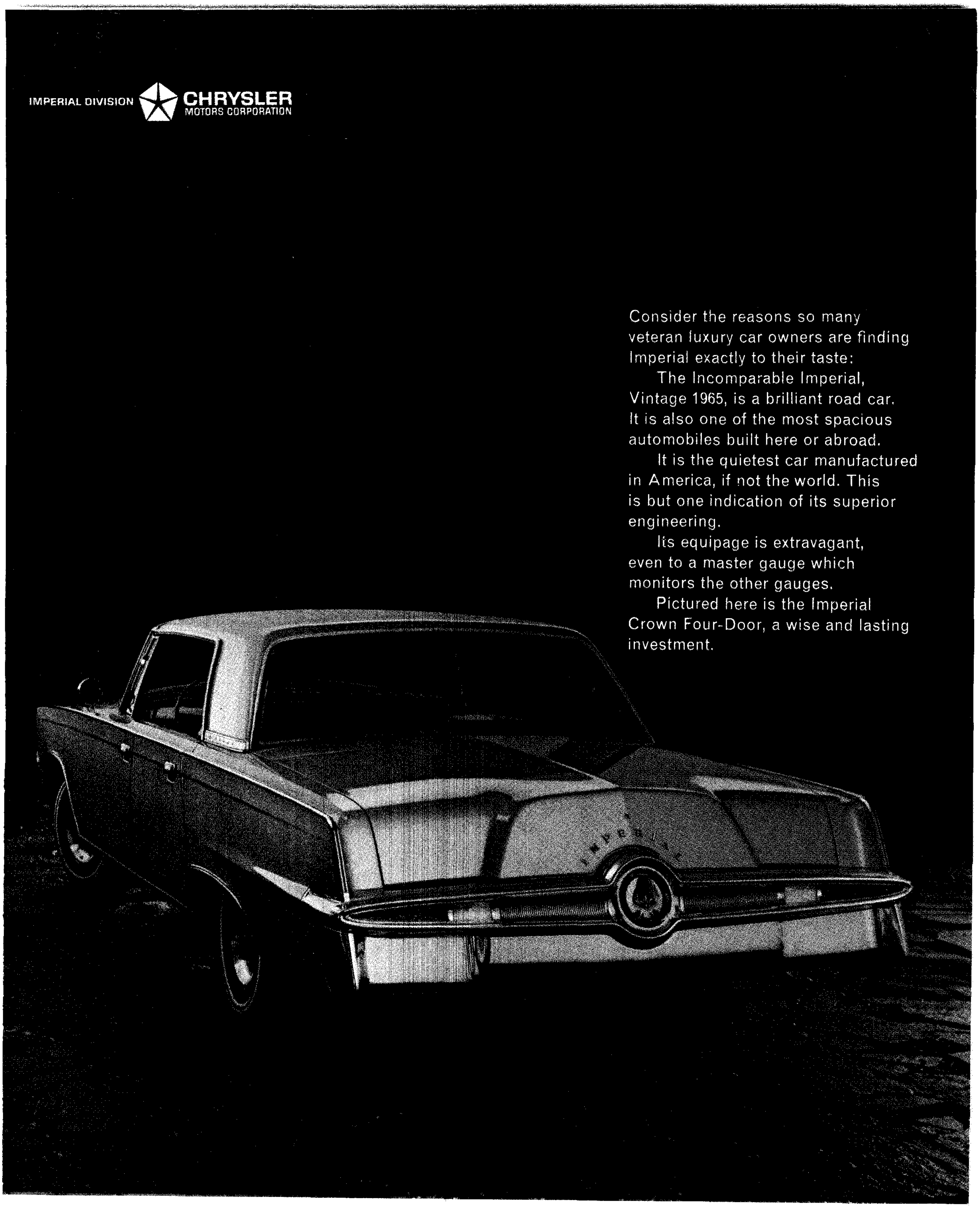

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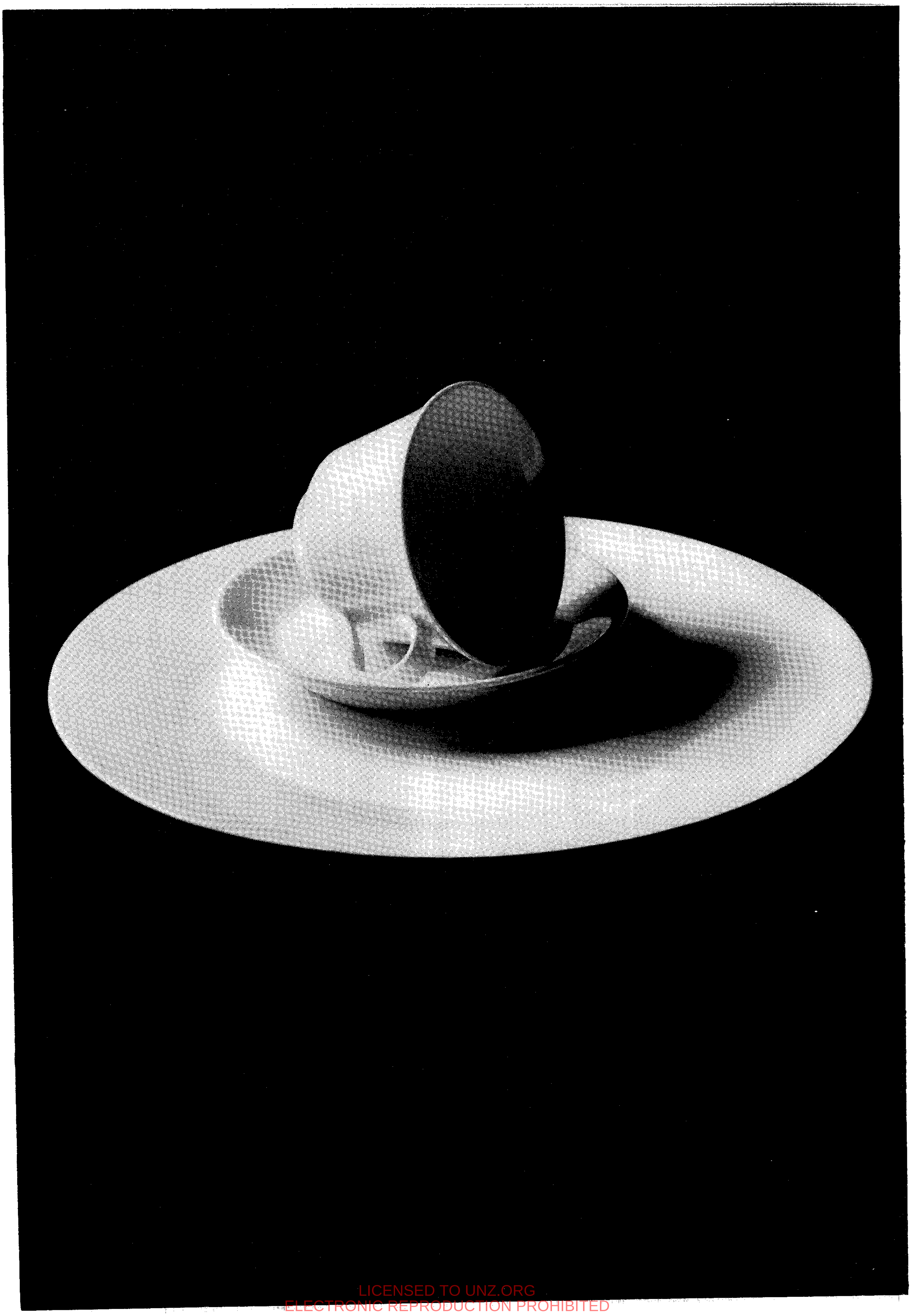

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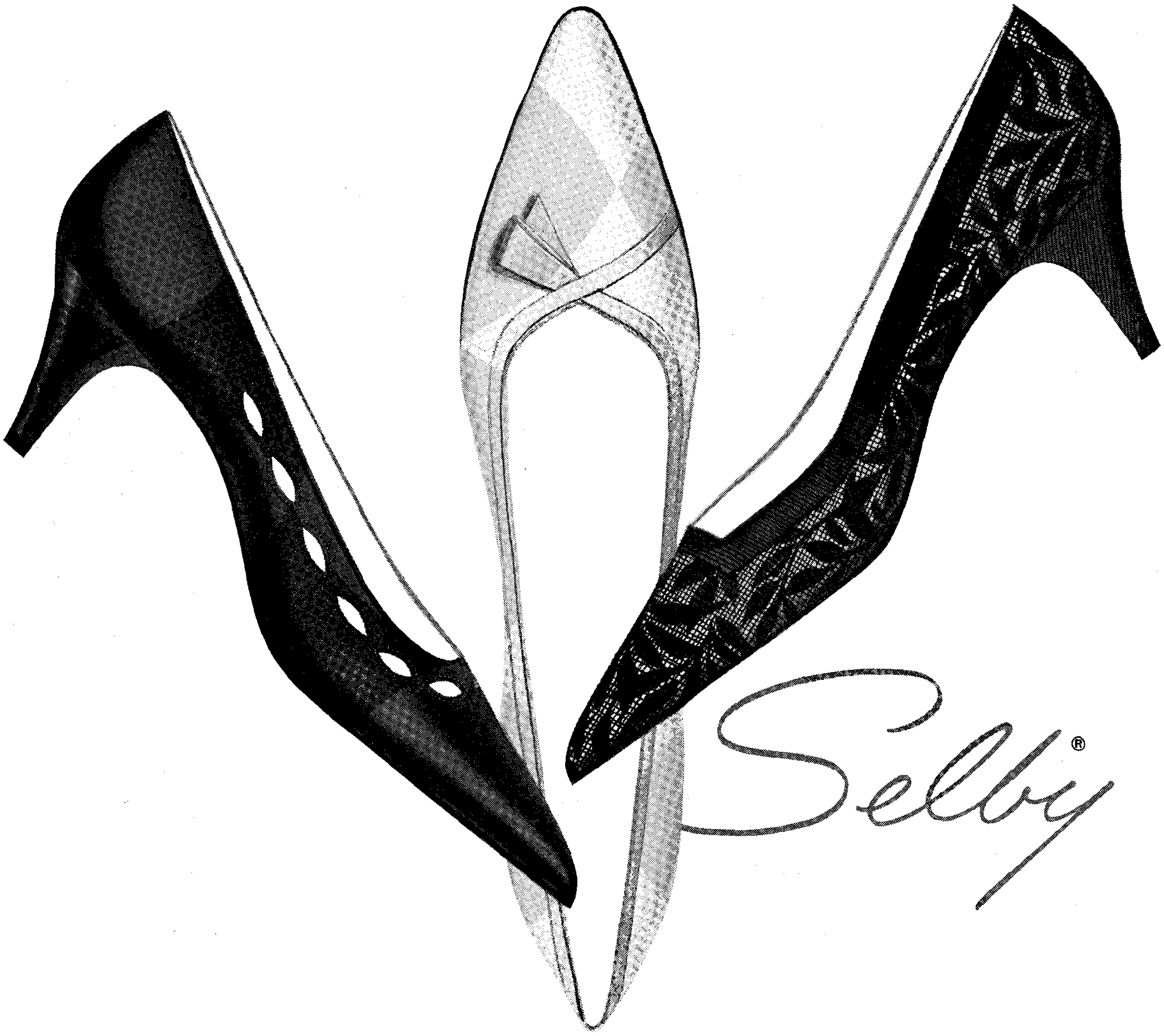

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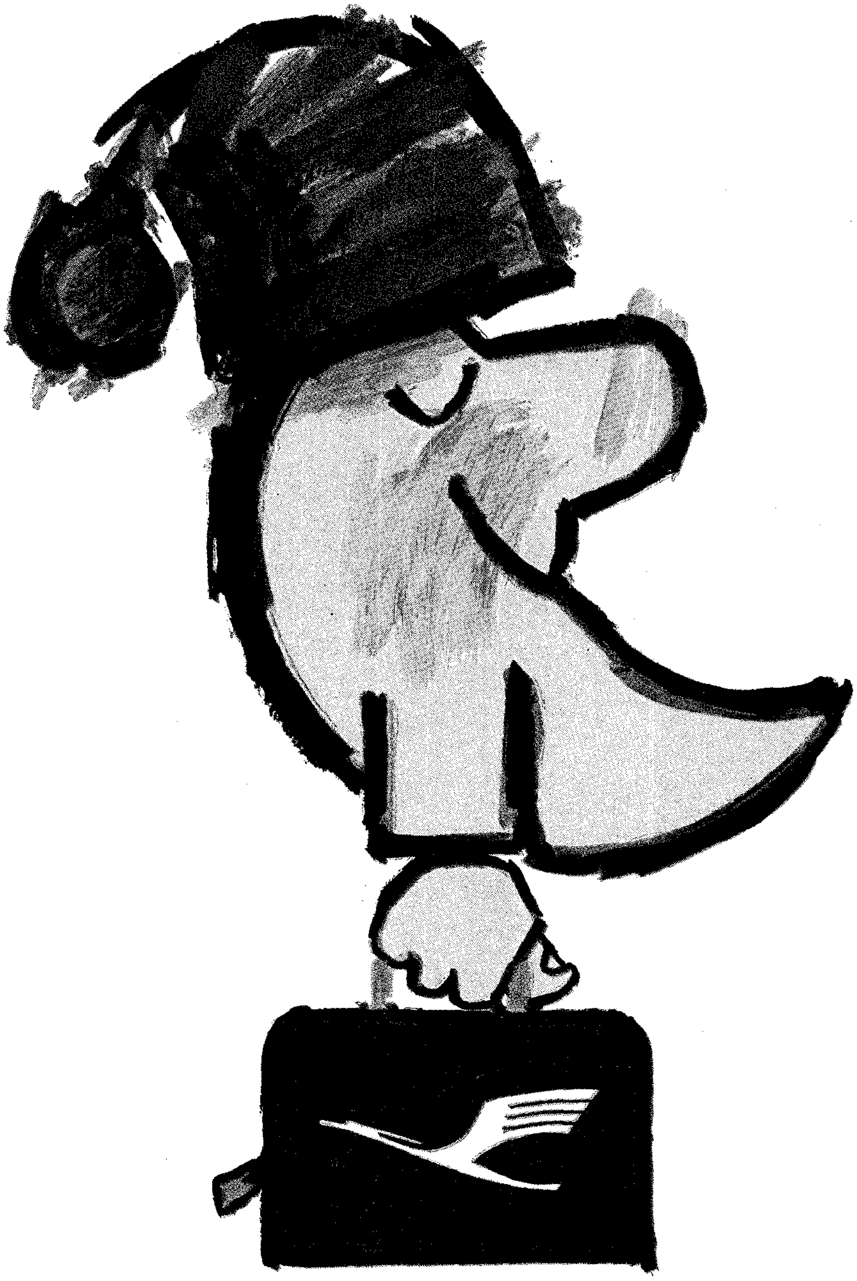

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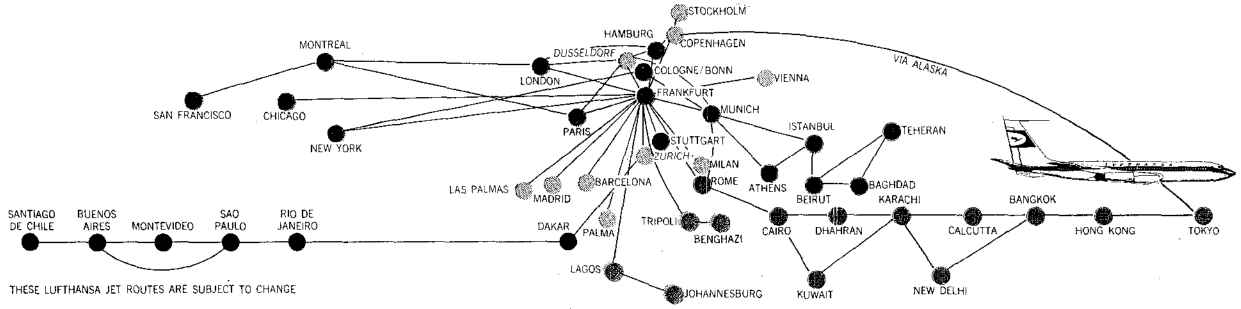
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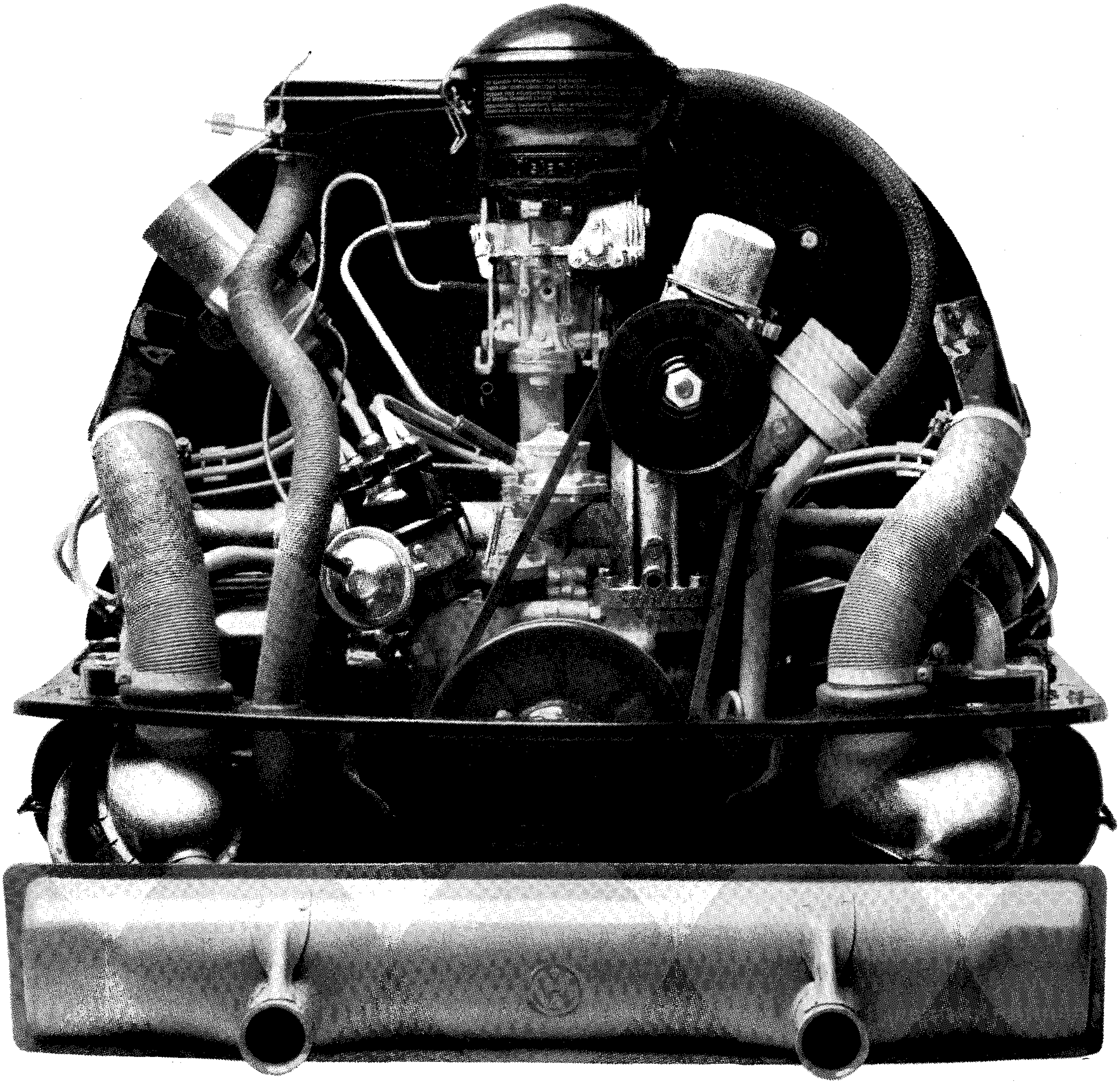
about a simple engine.



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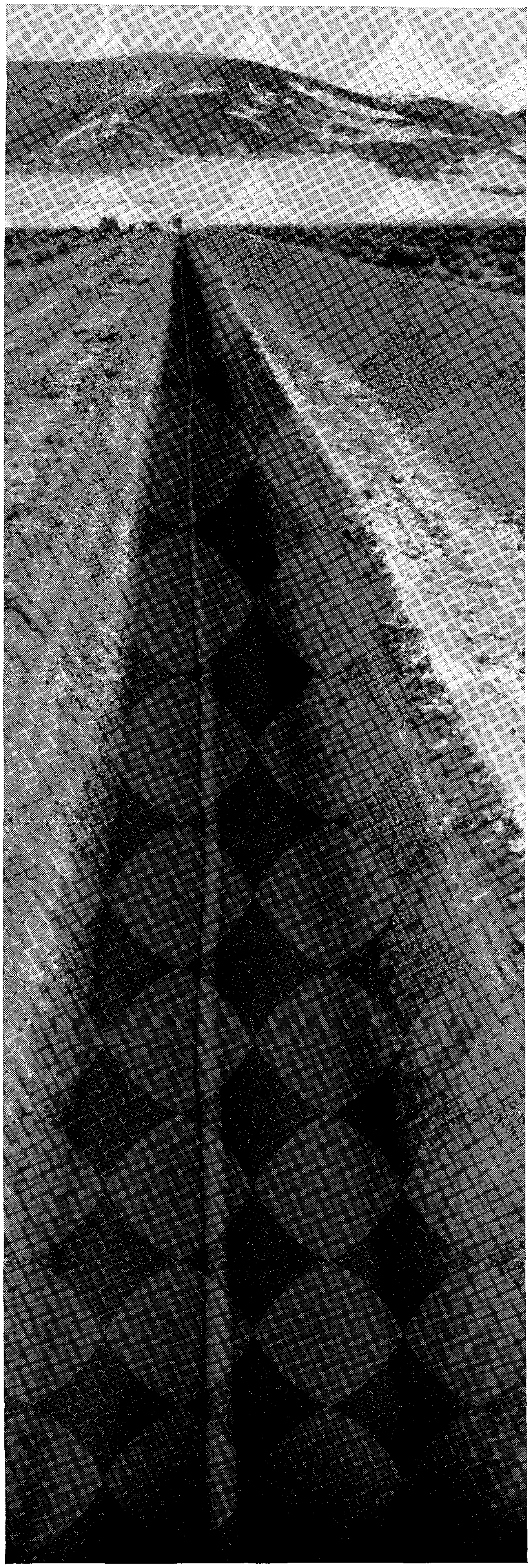

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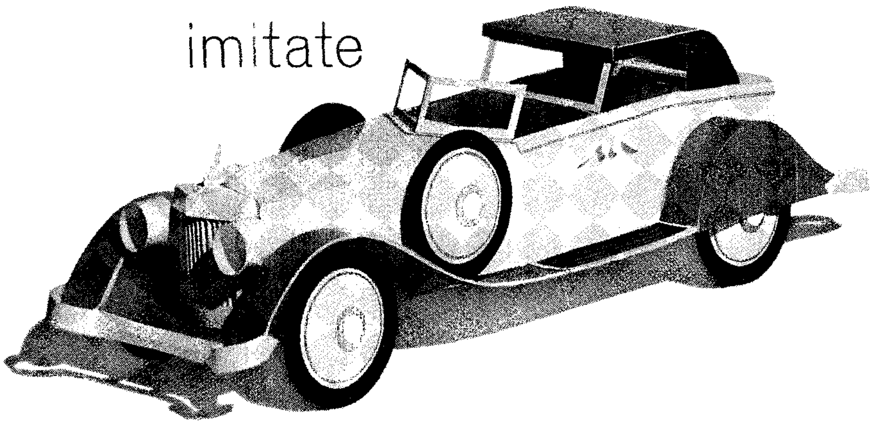

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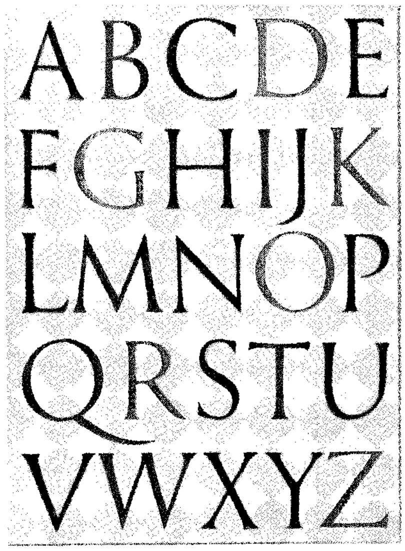
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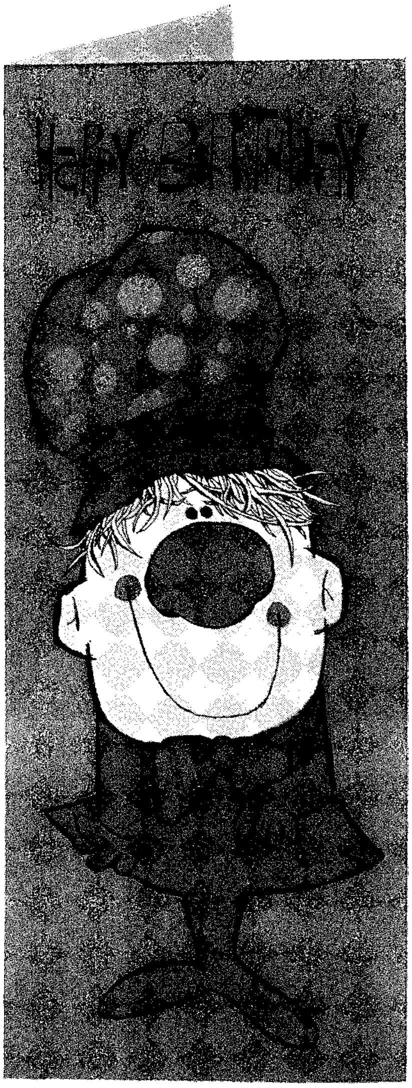
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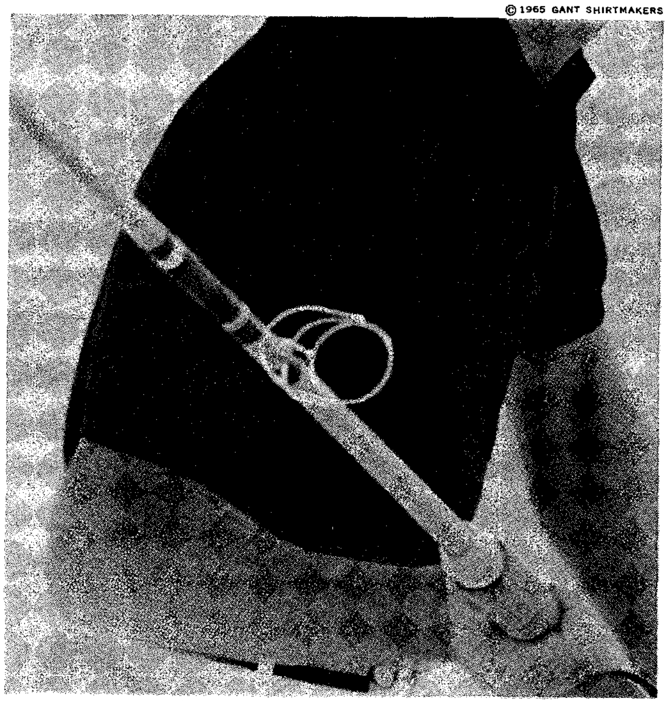

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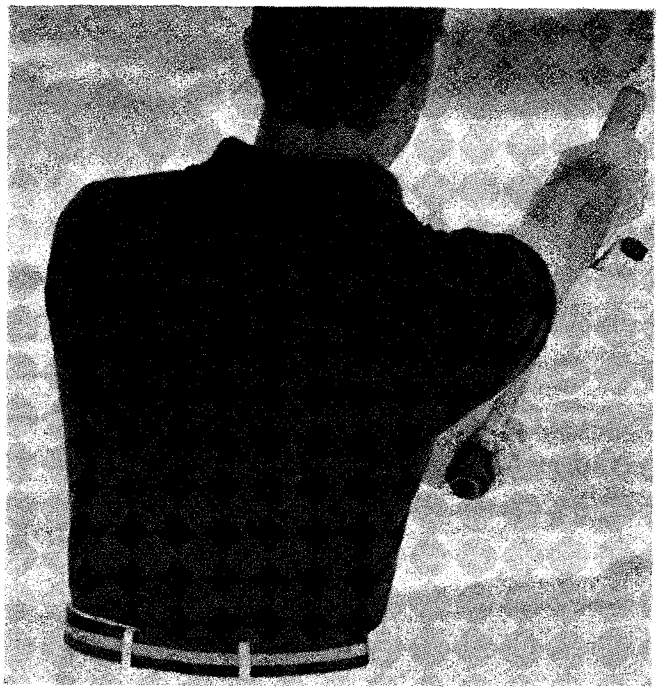

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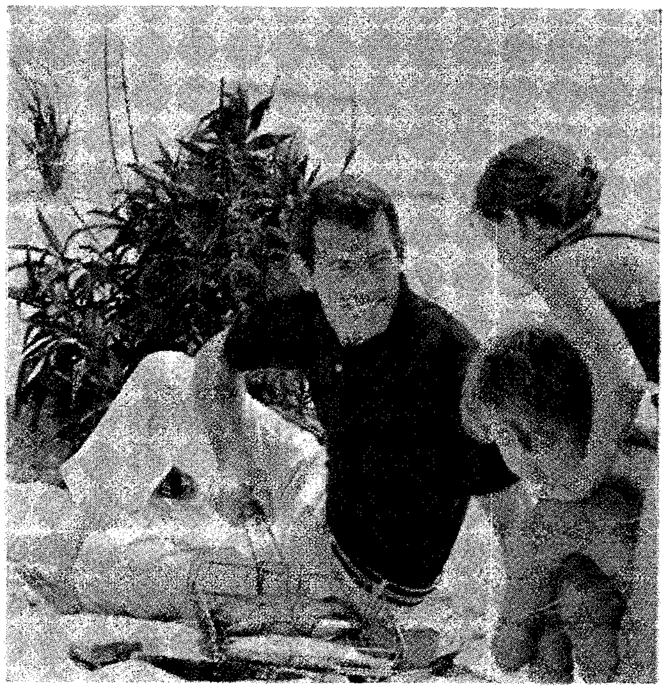

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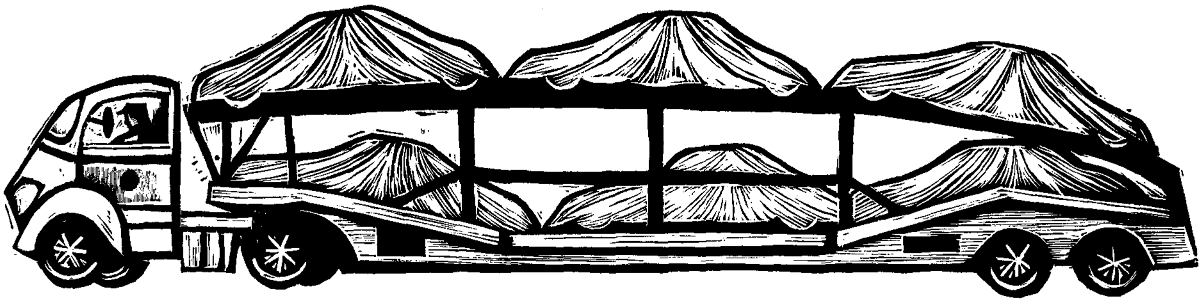

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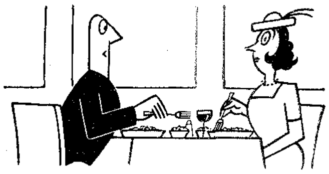
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

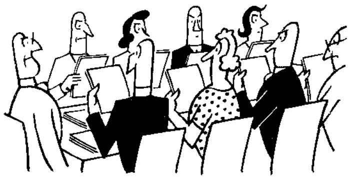
THE first time we heard the word "hopefully" used to mean something it doesn't mean was from the lips of a pretty woman whom we were wining and dining in a restaurant. We asked her when she expected to move into her new apartment, and she answered, "Hopefully on Tuesday." We laid down our fork and asked her whether she meant "I hope on Tuesday" or whether she meant "On Tuesday in a hopeful frame of mind." She then laid down *her* fork and wanted to know what the hell we were driving at. She confessed that she saw nothing wrong with "Hopefully on Tuesday." Rather than labor the thing, we shifted subjects; it is not our policy to badger pretty women. Since that memorable occasion, we have encountered this use of "hopefully" at every turn. It is all over the place and has, we suspect, come into the language. *Time*, always elegant in its rhetoric, appeared not long ago with this sobering sentence: "The Government would like to bring the case to a quick trial, hopefully before the end of January." Lacking a fork to lay down, we simply laid down the magazine.



Unreasonable

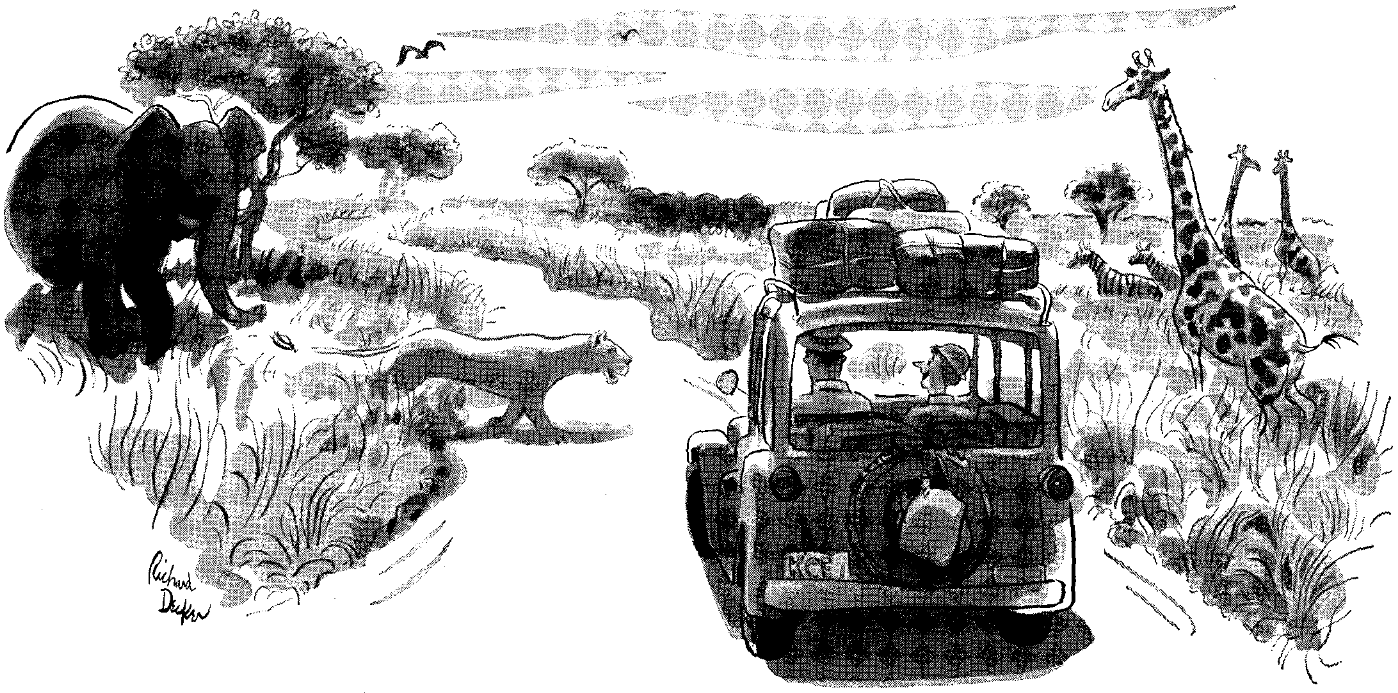
WE remember wondering, at school, how exams were corrected and grades assigned. From time to time, there were disturbing rumors that teachers threw entire batches of papers down the stairs and graded them according to where they fell. We are now in a position to state that this is not the case at all—at least, it isn't the case with the College Entrance Examination Board's tests, which are being taken by one million six hundred thousand secondary-school seniors and juniors this year. The C.E.E.B. was founded in 1900 to develop, administer, and grade a common entrance exam for colleges; it carried out all three tasks for nearly half a century, and then, in 1947, handed the chore of grading the exams on to the Educational Testing Service, in Princeton, New Jersey. The other Saturday, we travelled to Princeton and, at the Nassau Inn, looked in on a team of one hundred and eighty-five English teachers, from all over the country, who were reading sixty-eight thousand essays—part of the College Board's examination in English. The essays were all written in twenty minutes by the examinees, on the same assigned topic, and, far from being tossed down the stairs of the Nassau Inn, they were all being read three times by the examiners. This herculean labor took place over a four-day period, during which each reader was expected to get through eleven hundred essays at a rate of between thirty and fifty an hour. To the best of our knowledge, this was the second-biggest reading marathon in history; the biggest was last December, when two hundred and eighty-seven teachers plowed through one hundred thousand similar essays for the Educational Testing Service.

At the Nassau Inn, a rambling, cavernous place, we made for a large, panelled hall called the Prince William Room, which was where the action was. In it were twenty-three tables, covered with green cloth, like roulette tables, and at each table were seven or eight teachers, under the supervision of a table leader. The hall had the air of a well-run, no-nonsense classroom. There was a strange hush, considering the number of people present—it was the way we remember examination halls at school—and in the hush there was only a steady riffling sound of readers flipping papers over. The stillness was at last broken by a loudspeaker; the chief reader, a lean man in a brown suit named Philip Burnham, was announcing a half-hour coffee break. The hall emptied with a rumble of chairs.



"This is a fast group of readers," Mr. Burnham told us. "We may be finished tonight, instead of tomorrow, as we had thought. It's only the third time since 1946 that we've had essays on the English exam; from 1946 until 1963 the examination was multiple-choice. The first essay was included, two years ago, because a lot of people didn't think that the multiple-choice questions gave a fair picture of a student's ability. As it turned out, the marks on the essay part and the marks on the multiple-choice part were about the same for all students, but we've retained the essay anyway, because we feel that it and the multiple-choice questions together give a fairer picture of a student's abilities in English. These essays are not sent on to college-admissions committees, but the C.E.E.B. is considering having a one-hour essay, which *would* be sent on to the colleges."

We asked Mr. Burnham, who teaches at St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, what he thought of American high-school seniors' and juniors' ability in English. He replied that he was favorably impressed by the quality of the papers. "I think we're fair," he went on. "Before we started, we Xeroxed thirty or so sample essays to be graded by all the teachers, and the grades they gave were about the same. The assistant chief readers and table leaders are forever checking up on the readers to make sure they don't go off



"We could be on any little road in south Jersey—except for them, of course."

• •

the deep end or fall asleep. We tell the readers to grade on their over-all impression of the essay, without breaking things down into categories, like spelling and organization. Each essay is read by three readers—none knows the mark a previous reader gave the paper—and the problems are bumped up to three assistant chief readers and me. The problems are usually papers that get off the subject or papers written on another topic altogether. We've had off-the-subject essays entitled 'Fishing,' 'Footprints on Mars,' and—one of my favorites—'Theories of Great Educators and My Own.' In December, when the essay question was, roughly, 'Is Opposition Indispensable?,' the directions for writing the essay stated that quality was better than quantity, and a number of students wrote on *that* subject. We left out that bit of advice this time around. The subject this time, by the way, is a quotation from an essay at the end of Shaw's 'Man and Superman': 'The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends upon the unreasonable man.' Interestingly, about eighty per cent of the students come out for the unreasonable man."

Mr. Burnham led the way to a coffee urn downstairs, and introduced us to one of his assistant chief readers, an attractive brunette named Miss Christine Royer, who teaches English at Connecticut College. We asked her whether her eyes were tired, and she said they were not; we believed her, for they were a stern, unclouded blue. "It really isn't boring," she said. "You get a sort of renewal with each paper."

Soon Mr. Burnham began shepherding his readers back to work. The readers took their seats, and about seventy-five per cent of them put glasses on. We peered over a shoulder and learned that "if it weren't for the unreasonable man, the nation's backbone would become a cream puff." Then we chatted briefly with Mr. David Britton, a young teacher from Shady Side Academy, in Pittsburgh, who said excitedly, "Some of the papers are almost unbelievably good. Here's one in which a boy quotes Stuart Chase, Kant, Disraeli, and Herman Wouk. He even knows that the quotation comes from 'Man and Superman.' " Farther along, Mrs. Eileen Bennett, from Roslyn High School, in Roslyn Heights, Long Island, had her lips pursed in a perplexed and ominous manner. "Look at this!" she said, and we read, "The unreasonable man is superior to the reasonable man in one basic way. That way, that all-important advantage the unreasonable man has, is the lack of reason for a reasonable man."

At five o'clock, Mr. Burnham announced that the reading was all over and everybody could go home a day early. The teachers gave a cheer and scrambled for the door.

Conflict

A FRIEND of ours, while he was a stocking-footed captive of a shoe-repair shop, overheard the following dialogue between a lady customer in a nearby cubicle and an obliging clerk:

LADY (*handing her left pump to clerk*): "You see, it makes a funny clicking noise when I walk on it."

CLERK (*bending pump back and forth*): "Yeah, it's the shank, lady. It's broken."

LADY: "How long will it take to fix it? I'm in a hurry."

CLERK: "At least half an hour."

LADY (*rising to leave*): "Fine. Then I'll be back in a half hour."

CLERK: "Yeah, but what are you going to wear for shoes in the meantime, lady?"

LADY: "Oh dear, that's true, isn't it? Well, I know what. Let me have my shoe, and I'll go out and buy some new ones, and then I'll bring the old, broken shoe right back to be fixed."

CLERK: "But, lady, with new shoes, you won't need your old shoe fixed right away. I mean, you could come back any time—tomorrow, even."

LADY (*sinking back into her seat*): "I suppose you're right. Oh, I wish there weren't always so many decisions to make.”

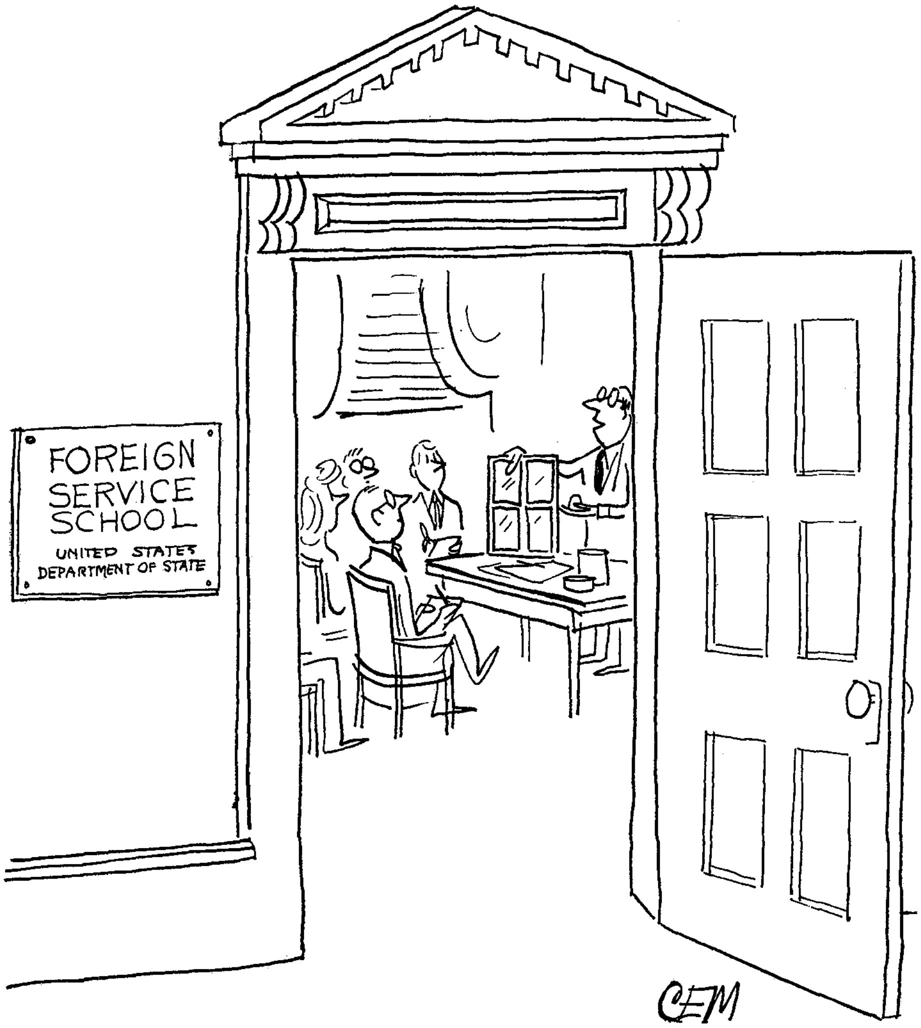
Moment of History

ONE of the people closely associated with the development of the song “We Shall Overcome” is a thirty-seven-year-old white folk singer named Guy Carawan, who has been at the scene of civil-rights protests in the South since the late nineteen-fifties. We reached Mr. Carawan by telephone at his home, on Johns Island, South Carolina, one day last week, and he confirmed some of the things we had already been told about the song, among them that it emerged from the folk-song tradition, and that its history recedes into a dim, undocumented past. Some researchers have seen a predecessor in a Catholic hymn called “O Sanctissima,” which goes back as far as the sixteenth century. A similar hymn, known all over Europe (in Germany it is called “O Du Fröhliche”), also bears a strong resemblance to the civil-rights anthem. Other people believe the original of the song to be an old Baptist hymn called “I'll Overcome Some Day,” whose words are similar to those of “We Shall Overcome” but whose music, which is in three-four time, is totally different. The oldest obvious forerunner of “We Shall Overcome” is a Negro church song known as “I'll Be All Right Someday,” which has been in existence somewhere between fifty and a hundred years, and is still sung in churches in the rural South. Its words resemble both those of the Baptist hymn and those of “We Shall Overcome” (“I'll be all right; I'll be all right; I'll be all right someday. Down in my heart, I do not yield; I'll be all right someday. I'll be like Him. . . . I'll wear the crown. . . . I'll overcome”), and its music is close to that of the civil-rights song but is sung much faster and with a livelier beat.

The first of several crucial points in the evolution of the civil-rights hymn came in October, 1945, when Local 15A of the C.I.O. Food, Tobacco, Agricultural, and Allied Workers Union, in Charleston, South Carolina, began a strike that was to last five and a half months. The union's membership was mostly women and about two-thirds Negroes. To maintain morale, some of the pickets began to lead the others in singing. “I talked to one of the picket leaders, Lillie Mae Marsh, the other day,” Mr. Carawan told us. “It was a nasty strike, she said. The weather was terrible, and some of the women dropped out and went back to work. In order not to falter, the remaining strikers began—this is the way she put it—‘to sing themselves away in the rain.’ One of their songs was this church song, ‘I'll Be All Right Someday.’ They did it with a lot of handclapping and stomping, and they changed the words, adding lines like ‘We will win our rights,’ ‘We will win this fight,’ and ‘We will overcome.’ ”

After the strike ended, successfully, in April, 1946, Mr. Carawan went on, two of the former pickets attended labor workshops at the Highlander Folk School, in Monteagle, Tennessee, an adult-education school that was founded in the nineteen-thirties by a man named Myles Horton. There the two women from Local 15A taught the song to other students, and Horton's wife, Zilphia, took a deep interest in it. “Zilphia, who died in 1957, was one of the great song leaders,” Mr. Carawan said. “I have tapes of her singing ‘We Shall Overcome.’ She knew that singing could give a lot of cohesiveness to the labor movement—and, later, to the civil-rights movement. She sort of preserved the song there at Highlander—it really became the school's theme song—and its meaning was broadened. Zilphia added several verses, and, I remember, Myles added the verse ‘The truth will make us free.’ But the song really didn't get far beyond the school during the forties and fifties. In 1946, Zilphia taught it to Pete Seeger during a trip North, but the tempo had slowed down a lot, and the rhythm had almost been lost.”

Seeger began singing the song in the North, but it did not spread far; it was perpetuated only at the school and by a few folk singers. The next crucial point in its history came in 1960, when students embarked on sit-in demonstrations in Jackson, Birmingham, and Atlanta. Carawan had started working at the Highlander School in 1959. In April, 1960, he took his guitar and banjo to the founding conference of the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee, in Raleigh, North Carolina, and taught the students several songs, including “We Shall Overcome.” Meanwhile, Seeger, in the North, had been making changes in the words. He had been the first to sing “We shall”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“Now, holding the pane of glass firmly, and with a small ball of putty in the other hand . . .”

instead of "We will," and he had changed the line "Down in my heart" to "Deep in my heart." He also had added the verses that begin "We'll walk hand in hand" and "The whole wide world around."

"The S.N.C.C. students just loved that song," Mr. Carawan told us. "It spread very fast. I tried to pick up all the good verses that just sort of sprang up, and I added some verses of my own, like 'Black and white together' and 'We will meet again.' At some meetings, I was the only white person present. Pretty soon, in Greenwood, Mississippi, and other places, and especially in Albany, Georgia, where they have a great singing movement, I could feel the singers tugging at the rhythm. They were trying to put a sort of rural-church feeling into it, so I thought I'd better stop playing my banjo and just let them sing. That's how the powerful, stately beat came into the song, along with several melodic embellishments. You see, they were taking it back toward gospel music, where it had come from."

Through the sit-ins of 1960 and the freedom rides of 1961, Mr. Carawan continued to lead singing at S.N.C.C. meetings and to teach songs, at the request of people like the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth, of Birmingham, and Wyatt Tee Walker, former executive assistant to Dr. Martin Luther King. An S.N.C.C. group known as the Freedom Singers travelled North and began singing freedom songs on college campuses. By then, "We Shall Overcome" had acquired a momentum of its own. By general agreement, it had become the anthem of the civil-rights movement. Realizing that anyone could appropriate it, to his own profit, Carawan copyrighted the song in 1960, and again in 1963, listing four people as adapters: a folk singer named Frank Hamilton, who was the first person he had ever heard sing it; Zilphia Horton; Pete Seeger; and himself. All authors' royalties go into a special fund for the freedom movement.

RAIL ROAD
CROSSING
STOP ON SIGNAL

"You know, it's amazing what strength this song has. It's just unbelievable sometimes how it can bind people together," Carawan said. "One night in 1959, a group of about sixty of us had assembled at the Highlander School. It was the end of a workshop, and we were having punch and cake and seeing a movie. The local police and sheriff's deputies burst in. You see, Tennessee officials were always trying to break up the school—they considered it subversive—and a couple of years ago they finally succeeded. Well, for an hour and a half they forced the people—some of them students—to sit in the dark while they went through rooms and searched suitcases and bags. Somebody began to hum 'We Shall Overcome,' and someone else took it up. Then a Negro girl—a high-school student from Montgomery—joined in, and that was how one of the finest verses came into being. Sitting there in the dark, this girl began to sing, 'We are not afraid, we are not afraid, we are not afraid today. . . .' "

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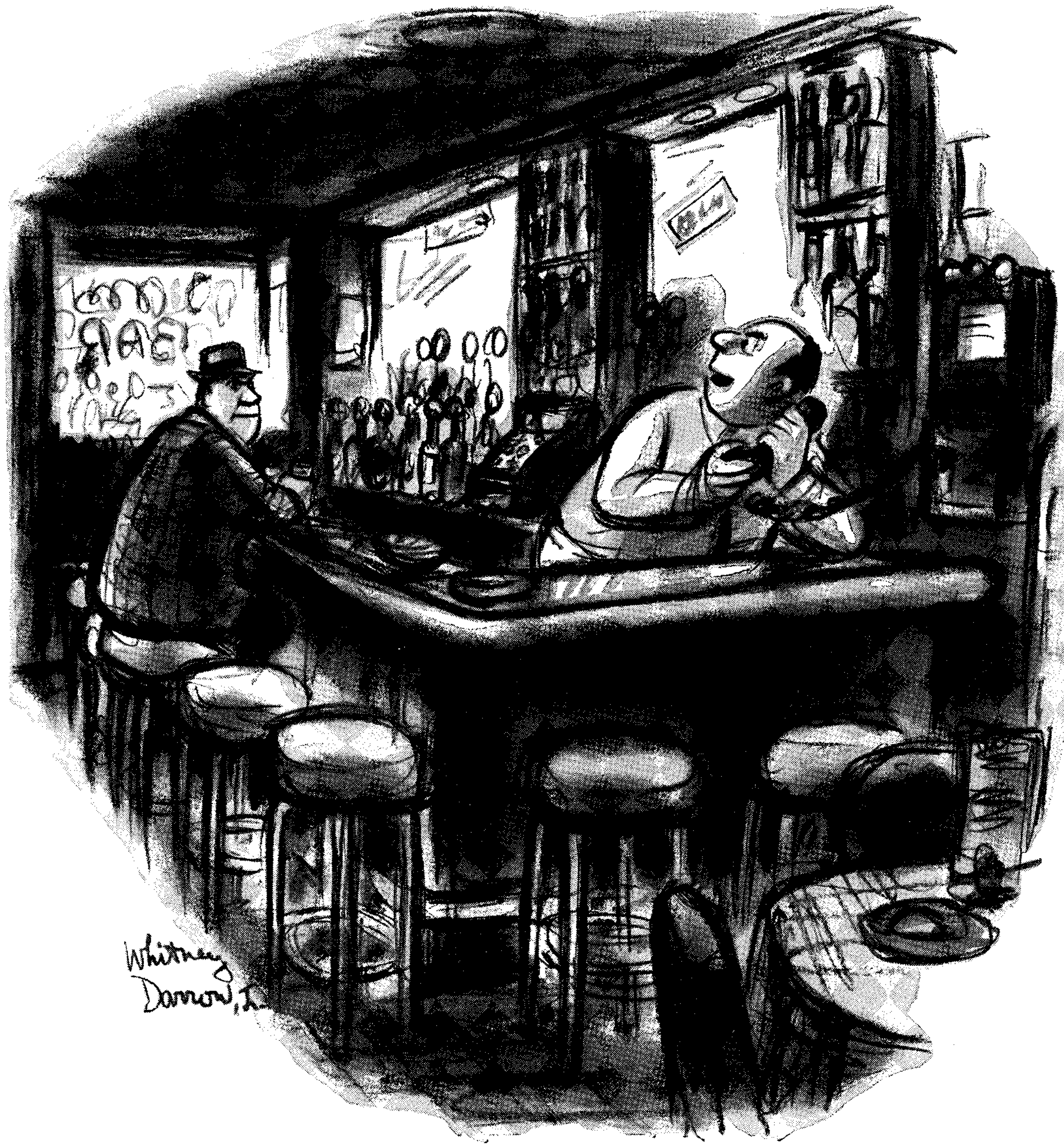
NOT many hours after the President's address to Congress on voting rights, which Roy Wilkins, the executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, described the next day as "a moment at the summit in the life of our nation," we stopped by to see Mr. Wilkins at the headquarters of the N.A.A.C.P., on West Fortieth Street. Everyone was going about his business there as if nothing had happened. It seemed to be quiet business. Young men in gray suits, many of them carrying briefcases, moved in and out of small offices opening off the waiting room. One of them stopped for a moment to take a closer look at a framed drawing, from an old newspaper, whose caption read, "Exciting Scene in the House of Representatives, January 31st, 1865, on the Passing of the Amendment to the Constitution Abolishing Slavery For Ever," and then moved on. A pretty girl in a turquoise wool dress, sitting under a cardboard sign that read "Keep Smiling," was efficiently doubling as receptionist and switchboard operator, repeating over and over into her mouthpiece, "National Association. I'll see if he's available," and plugging in wires with graceful hands. On a table just outside the switchboard enclosure was a gilded plaster statue about two feet high, labelled "The Fugitive's Story." It showed a turbaned Negro woman, a baby on her shoulder and a bandana containing her belongings at her feet, standing in a beseeching pose before three men, identified at the base of the statue as John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Ward Beecher, and William Lloyd Garrison. "Harriet Tubman," the receptionist told us politely, running her hands through her hair, and then she turned back to her mouthpiece to explain that Mr. Moon was in conference and that Mr. Morsell was in the *same* conference. Through the open office doors sentences drifted out to us: "The foundation is definitely interested." . . . "The N.L.R.B. gets it next week." . . . "What's the chance for certiorari?"

A few minutes later, Roy Wilkins came out and escorted us into his office, at the end of a short corridor. He is a slender, soft-spoken man in his early sixties, and his eyes were shining. "If we seem very quiet for a revolutionary headquarters, you must remember that this *is* only a headquarters," he told us, with a smile. "Some of the men you have seen—and, of course, we have women representatives, too—have come here from all over the country. We figure out what must be done, and then they go back into the field to a very different life. One of them, you know, was Medgar Evers." Mr. Wilkins stood for a moment by a window that looked out on the Public Library, and then sat down in his chair. "I never doubted that someday it would


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"How long ago did you leave, or haven't you been in yet?"

• •

come," he told us. "But I also never dreamed that in my lifetime a President of the United States would stand up before the world and speak as Mr. Johnson did the other night. He didn't say 'Boys, you know how I feel' behind his office door. He didn't say 'unless' or 'provided that,' or engage in any other double-talk. He stood there before the people and put his role in history on the line. The completeness and warmth of his commitment! And in a Texas accent!" Wilkins shook his head, as if he still couldn't believe his ears. "I have been hearing from individuals all over the United States, and I believe that most American Negroes felt as I did," he went on. "Oh, I know that a few leaders, when the words were scarcely out of the President's mouth, were saying 'Deeds, not words,' or 'Wait and see,' and I understand this. We've been fooled, flummoxed, sold down the river so often in the past. And then all Americans today live in a climate of skepticism. How many times a day do we think, What's in it for him? But it seems to me a sad thing that now, when we are given the great affirmation we have sought so long, some people cannot bring themselves to embrace it. To me, it was an exhilarating moment—the homecoming of all our hopes, of all we believe in."

Mr. Wilkins paused for a second, and then went on, "A good many of the newcomers to the civil-rights movement are very young. They are energetic, imaginative, and fearless. In a crusty movement like this long struggle for freedom, an invasion such as theirs is a good thing. They have no use for the rituals, the traditional minuets of organizational behavior. They say only 'Now!,' just as Selma's Sheriff Clark says 'Never!,' and they forge ahead. Most of the demonstrations they have led, with or with*out* support from the N.A.A.C.P., have been useful to the cause. I gladly admit it. They have dramatized it as no tedious arguments before any tribunal could do. It is a difficult thing to dramatize disenfranchisement, for example, but what happened at Selma did dramatize it, so that no literate American could misunderstand the problem: we are denied the right to vote; we are denied even the right to protest this denial without endangering our lives. When you come down to it, however, the civil-rights revolution has been a revolution in the law. The turning point—forty-three years after the N.A.A.C.P. filed its first case seeking equal justice before the law for a Negro citizen—was the 1954 Supreme Court decision in the Brown case, banning segregation in the schools. It defined, at last, the Negro's role in American society: separate but equal was not enough. I'm not surprised that these young people in the movement, like young people everywhere, are inclined to think that nothing worthwhile was done until they came along. But how can you understand the importance of this moment if you don't remember that in 1917 the N.A.A.C.P. was fighting desperately to persuade Woodrow Wilson, a good President and a good man, to say just one word against lynching? He would never say that word. Even Franklin Roosevelt, in 1940, wasn't ready to denounce lynching in so many words. It's been a long, bloody struggle, but now, extraordinarily, we find in the van of this citizens' army the President of the United States." He paused again. "Did you notice the date of his great speech?" he asked us. "The Ides of March! Beware, indeed! Rejoice!"

SEND NOW FOR BIRCHBARK BROCHURE

(A NERVOUS VIEW OF THE SUMMER-CAMP WILDERNESS, COMPILED JUST AFTER A FORTY-TWO-COLUMN HIKE THROUGH THE BACK PAGES OF THE SUNDAY *Times Magazine*)

Camp Boot

THE *only* summer camp operated under methods perfected by the U.S. Marine Corps. Eight weeks of total regimentation closely paralleling conditions at our "toughest" USMC training camps. Manual of arms, close-order drill, character-building fatigue duties; training in rifle, machine-gunnery, mortars, bazookas, hand-to-hand combat, etc. Swamp bivouacs, beach landings, live-ammo obstacle course. Season culminates in six-day war games and attack under modern low-yield tactical nuclear device. Entirely staffed by ex-"Leathernecks," under command of a kindly, battle-hardened USMC colonel (Ret.). Boys 8-16. "You send us an adolescent, we send you back a platoon commander." Box 34, San Diego, Calif.

Camp Eeyore

A Tiny Tots camp for play and dreams. 250-acre campgrounds are an exact replica of setting in A. A. Milne's whimsical, beloved "Winnie-the-Pooh" books. Children live in Wol's House, Rabbit's Lair, Piglet's "Trespassers W" retreat, etc. Daily "expotitions" to North Pole, digging of Heffalump traps, games of Pooh-Sticks, picnics in Enchanted Forest. Boys and girls, ages 2-7. Joyful supervision by "Christopher Robin" and "Kanga" (Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Joss). Write to Pooh's Place, Box 2A, Lintel, Vermont.

The Experiment in Substitute Civilization

WHAT thoughtful parent has not wished to expose his overcivilized teen-ager to the rigors of life in an untouched wilderness, jungle, or desert? What world-minded citizen has not longed to open his privileged, modern home to a wide-eyed child of nature? *Both* are now possible under the unique Teen-Switch Plan devised by the Experiment in Substitute Civilization. Come June, you jet-dispatch your son or daughter to Central Australia, Hokkaido, the Congo, or the Sahara, where he will live with a carefully selected "typical" aboriginal family under highly demanding local conditions; days later, you greet an adolescent Bushman, Hairy Ainu, Pygmy, or Bedouin, who will take up residence in the absentee's place! While your "lout" forgets rock 'n' roll and masters tracking, skinning, blowguns, native rituals, water discipline, a demanding new language, and sheer survival, you have the joy of introducing your guest to shoes, hygiene, eating with knife and fork, television, and the World's Fair. A microcosmal stride toward Utopia, open now to a few far-seeing pioneers. Highly recommended by psychiatrists, explorers, etc. Boys, girls: 13-18. Parents must submit to tests for suitability, patience. Cost: About $15,000, including visitor's passage, expenses, dental bills, etc. Box 008, Boise, Idaho.

Kamp Koan

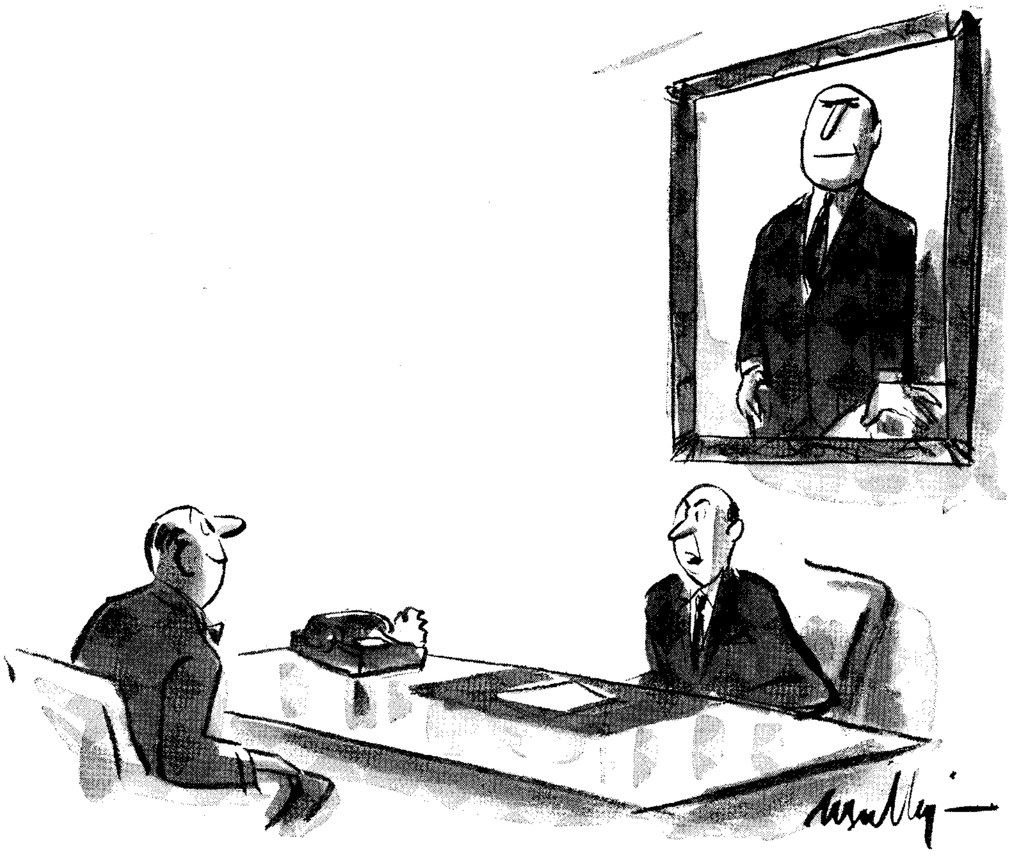
THE oldest and still the best Zen summer camp in the Poconos. Let your child achieve *satori* in an unspoiled mountain woods setting. Expert training in contemplation, forgetfulness, brooding silence, loss of self, in the hands of an obdurate *roshi* (Zen Master). Swordsmanship, archery without targets, abdomen control. *Koan*-riddles and *haiku* under the stars; campfire tea ceremonies. Write for enigmatic rice-paper folder. Hiroshige Watanabe, Director; Box 287, Newark, N.J.

Waggy Dell

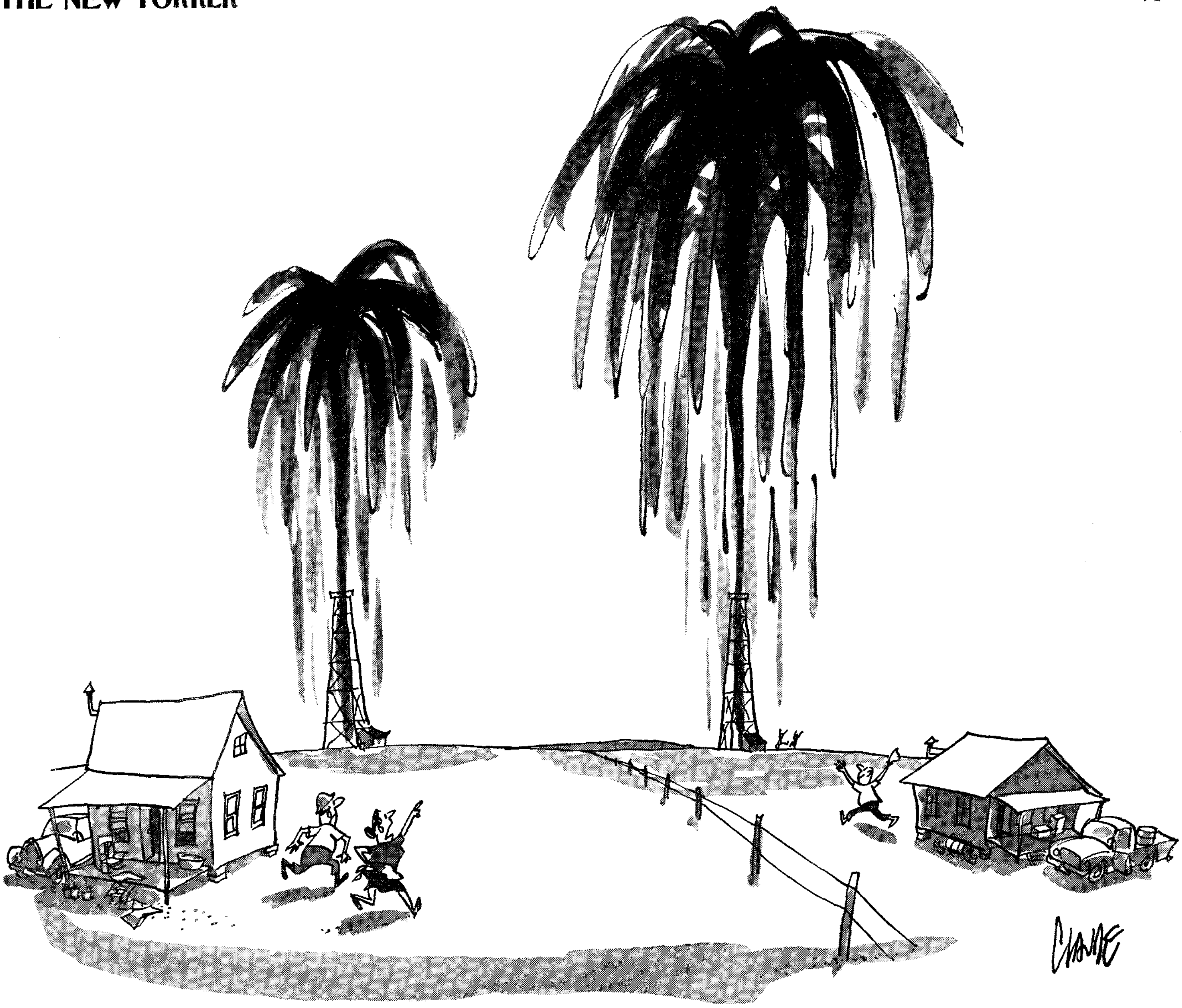
GOING to Europe? Planning an ocean voyage? Now you can avoid the pricks and arrows of guilt at the thought of your pet languishing in a stuffy urban kennel while you make merry abroad. Send Rover, Fifi, or Spot to the only "four-footed" resort in the cool Berkshires! Treat your pavement-tired dog to the joys of a summer on an old-fashioned New England farm. Supervised romps in the open country; cow chasing, cat treeing, rabbit digs; adventures with skunks and porcupines; swimming lessons. Special attention to overweight and cowardly dogs, terrier hypertension, etc. Raw meat daily. Entire program under supervision of A.K.C.-approved veterinarian. Dr. J. S. Schumpeter; R.F.D. 1, Upper Stringham, Mass.

Camp Wetback

"AN adventure for budding social consciences." Let your junior sociologist learn by *first-hand* experi-



"*No, that's not my father. That's me.*"



"Fred, look! They're striking it richer than we are!"

• •

ence the frightful lot of migrant farm laborers. Campers "learn by doing"—long hours in the fields, harsh foremen, abysmal housing conditions, outdoor toilets, minimum pay. Ideally located on a 30,000-acre working sugar-beet farm in southern Colorado—not a model but the "real thing." Send for illustrated booklet. Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Horsfall, Alkali Flats, Colo.

DEN-TA-LA-KA

A SPECIAL lakeside camp for young people with severe oral problems. Now your child's summer happiness need no longer be "impacted" by acute orthodontic embarrassment. Send your junior teen to Den-Ta-La-Ka for an eight-weeks' crash program in expert orthodontics in the relaxing company of the similarly afflicted. Daily treatments under the pines quickly dispel all fears of friendly counsellor-"Docs." Mastication and brushing "games" lead to a lifetime of sound dental hygiene. Membership in the camp's celebrated Fife & Bugle Corps cures malocclusion while encouraging music appreciation. Heavily fluoridated water from natural spring. Fresh corn on the cob. Entire staff graduates or students of accredited dental colleges. Send X-rays with application. Dr. Irving Karp, Box 2115, Bronx Station, N.Y.

VENUS DUNES

AT last, an opportunity to expose your adolescent to the famed, much misunderstood "natural" plan devised by the European psychologist Sandor Kovchak! In short weeks at this sun-blessed, coeducational seaside Illyria, youngsters learn to cast aside the inhibiting *pudeurs* of our guilt-haunted Calvinist civilization as they discover that "the answer to life is 'Yes!'" Unsupervised, rules-free play beside a sea as blue as that which lapped ancient Aegean shores. (Heterosexual "buddy system" protects swimmers.) Children come home beautifully tanned, with a new expression of joy bred by unstinted freedom and affection. All games, sports "invented" by campers themselves. No expensive camp uniform required, save sneakers & poncho. (Legal entanglements that abbreviated previous seasons recently solved by acquisition of sequestered 87-acre private estate in a mature community. No financial bond now required.) Boys, girls: 14-18. Mrs. Hermione Collymore, Mr. Colin Walbridge; Box 4, Cherry Grove, Fire Island, N.Y.

—ROGER ANGELL

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COMPLETE Mahogany Chip & Dale dining room set, in good condition, reasonable.—*Adv. in the Long Island Press.*

It's great for serving Fishanchips.

THE EMPTY PLACE

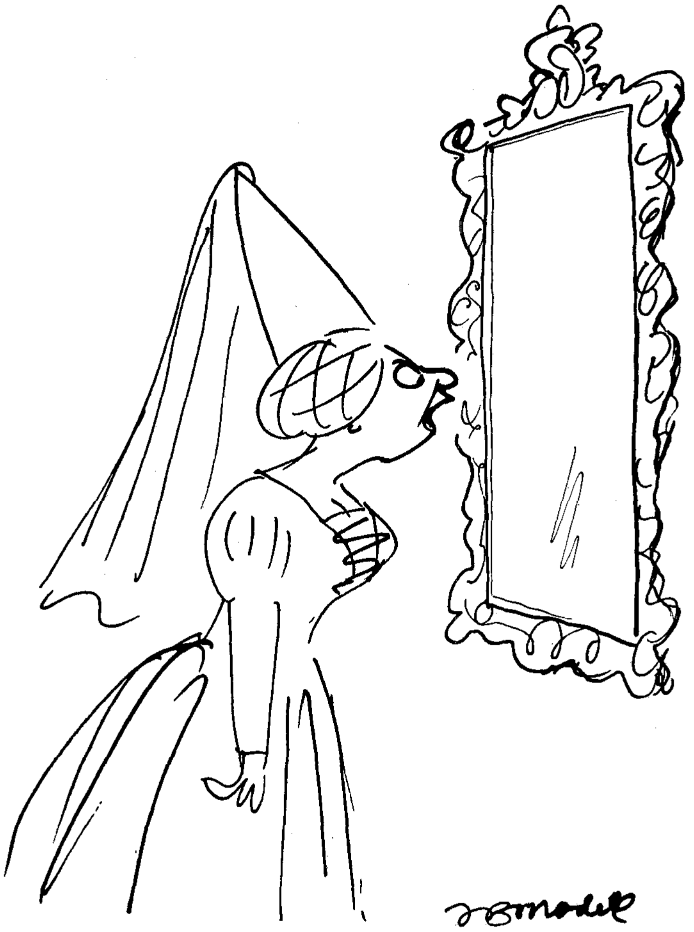
IT was very ordinary, really. A small, elderly artist, leading a pet dog, was knocked down by a car one damp, misty evening on Chelsea Embankment, when the reflections of the street lamps quivered confusingly in the glassy surfaces of the roads after heavy rain, which had fallen earlier in the afternoon. Two days later, without regaining consciousness, Cyril Turville died in hospital. The papers are full of such things. They happen all the time. The young man who had driven the car was exonerated when he described—and a handy witness confirmed—how the tiny gray shape of Mr. Turville, attached to a gray canine shadow, had walked off the curb right under his wheels. Everybody knew how absent-minded Cyril had become. The kindly young man was upset, however. He stooped over Mrs. Turville after the inquest, his fresh forehead frowning, and looked into her face as though debating within himself what he could say to express his regret that he and the double wraith of man and dog should have been magnetized toward each other that spring evening. He said a few cautious words and went out of Dolly Turville's life, having been the means of cutting it in two.

This unexceptional event spread a shock of dismay among the Turvilles' friends, who had not thought of them in separate pieces. They had been one so long and so remarkably that the sudden termination of their marriage by a moving mass of vulgar metal gave everyone a sense of outrage as well as loss. By rights, they should have met the fate of devoted couples in ancient mythology who, after a quiet, united dissolution, continued in some sort of twining vegetable partnership as adjacent trees or vines. Instead, there was that sickening, solitary crunch on the Embankment—horrible! It was only a chance that Dolly had not been sharing their usual stroll; she was nursing a cold at home. Perhaps it would almost have been better, the friends considered, if this had not been so. As telephones rang from house to house, everybody experienced the sense of sad blankness that follows the ending of something good. The delightful little Turvilles, who were like nobody else in the world, had come to an end.

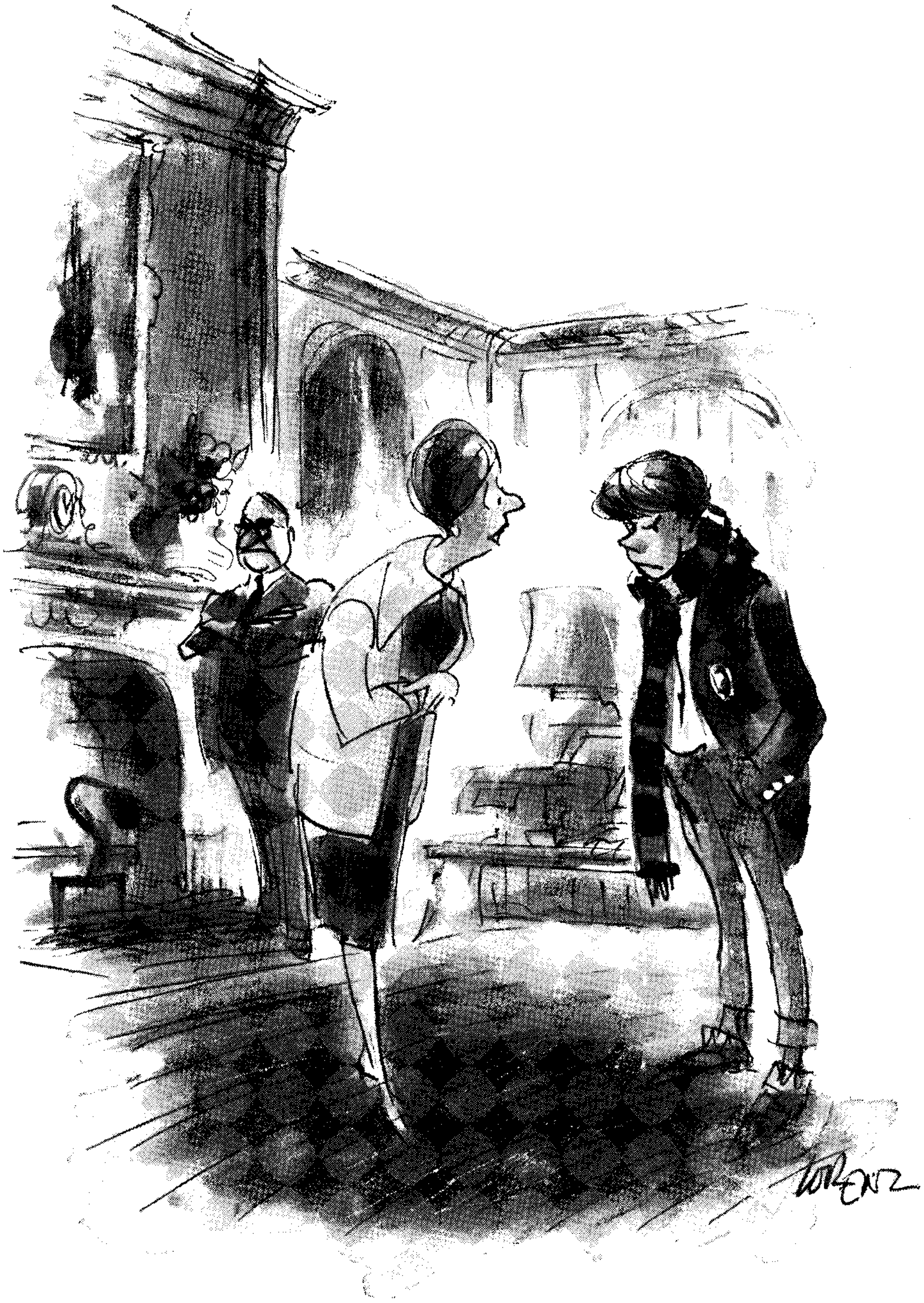
Their endearing effect on all who met them had always begun, of course, with their appearance, which was quaint. They were both exceptionally small people, delicately made and altogether in perfect proportion, like a couple of those minuscule, prized pieces of furniture that precisely repeat the scale of the full-sized Chippendale bureau or chair. The Turvilles gave the impression of having been matched up with infinite care. There was nothing in their looks of either the midget or the child, though people who met them for the first time sometimes wondered if Cyril's narrow, burnished boots came from the juvenile department of some store. He was actually rather a dandy, with beautifully cut clothes and a rib-boned monocle, behind which he would banish his shortsighted left eye. His eyes had an expression of peculiar sweetness, a gentle goodness, which made people take to him on sight and tell him things that they would not have told anyone else. He was asked frequently for help, and always gave it. Everybody loved Cyril. They were very fond of poor little Dolly, too, but he was the strong one.

Dolly was a helpless, pretty creature, still having retained in middle age the exquisite, seemingly boneless paws of hands and the flaming hair (now improbably tinted, it was true) that had appeared in a whole numbered "Dolly" series of Turville portraits. They had no children; instead they had cherished a sequence of a breed of silky-haired dogs, the last of which had accompanied Cyril on the final airing along the Embankment. The Turvilles' house, in a Chelsea cul-de-sac, was part of the charming joke, being diminutive and frail, like them, and furnished with admirable eighteenth-century bits that Dolly, who had a feeling for such things, had picked up cleverly for nothing much through the years. All the pieces were scaled to the small rooms and their owners. Visitors would experience a sense of entering Lilliput as they sat down and gazed out at the postage-stamp square of back yard where on summer evenings Dolly was to be found, engulfed in an old apron, scratching away among the plants with a pickle fork. The Turvilles were always to be found by their friends, and always welcoming. Cyril's studio was just round the corner. He specialized in painting beautiful women with their children and pets; all, when he had finished with them, seemed to be composed of prettily tinted, impervious plaster of Paris. Yet he was much in demand. The supply of husbands who admired these compositions appeared to be endless.

The problem of Dolly's future loomed large in many people's minds after they heard the news. First of all, there were the awful formalities to be got through. The sight of Cyril's coffin at the cremation was nearly too much for Eileen Scoby, as for many others. Its size—pathetically neat, almost bijou, one might say—brought him back so vividly. He had been a little angel of sweetness, Miss Scoby reflected—really a saint! In all the years, she had never known him ruffled or out of temper. When it slid



"Well, then, who's the most intelligent?"



"What we don't understand is why you can't stay in Princeton and think things out."

unobtrusively out of sight, as the modest little man himself would have done, she glanced surreptitiously at Dolly. The Turvilles had been oddly bare of relations—it increased the feeling that they had sprung into being solely to exist for one another—and the widow knelt between Eileen and her brother, Mervyn Scoby, their oldest friends. The Scobys' shoulders hemmed her in like a tiny, quiet prisoner between two warders.

"She is being wonderful, really," Eileen said to Scoby on the way home. They had just seen two other friends put Mrs. Turville into their car, talking cheerfully, and drive off with her on the front seat beside the husband while the wife, afflicted by the well-meaning dementia that often seizes people on such occasions, kept up a flow of brisk babble from the rear. They were taking her home to Kent for a few days, or as long as she wished to stay.

"That's not unusual at first," her brother answered.

Scoby was a solicitor, a dry-looking man with a scatter of liver-colored freckles peppering the bald spot on his crown.

"I know. When there won't be things to settle and she can sit down and think—that's the worst time, everybody says."

"She'll *have* to start *thinking* at once, I'm afraid," he said as they went up the steps of the house in a Chelsea square they had long and amicably shared. "Things won't be all that easy."

Once inside, he went straight to the cupboard where he kept the drinks, and mixed two large whiskeys, though they usually took little before lunch. They needed something this morning. Scoby, the glass in his hand, stood staring out at the gardens of the square, where a blackbird was singing lustily in the sunshine. Eileen had departed with her drink to put their cold lunch on the table. He took a swallow of the whiskey and thought of poor Dolly being whirled out of London on a wave of determined good cheer. He had been deeply in love with her many years before, and his friends had taken it for granted that it was because of this unrewarding delirium that he had not married. In reality, as he knew perfectly well, it was nothing of the kind. After he had got over Dolly, the only fever of which his somewhat cold blood had been capable was over, too, and he rose clear-eyed, as it were, to acknowledge that he was feeling a good deal more comfortable as he was. Eileen had not married, either. She looked after him excellently. They lived together with tact, sharing some but not all of their friends and going their own ways for holidays. The Turvilles were close at hand. Miss Scoby, a passionate botanist, went off every year to the flowery valleys of Switzerland while her brother motored with Cyril and Dolly in France and Italy. The arrangement had been very happy. It was strange to reflect that at one time the news that Dolly had become a widow would have made his heart jump; instead, it had remained quiet and heavy as a stone. Possibly—a painful thought—he had ended by being even more devoted to Cyril than he was to Dolly. Cyril had been such a bad painter and such a wonderfully good little human being. All of his friends had relied, almost unconsciously, on that exceptional nature—a nature for all seasons, hanging up at the back of their lives like a coat that would cherish them miraculously in any weather. None of them would know how to get on without it, Scoby least of all. As for Dolly, so often featherbrained and a trial, perhaps, even to Cyril's marvellous patience, she was a problem to which Scoby had turned his mind anxiously in the last few days. He sighed, and heard Eileen calling "Lunch!" from the dining room. He joined her with alacrity. The melancholy morning had made him feel extremely hungry; in some strange way, the cold veal and salad and Camembert seemed to be signalling to him, Scoby, the reassuring message that he was alive.

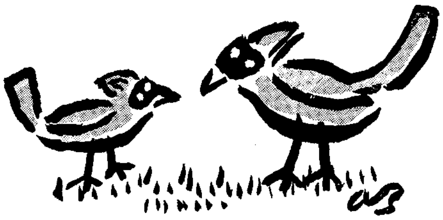
IN a few days, Dolly was back from Kent, returning with relief, almost at a run, to her bits and pieces and the familiar half of her unshared bed. When the Scobys went around to see her, they agreed later that her tiny face and figure appeared to have contracted. She sat with her bird bones tucked up in her usual chair, while they all avoided looking at the patch of hearthrug on which Cyril had had the habit of standing, rocking back and forth on the heels and toes of his ridiculous boots as he bent his serious, warm gaze down, for a change, upon some seated guest. His absence was clamorous. Getting up to play host and refill Eileen's sherry glass—the Turvilles never had spirits in the house—Scoby walked right through the familiar spot and felt a blankness and soreness in the heart. The miniature house, with its country air, which had been so pretty and funny as a nest woven to the exact shape of the perfect little Turvilles, would now obviously be intolerable, he thought. Cyril had bought it on Scoby's advice a few years before the war, when prices were still reasonable. His affairs, as his friend and solicitor knew, had not been left in such a prosperous state that Dolly would not be glad of the excellent price it would fetch today. Cyril's generosity to others had been too great. Scoby's mind's eye, moving more briskly than his body, which was carefully dodging the haunted rug on the return trip to Eileen, saw the board up on the railings and the nest abandoned. He had already deposited Dolly satisfactorily in a convenient flat, close, yet not too close, to him and Eileen, by the time he sat down again with the women.

But every death, as Scoby knew from long experience, leaves the survivors in the boat exchanging bleak glances over the empty place; their behavior in the altered situation is often unpredictable. It was really no surprise when helpless tiny Dolly, who had left all the decisions to Cyril, now knew with absolute certainty what she wanted. It was to continue where she was. Perhaps because their house was the only place in the world where Cyril's dapper form could still be said to reside, or anyhow to have left an imprint like the warmth lingering in a recently vacated chair, she refused to budge. Scoby understood—he had known a pang himself at the thought that the little place to which he and all the Turvilles' friends had kept coming through the years would be closed to them—yet he regarded her with the righteous exasperation of the levelheaded man who sees clearly what should be done and has expected no opposition.

"Well," he said rather abruptly, "I suppose we'll have to make another plan."

"Oh, Scoby, you are such a comfort," she said, looking at him in her wheedling, loving way.

Something had remained between them through the placid years—a fondness and exact appreciation of each other's good and bad points which was almost like the tolerance of a longstanding marriage. He knew, for instance, that the understanding of money had been totally omitted from her intellectual capacity. He deplored it as one with the sight of a hawk might shake his head over a friend who has never seen the light of clear, cold, masculine day. But it was Dolly. Therefore, sighing, he began thinking what could be done.



It turned out that the rest of the Turvilles' friends were equally convinced, for their part, that they knew what she ought to do to begin life without Cyril. They were full of sensible suggestions, none of which, Scoby felt, stood a chance of being taken, however charmingly received. In the end, certain friends put their heads and their pockets together and managed to arrange things tactfully, with Scoby's help, so that Cyril's widow would not have to move out of their home. The thought upset everybody too much. They all wanted to be able to feel that something, at least, would go on. A treasured feature of their private landscapes was not to be flattened and

THE WRONGS OF SPRING

OR, NO ALL FOOLS' DAY LIKE AN ALL OLD FOOLS' DAY

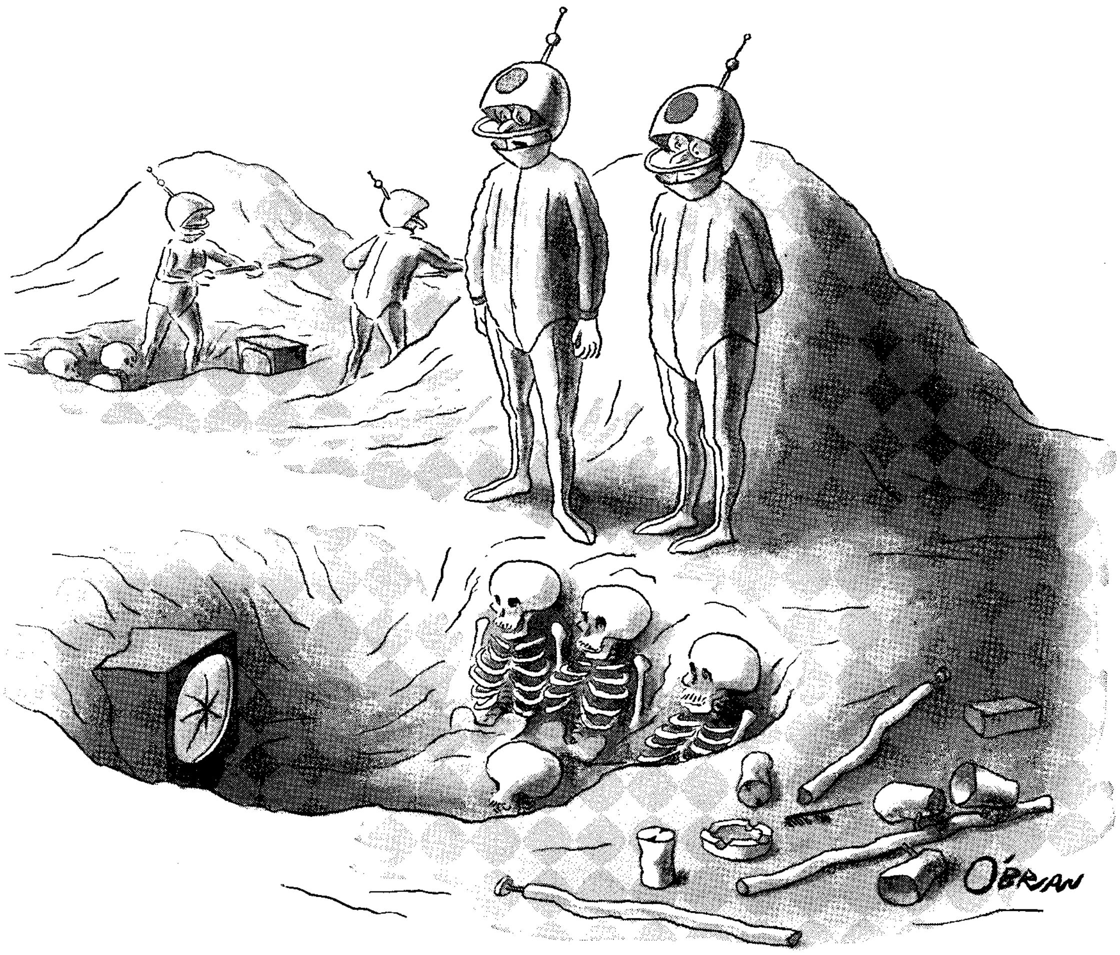
Just because I'm sixty-three,
Shall April folly forbidden be?
Though the locks above my scalp
Be thin as snow on August Alp,
Must I then leave April foibles
To sprouts of louts and hobbledehoibles?
I still remain the out-to-win type,
And I reply, "Not on your tintype!"
I will find a zany zebra,
I will teach the beast algebra;
Buy a Peugeot or a Simca,
Present it to a worthy YMCA;
Seek me out a sporting bishop,
Fit him with slaloms from a ski shop;
Roam through Perth and other Amboys,
Gathering luscious fraises and framboise,
To feast on with meringues and Nesselrodes
The while I drink a toast to Cecil Rhodes.
I'll write to some forlorn Penelope,
"S(ealed) W(ith) A K(iss)" on the envelope;
I'll memorize the works of Euripides
And match the footwork of centipedes.
I'll turn my mind to projects grandiose—
Regal, imperial, Ozymandiose—
Or be Orientally lethargical,
Sybaritic, Maharajical,
And write, while lolling in my tub,
A syllabus on syllabub.
So I'll pace out my seven ages
By various frolicsome ambages—
A word that means, in Webster's phrase,
But roundabout or winding ways.
Thus, when April hoots her girlish laughter
My senile cackle shall echo after.

—OGDEN NASH

• •

made unrecognizable, it was felt, by a strange young man driving home along the Embankment on a moist spring evening. The moving spirit might have gone, but they could preserve the shell. After all, as they told each other cheerfully, Dolly had few wants and should be able to manage all right. They would all make a point of dropping in from time to time to see that she was managing.

For some months, they did so with enthusiasm. Then, little by little, as cynical Scoby could have predicted would happen, they began to see less of Dolly and to have her less on their minds, too, now that they had got her safely settled in her own chair in the familiar room. Perhaps, as even Scoby had suspected of himself, Cyril was the one they had truly adored, to whom they had gone back again and again, because he gave them the sense, like a marvellously becoming mirror, of being quite as delightful and as amiable as he was while they were with him. Though such an indifferent painter, he had been a Michelangelo of friendship. And without him Dolly seemed to have been left swinging without point, like the little wooden woman figure outside a nursery weather house from which a clumsy hand has snapped off the partner whose presence made the thing work.



"Twentieth-century, I'd say, offhand. A religious ritual of some sort."

• •

The Scobys, of course, were loyal, though they, too, were sadly conscious that their cheerful visits were frauds. Nothing would, nothing *could* be the same again. Eileen Scoby, a woman who could see nobody in trouble, from a cat to a whole nation, without wishing to supply nourishment in large quantities—perhaps this was why she was always most at peace in Switzerland, where everything was so visibly well nurtured that the very cows, gazing at the stocky Englishwoman with their limpid eyes, looked replete to the last, sweet blade of grass—Eileen worried conscientiously about Dolly from time to time. It seemed to her doubtful whether the little creature remembered to stock the larder or even to eat. It had been Cyril who enjoyed cooking and eating good food. Dolly was now really alarmingly frail. If Eileen had dared, she would have liked to take her a couple of chops now and then. She saw more of Dolly than Scoby did, and she noticed that Mrs. Turville was becoming careless about herself in a number of small ways. A rim of ashy yellow began to lap the roots of her splendid fiery hair and was not repulsed. When Scoby's lizard eye one day noted this, too, filing away the brief, wounding fact that she had aged a great deal, his heart went through the symbolic gymnastic of smiting him. Dolly and the house appeared to be acquiring an identical air of being just slightly unkempt, which upset him, now that he had observed it. He rang her up next day and asked her to go to a concert and to supper afterward. The evening was such a success, and Dolly, by candlelight in the old favorite restaurant, looked so marvellously revived and beautiful that, reassured, he did not see her again for a month.

SOME time after, when Cyril had been dead for almost a year, Eileen passed on to Scoby her suspicion that Dolly's days were punctuated by increasingly frequent trips to the sherry decanter or the wine bottle. On the telephone, she often sounded gently fuddled; sometimes she misunderstood completely what was being said to her.

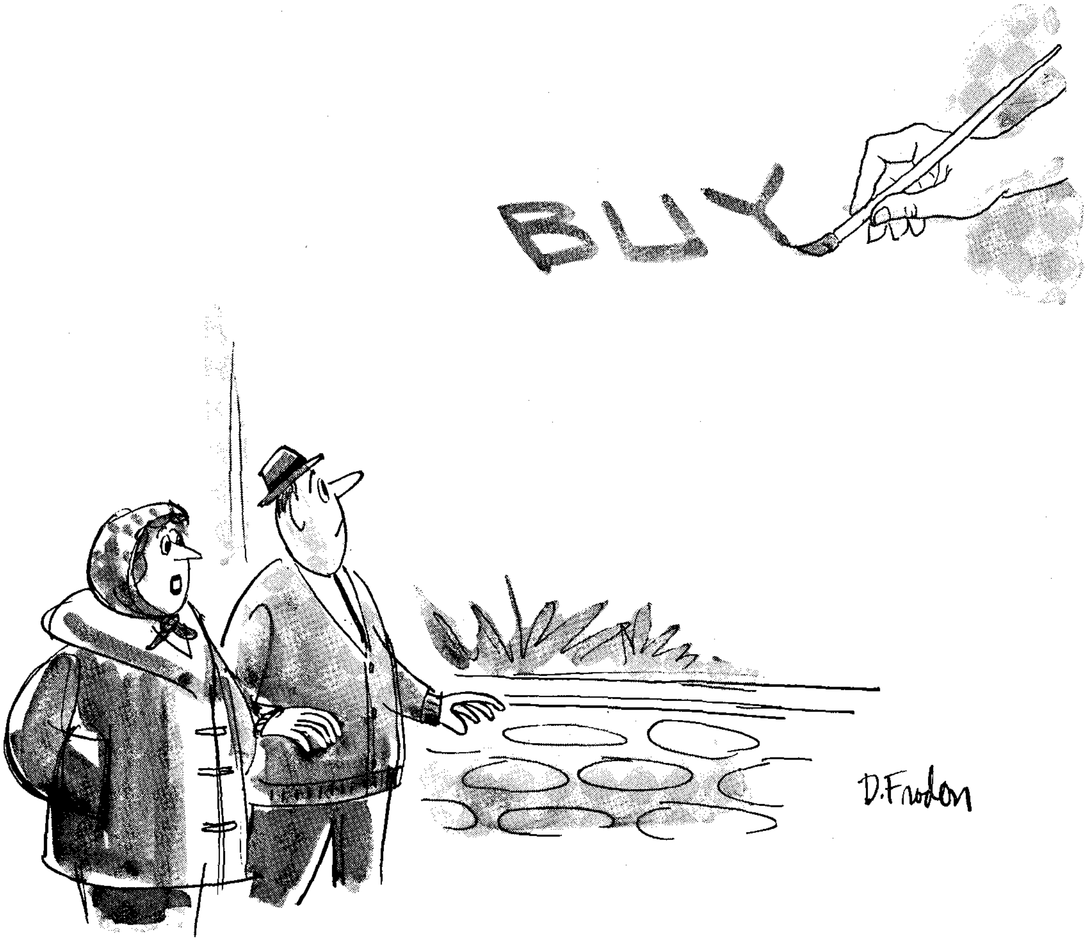
"Well, if it gives her any comfort . . ." Scoby said. And if she can afford it, was the immediate footnote, added in alarm to his inward bookkeeping system. How many bottles a week? He hoped not many.

"All the same, I hate the thought. Supposing she has an accident over there all by herself."

"It's not very likely. She doesn't smoke, and there is no gas in the house, luckily."

"It seems such a time since she went out and saw anybody except us."

He knew that was true. Some of the old friends had practically given up inviting her, except as a matter of conscience, or inspired by a gush of affectionate memories of Cyril. The inexorable tribal laws of London were partly responsible for that. A single widow woman is difficult—so they run—to fit into an evening, and anyhow Dolly had acquired a habit of saying that she was sorry, she was doing something else. In an amazingly short time, she had dropped out of sight of everybody except the Scobys and the



"For goodness' sake, what's so unusual about skywriting?"

• •

faithful devoted few who telephoned from time to time of an evening and heard the telephone ringing into silence.

"I know she goes to bed very early" was the formula Eileen repeated to their complaints, while her imagination saw the unpleasing vision of graceful little Dolly stretched out fast asleep, dead to the world and still fully clothed, in a house that wanted dusting and had nothing in the larder. Then she would go around and insist on taking her friend out to lunch, urging her to eat more and put on some of the lost pounds.

Soon after the anniversary of Cyril's death had passed, Scoby departed for Lebanon, where he had some business to do for a client who lived in Beirut. He enjoyed the trip. It was the first time he had been abroad since the old, happy pottering expeditions with Cyril and Dolly. Last summer, he had not felt like going off by himself, and had taken a fishing holiday with a friend. The rain had fallen relentlessly. Now, after two weeks, he flew home, the freckles darker than ever upon the sunburned skin on his crown, feeling better than he had for years. Humming cheerfully, he opened his front door as the taxi drove off down the square under the fresh, budding trees.

"Did you get my letter?" Eileen asked before he had hung up his coat.

"Letter?" He gazed at her, surprised. They were not in the habit of writing when parted, except business-like postcards giving times of trains or planes.

"Then it must have just missed you. I knew I should have cabled."

"Why? What has happened?" His sister's expression, he observed, was strange. He glanced round him. Their home appeared much as usual. It struck him, with a slight premonition of annoyance, that she had crashed their new car.

"It's Dolly. Something so extraordinary that—"

"Just a minute." Scoby went into the hall, hung his coat in the cupboard, and returned, smiling. The buckled car had sprung back into pristine shape in his head, but the tremor had arrived in the form of a nettled sensation that he was decidedly not going to show Eileen. "I think I can probably guess. Dolly's going to get married again."

"How did you know?"

"Well, it wasn't very difficult, was it? She's dreadfully lonely. I must say she hasn't lost much time. Who is it?" he asked, running mentally through the short list of their unattached friends.

"She isn't going to get married. She was married last Tuesday. I was there—she did at least ask me to come. The only other person there was some man. I forget his name—a friend of Harry's."

"I can't see why you think you ought to have cabled me, all the same," Scoby said. The feeling of annoyance was not decreasing. "Did you expect me to drop everything and fly back for it?"

"It's nobody we know. Harry, I mean. His name is Harry Potter. Dolly met him in that pub in the next street. I was so upset, really, that I didn't quite know what to do, except I thought you ought to know."

Scoby looked at her blankly. "I didn't know Dolly went to pubs."

"She dropped in one evening, and after that she went most evenings, she said."

Scoby was really astonished. He had nothing against pubs. They were admirable places; only the picture he suddenly had of diminutive Dolly, a woman of her age and tastes, sitting in a corner sipping her sherry in the haze of smoke and the squash of drinking bodies, was a ludicrous one. Why couldn't she do her little tippling in the home that her friends' fondness had made secure for her? He tried to think of her as a "regular," exchanging jokes with the customers. And at the same time he knew the answer. He had just supplied it himself. She had been wretchedly lonely. All the annoyance was with himself and Eileen, that they had not been able to do better by her, and, obliquely, by Cyril, than that. "Why didn't you go and see her more?" he burst out, most unfairly.

"I saw her all I could. One can't always be there."

"I know, I know." Scoby smiled appeasingly at his sister, whose face had flushed up quickly, as though his words had hit her painfully across it. "I think she might have waited until I got back," he said merely.

"Well, of course, but if you ask me, I'm sure she felt it was a good plan to rush everything through while you were away."

"Why, for God's sake? One could

hardly stop her doing anything she wanted to do. But it would have been friendlier, considering everything. I only hope it's all right." Belatedly, his imagination groped toward his irreplaceable friend's successor. "Who is Potter?"

"He has one of those little antique shops off the King's Road. He used to live over it, but now he has moved in with Dolly. She says they're going to run the shop together."

"Well, that might be a good idea," Scoby said. "Dolly was always good at that sort of thing."

"He's younger than she by quite a bit, I should say. Dolly says they're the same age, but I doubt it. He's been married before, but his wife went off with someone. If Dolly hadn't told me that, I wouldn't really have thought he was the marrying type."

Scoby gave a short exasperated laugh. He was suddenly conscious of having made a long journey and of wanting a bath. How like Dolly, he thought, to arrange things so that her affairs would descend upon him, like a practical-joke device suspended over his front door, the moment he got home. "Does everyone else know?" he asked. He named two or three of the Turvilles' most faithful friends.

"I don't know. They may, by now. Oh!" Eileen burst out. "What I don't understand is, how could she, after Cyril?"

"What is he really like?" Scoby could not help feeling very curious.

His sister hesitated. Then she smiled. "You can see for yourself, tomorrow. Dolly has asked us to have a drink."

Harry Potter himself opened the front door the following evening. Scoby had come from his office, and Eileen had already arrived. The lawyer saw before him a tall, shambling man, dressed in tweeds and what Scoby noted as an unspeakable shirt. This stranger, after advancing a loose-feeling assortment of fingers, ushered Scoby into the room he knew as well as his own. The evening had turned chilly. A little fire crackled pleasantly in the grate, before which Eileen stood on Cyril's bit of hearthrug, a glass in her hand. Dolly sprang up from her chair to stand on tiptoe and pull Scoby's head down toward her.

"Well, Dolly, you've given all your friends a surprise," he said, kissing her warmly. Over her head—newly flaming as though fresh from the hairdresser, he observed immediately—he exchanged glances briefly with Eileen.

Dolly smiled up at him a little uncertainly. "It didn't seem right without you there, Scoby. But it all happened so suddenly, didn't it, Harry?"

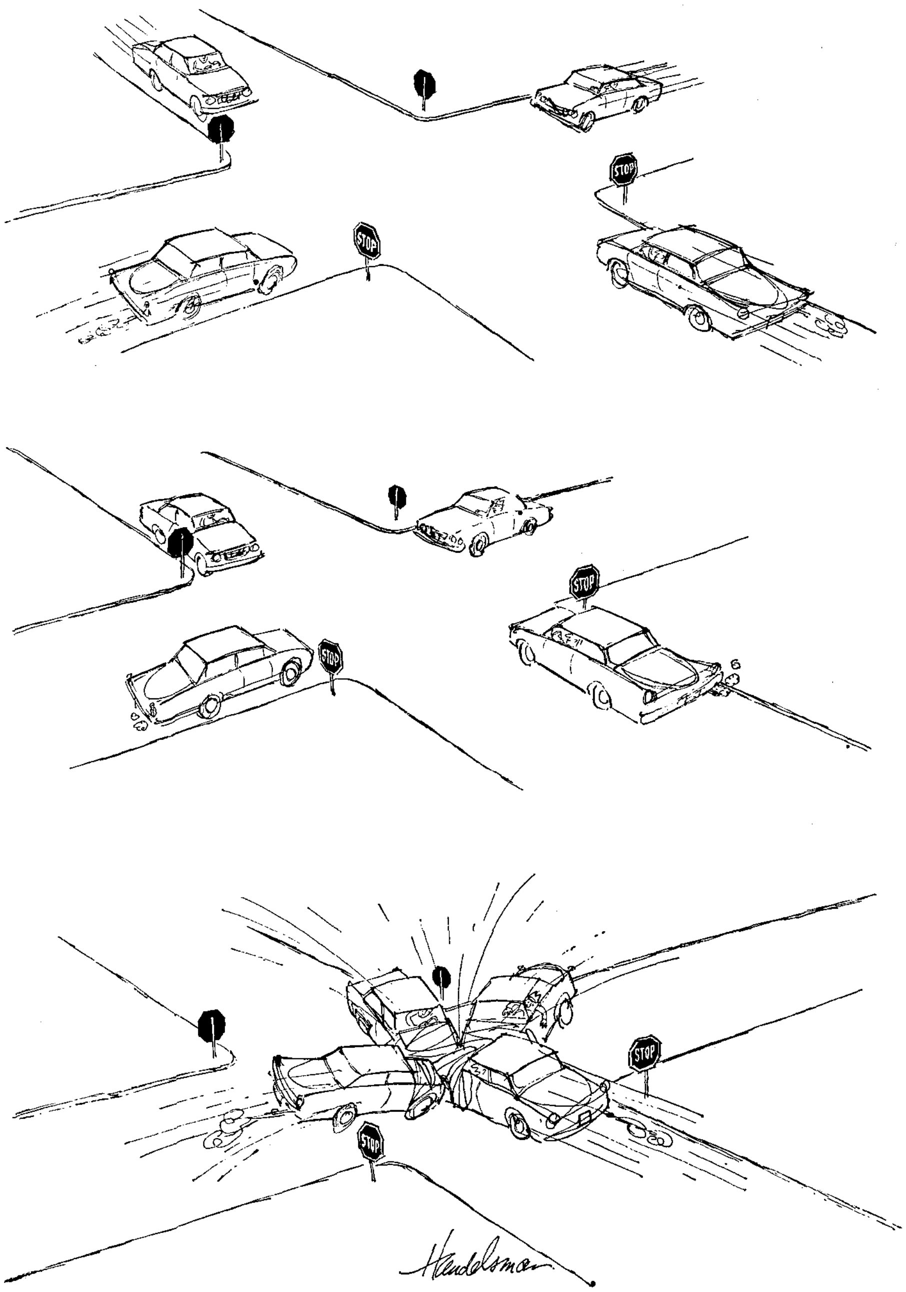
"When Dolly made up her mind, I didn't want to give her a minute's chance to change it again," said the bridegroom, showing a number of tobacco-stained teeth. He made this statement with great simplicity. Turning to Scoby, who was eying him curiously, he asked, "Whiskey, or would you rather have a gin?"

"Whiskey, thanks." The days of sherry were evidently over.

Potter crossed the floor, which quaked beneath his tread, and busied himself at—Scoby could not help feeling with stupid resentment—Cyril's drinks table.

"How brown you are!" Dolly cried, putting her arm through Scoby's. Joining Eileen, they all three stood on top of Cyril. Scoby thought, not unpleased, that only he had remembered. He raised the large drink that Potter put into his hand and said, "Here's to you both."

After the first swallow, he looked at Potter again, as though the taste might have changed his first impression, which had been one of quite ludicrous astonishment. It had been caused by the merely physical, of course. It was ridiculous that he should not have expected Dolly to be drawn to someone as unlike Cyril as he could possibly be. The effect of Potter in the Turvilles' dim, precious little room was that of a Gulliver captured, hauled in, and tacked down by who knows what invisible threads on the miniature sofa, which had been scaled to Cyril's legs. It was so low for its present occupant that he had evident difficulty, after seating himself upon it, in juggling with his glass and the silver snuffbox, containing ciga-



rettes, which he brought out of his pocket and offered Scoby. He avoided his own knees and managed everything finally with a sort of slow precision. He wore dark glasses, perhaps because of some affliction of the eyes, and this gave his face a certain anonymous quality that Scoby found disconcerting. The areas of flesh surrounding these circles of defensive blackness looked pallid, fleshy, and amiable. There was something soft and somewhat feminine about him; it explained Eileen's hesitation. He had a good nose, which had survived the surrounding wreckage, as noses do. But he looked a bit seedy, a bit bashed about by life, perhaps. Scoby had had an awful fear that Eileen's description might have been too restrained, and that he would find that poor Dolly had married some odd fish who was young enough to be her son. Younger than she he certainly was, but Scoby could not decide by how much.

"Are you and Dolly going to stay on here?" Scoby asked while Dolly and Eileen were talking.

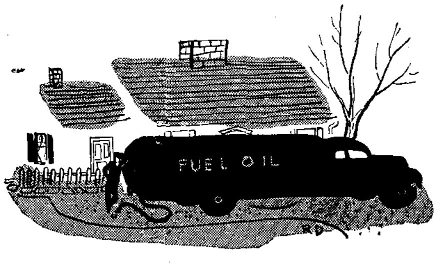
"Yes, I think so. It's handy for the shop, for one thing, and it couldn't be more delightful. I love it. It has wonderful atmosphere. And it's perfect for her, don't you think?" He glanced over at Dolly, who was looking, Scoby had to admit to himself, a new woman—by which he meant that she was really looking the old Dolly, the real and original Dolly who for more than a year had vanished from her friends' sight.

"We all thought so," Scoby said shortly, speaking for the Turvilles' dear, bereaved friends who had come here for so many years as though to some little shrine off the beaten track of the world, where they knew something better than themselves existed. What had happened to them all? He stared into his glass.

"We met at the local, you know. She was always alone, so one evening I asked her to have a drink. After that, we found we had a lot in common. You knew Mr. Turville well, didn't you?"

"We were very old friends."

"I wish I had known him. Dolly has told me so much about him that I feel I do, almost. He must have been a wonderful character. How do you think that looks, by the way?" He nodded toward the fireplace, and Scoby saw what he would have noticed directly he came in if he had not been so absorbed in looking Potter over. Ever since he could remember, a cloudy oval gilt-framed mirror, holding out sconces for candles, had hung there, but now it had been replaced by one of Cyril's series of "Dolly" portraits—was it "Dolly 10" or "Dolly 13"? Like Potter, it was far too big for the room. Dressed in a Chinese coat, pretty as Cyril's horribly sweet paint could make her, and indecently young, Dolly looked down with a teasing smile at the three middle-aged whiskey-drinking strangers—four, Scoby might have said, except that Potter's age was a poser. He was a no man's land to Scoby, accustomed as he was to dealing with men of certain accents, incomes, and attitudes. Cyril, too, had been an exception, but that was different.



Scoby glanced quickly at Dolly. She was telling Eileen some story, with a great deal of laughter and gesturing of her small hands, and he reflected that whiskey was not her usual drink. He said, "I didn't greatly admire Cyril's work, to be truthful. It's a pleasant picture, of course."

"He's completely out of fashion now, certainly. Dolly thinks he'll come into his own one day, and I'm sure she's right. I love it. It's a beautiful thing, and so like Dolly now. I persuaded her to let me hang it, and we think it would be nice to change it every now and then for another of the 'Dolly' series."

Scoby gave him an impenetrable lizard stare. He had begun to feel that Dolly had indeed hooked a very odd fish, but at the same time he was amused. Potter spoke with the unctuous solem-

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MAN-SONG, RIVER-SONG

I. THE MAN

These mornings the green river
And I are one.
The frozen village is at my back,
And on my face the sun.

A pain of lack
Moves me here:
Bird-place, grass-place,
Bird and grass of gold;
I sun myself, being old.

River brings a sweet, small wind;
Flatfish, cloud, sun on sand
Please the river's man.

The sound of water caught
In among reeds—sounds hollow
And low—moves my own heart,
Soon to follow.

I must have been a river,
A going-green river,
In some other time.

II. THE RIVER

These mornings the gray man
And I are one.
The frozen season is at my back,
And on my face the sun.

A pain of lack
Moves me here:
Meadow-place, man-place,
Meadow and man of gold;
I sun myself, being old.

And my own face is caught
Among reeds
Sounding of the sea. My heart
Recalls some other place, some gone time.

Man sings a slow song;
Reflected face, dipping hand, flower-giver
Please the man's river.

III. THE MAN

These mornings the green river
And I are one.
The frozen village is off my back,
And on my face the filtering sun.

A smiling
Moves my face:
Fish-place, shell-place,
Fish and shell of gold.

IV. THE RIVER

These mornings the gray man
And I are one.
The frozen season is off my back,
And on my face the ocean sun.

A smiling
Moves my face:
Man-place, river-place,
Man and river of gold.

—Robert David Cohen

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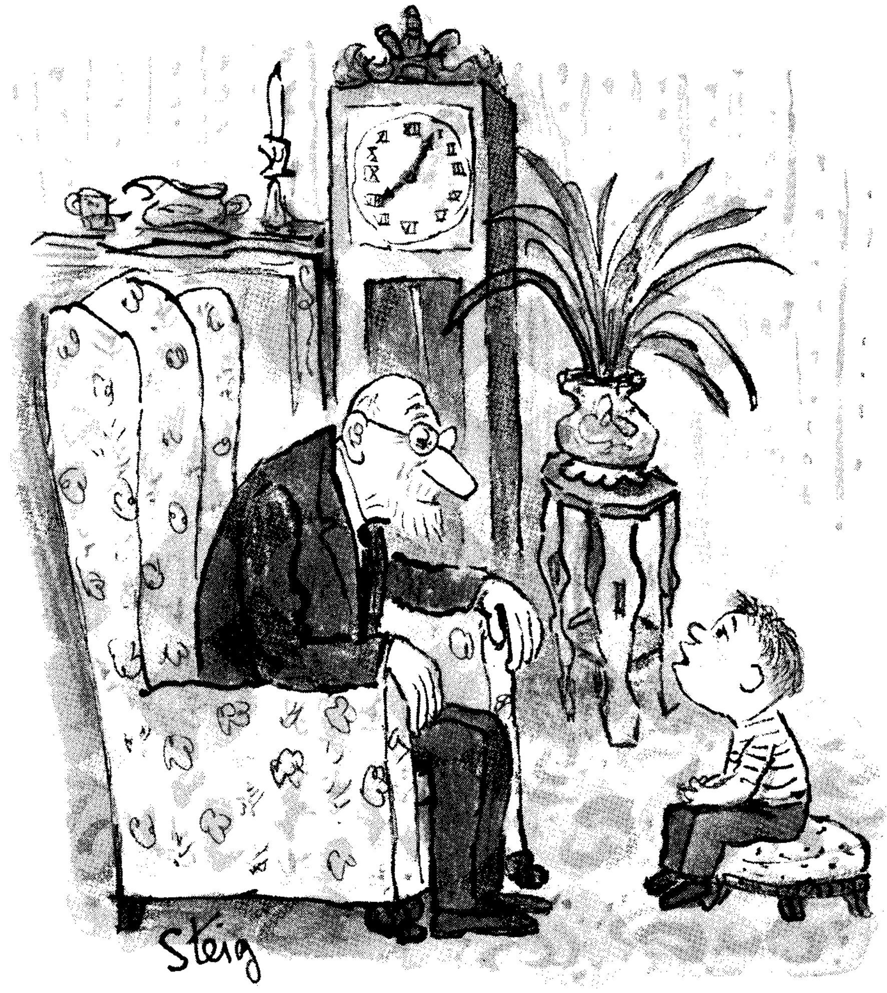

"And are you very wise, Grandpa?"

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nity of a guardian showing someone round a sacred place. With his big, dark glasses and his big, soft face, he looked owlish, and also, in those hairy brown tweeds, like a rather nice, shabby dog. Scoby trusted that his host's knowledge of antiques was sounder than his taste in art. Surrendering his empty glass to Potter, he looked round him and noticed that the room had changed in other respects. Like Dolly, it had a great air of being renewed and garnished. Someone had polished it until it shone—he smelled the pleasant smell of the wax—and he could only think that Potter was the proud housewife. He could imagine the man, an apron round his middle, diligently scrubbing and brushing—even taking a needle and thread to Dolly, who, in the last year, had acquired such a sad, uncaring air of coming apart.

Scoby had begun the visit feeling nervous and strained, but before long he began to feel relaxed. It was hard to say why, but something pleasant was in the air besides the smell of furniture polish. It had been a tiring day, but he sat on. He had half a mind to accept the invitation given presently to stay for supper.

"I'm a good cook," said Potter encouragingly.

"No, we must go," said Scoby, glancing at Eileen.

"Another evening soon, then," Dolly said.

Scoby was sitting beside her now, on the sofa. Potter got up to show Eileen the beauties of a bit of furniture across the room. He was talking vehemently. He's really not too bad, thought Scoby.

Dolly leaned forward suddenly. "What do you think of him?" she murmured. She added immediately, "Don't say, because it doesn't matter. Do you know why I married him? You must have been surprised. It's because he's so like Cyril."

With difficulty, Scoby restrained a bark of laughter. The thought of his lost friend was comically at odds with the flesh and blood before him of the loose-limbed antique dealer, who had just lifted Dolly's table in his large hands as though it were a walnut, the better to show a detail to Eileen. He gazed at his dear, idiotic Dolly with a blend of fondness and irritation. She was incapable of recognizing the irreplaceable. "We must go," he said more loudly to Eileen's back.

Potter stopped Scoby for a moment or two while the women went toward the door, so that he could expound all over again on the charms of the table. "Dolly bought it for three pounds in Colchester before the war," he said. "She has a really marvellous eye. I always trust her taste." He set down the table delicately, took off his dark glasses, and briefly mopped his eyes with a handkerchief. Then, without replacing the goggles, he looked at Scoby. "It was one of the interests that brought us together, of course," he said.

Scoby muttered something. Potter's exposed eyes were weak—a washed-out hazel color—but there was no mistaking their expression. It was startlingly that of Cyril's unforgettable blue ones. Scoby had the uncanny impression that his friend was beaming gently down at him from that pudgy face. The recognition was instantaneous. Shaken, he hastened after the women, made his farewells, and followed Eileen down the front steps. As they crossed the road, he looked back. It was twilight. Potter was still standing, an arm dropped round Dolly's shoulders, the two of them outlined in the lighted doorway.

They went inside, and the door shut. Scoby could imagine Potter carefully locking up. The little shrine was closed for the day. Yet he had a feeling that now the circle of deserting Turville regulars would return, at first out of curiosity when they heard the news, and then because of something else which he could not quite define. Yes, as their helpless Dolly had done so unerringly, he reflected, they would recognize what they had missed, all of them, since Cyril's death. And unable for once to file his thoughts neatly, for the mixture of relief on Dolly's behalf and faint melancholy on his own was confusing, he said little as he and Eileen walked home, only agreeing with his sister's suddenly cheerful conviction that, after all, everything had happened for the best.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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ad. Subproject. A subproject is a project divided into subprojects. Subprojects are for use in connection with budget programing and execution. For accounting and reporting purposes, subprojects will be considered as projects.—*Army Regulation 37-102.*

Next definition.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

JUNK

JUST after sunset one warm, clear evening last August, I drove up to a village drugstore in the Catskill Mountains with nine young men from the lower East Side of Manhattan and two social workers from Mobilization for Youth, an organization operating in that part of the city. The young men, who ranged in age from eighteen to twenty-one, were trying to get rid of the heroin habit, and the social workers were supervising the effort. Seven of the young men had not had any heroin since June 29th, when they had been admitted, in the charge of the social workers, to the narcotics ward of Manhattan General Hospital for a three-week period of detoxification. The other two had been detoxified in jail some weeks earlier and were now paroled to Mobilization. All of them were at a camp in the Catskills, where they were spending six weeks trying to become what I might call spiritually detoxified. After that, according to Mobilization's timetable, they would live together in the city, still with the social workers, for about ten months, during which they would receive vocational training and find jobs. At the end of the following June, it was hoped, they would have become working members of society. By the evening I am speaking of, they had been at the camp long enough to have acquired heavy sun tans, clear eyes, and a lot of needed weight. Most of them always had been muscular; they had grown up in a society in which muscle is worth having. As they went into the drugstore to buy candy and cigarettes, joking and laughing and elbowing each other in a friendly way, I was struck by what strong, cheerful, relaxed people these ex-addicts seemed to be. While I was waiting for them outside the drugstore, I noticed, sitting a few feet away on a sidewalk bench, three boys of thirteen or fourteen. They were solemn-looking boys, with pale faces, thin arms and legs, and big knees and elbows, and long lovelocks curling in front of their ears. Two of them wore faded madras yarmulkas, and the third a broad-brimmed, high-crowned gray fedora, jammed so far down on his head that it seemed to be resting on the rims of his big spectacles. They had evidently spent the afternoon at a nearby lake or pool, for each one carried a damp-looking towel roll, and they were talking about how to get back to where they were staying. They discussed whether they should take a bus, hitchhike, or take a taxi. The next bus, it seemed, was not due for half an hour, which was longer than they wanted to wait; they knew from experience that it was hard to hitch a ride at that dusky hour, and that a taxi would cost four dollars—a sum that, I gathered, they could scrape together but would scrape together only if they could persuade themselves that it would be sporting, rather than lazy or cowardly, to spend all that money. Before the matter was resolved, my party came out of the drugstore and started piling back into the two rented cars that Mobilization had put at their disposal. They were still joking and laughing and elbowing each other in a friendly way. I guess they still looked strong and cheerful and relaxed, but I no longer saw them that way. I had just heard three scrawny children planning calmly, intelligently, and self-confidently how to make their way alone several miles through the mountains at night. I suddenly became acutely aware that, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, the seemingly robust grownups I was with were being chauffeured and chaperoned and chastised and commiserated with and entertained and cajoled full time by social workers. I saw them clearly at that moment as the infants or cripples that, of course, they were and are.

This, then, is a report about infantile, crippled young men, and about heroin trouble, which may be as bad trouble as there is. It is the sort of trouble that I could make worse by blurting out identifiable details, so I shall often be evasive and sometimes plain untruthful about times and distances and relationships and the names of places and people. I'll say that the story, for five of the nine young men I was with in the mountains, began ten years ago, a few stone's throws from

"This is for members of Local 802 only."

INCOME TAX
TAX HELP
WEBER

"These honest guys give me a pain."

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where the Williamsburg Bridge rises out of a Manhattan slum on its way across the East River to a Brooklyn slum. That was when and where their families moved into a group of tall red brick apartment buildings set in the midst of lawns that bore "Keep Off the Grass" signs. These buildings, which I'll call Abraham Cahan Houses, were then the newest, and are now quite a venerable, low-rent project of the New York City Housing Authority. The family of Thomas Burke moved into Cahan Houses from a tenement across the street. The family of Ismael Flores transferred from a project on the West Side. The family of Antonio Vidal crossed the bridge from Williamsburg. The family of Carlos Cintrón and the family of César Santiago came from the south Bronx, where Mrs. Cintrón and Mrs. Santiago, who was her widowed sister, had shared a five-room apartment. César, who was then ten, did not move into Cahan Houses with his mother. After an appearance in Children's Court, he was in residence at a convent in Rockland County, where he was presumably being treated for a strong addiction to truancy and small thievery. All five families, like every family in every such project, were poor; only poor families are eligible for low-rent public housing. Furthermore, all five families, like every family in every project, were, as far as the Housing Authority knew, of good moral character; the Authority did not consider the misdeeds of someone as young as César to be indelible smudges on the good name of Mrs. Santiago, who worked hard as a hospital attendant and was raising two well-behaved daughters in addition to her badly behaved son. Since all that many people know about projects is what they read in the papers, and what they read in the papers is often an account of murder, rape, or some other variety of atrocious assault, it is worth stating that the Housing Authority tries hard to encourage virtue. It is cautious about admitting any family that it regards as a bad behavior risk, which usually means any family of which a member has been convicted of a felony, or is a known or suspected gambler, prostitute, or drug addict, or in which there are children who have been born out of wedlock. In short, low-rent public housing is not simply for anyone who needs it, as welfare money is, but, theoretically, is only for those who deserve it. It is probable that this policy is well intentioned, and it is certain that it is hard to enforce. As Alfred Doolittle, who never would have been accepted as a tenant, tried to explain to Henry Higgins, middle-class morality may do for those with middle-class means, but the kind of poverty with ginger in it is undeserving poverty.

CÉSAR was freed from the convent a few months after his mother moved into Cahan Houses, and by this time the five boys were at the age when boys everywhere begin to be chafed by their homes and loved ones, and enticed by the manly (or, at any rate, unsupervised) delights of the big world. They were also at the age when boys everywhere track down those delights in packs. However, these boys were not boys everywhere but boys somewhere; namely, Cahan Houses and environs. Therefore, the pack they formed, along with some contemporaries who also lived in the project and went around the corner every morning, or most mornings, to Public School 5, was a predatory pack. True, its members regularly did boyish things that everyone approves of, like playing stickball in the street and playing basketball in the Grand Street Settlement House, an ancient fortress, architectural and moral, situated in a nearby project, Baruch Houses. They also organized group activities that not everyone approves of. One was drinking as much cheap wine as possible as fast as possible in the shelter of one of the arches of the Williamsburg Bridge, thus putting themselves in the right state of mind to throw cherry bombs at girls, shy rocks at street lamps, overturn garbage pails, and smash as many store windows as the local custom of guarding store windows with steel gratings permitted, which wasn't many. They remember with special pride a muscatel bout that caused them to pick up a parked Volkswagen and turn it upside down. No one ought to be surprised that a pack of eleven- and twelve-year-olds bent on mischief were so easily able to get hold of wine. In such neighborhoods, there are dozens of people who like to help kids out. There are winos who, for a twenty-five-cent fee, say, or a swig or two out of the jug, would buy wood alcohol for a three-year-old. There are licensed retailers (*pace* the State Liquor Authority) who consider it businesslike, if no one is looking, to whip a future clientele into shape. There are big brothers who feel it their duty to initiate little brothers into the mysteries of life. Ismael Flores has a big brother named Pedro who felt that way, as we shall see. Another activity that the boys engaged in almost every day, more or less concertedly, was stealing. I say "more or less concertedly" because although they made periodic haberdashery raids on S. Klein's on Union Square, for example, that were planned in advance and executed in force (the first time Ismael was ever arrested was while he was pocketing a pair of fancy cufflinks in Klein's, when he was eleven), it was every boy for himself when it came to hitting the local candy stores. César was the most enthusiastic thief in the group. The convent had taught him to read better, probably, than P.S. 5 would have, and, since it was in the country, it had given his natural athletic talent more scope than the project lawns, with their "Keep Off the Grass" signs, would have, but it had not made an honest boy of him. Almost immediately upon his return to the city, he became best friends with Tommy Burke, who shared some of his interest in larceny. César and Tommy often worked together, and they still boast of some of their jobs—especially six burglaries at P.S. 5, a soot-streaked, battle-scarred, ramshackle old symbol of the contempt exchanged between the New York City Board of Education and the children around Cahan Houses. The proceeds from each burglary were a few dollars from the petty-cash drawer in the office and a few cookies from the lunchroom, but, César has assured me, it was worth the trouble. He remembers that once he got away with enough to pay for some new swimming trunks, which were the envy of his friends when he first posed in them on the diving board of the public swimming pool on Pitt Street. However, Tommy has told me that, thinking back, he believes the main reason he kept breaking into P.S. 5 was for the thrill of "conquering"—it's his word—a supposedly impregnable citadel. The sixth time he and César robbed the school, the police discovered that there was someone inside, and blockaded the ground-floor door that was the ordinary escape route. Only a second-floor window was left as a way out. For Tommy and César, the long drop from the window would have been manageable, but Tommy had brought along his nine-year-old brother, who was afraid to risk it. With Tommy's full approval, César went out the window and got away, and Tommy loyally stayed with the little boy and was taken into custody. He was subsequently taken to court and put on probation for three years. I suggested to him that his conquest of P.S. 5 was therefore not total. He disagreed. He said that his apprehension was a coincidence that arose from his sense of family responsibility, and had no bearing on his skill as a thief.

By the time the boys had reached thirteen or fourteen, they were alternating their wine binges with marijuana binges; marijuana is probably even easier for lower East Side children to buy than wine, for the seemingly paradoxical reason that the people who sell it, unlike liquor dealers, are entirely outside the law. They had also begun fighting with boys from other packs. Fighting between and among adolescent boys is endemic in the neighborhood around Cahan Houses, and I don't mean wrestling on the sidewalk or fisticuffs in the park but murderous fighting with bricks and broken bottles and bicycle chains and knives and, if possible, guns. Cahan Houses happens to be situated on what has been espe-

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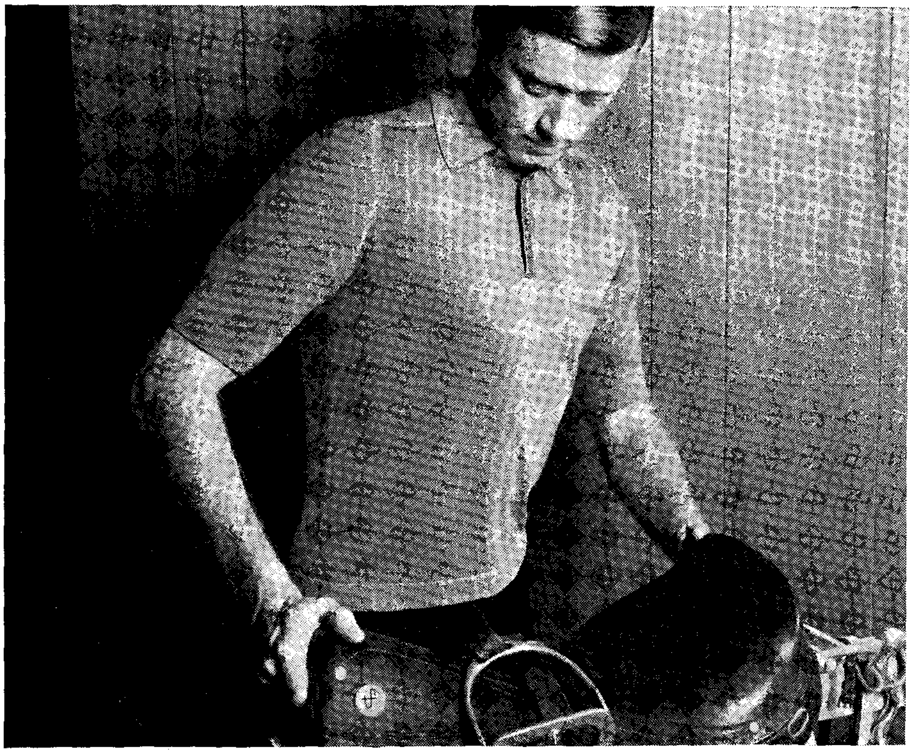

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cially bloody ground—the boundary between the territories of the Sportsmen and the Dragons, which at the time were the two biggest gangs on the lower East Side. The Sportsmen prevailed over much of the area from Cahan Houses north to Fourteenth Street between the East River and Avenue B; they were mostly Negroes, though there was a Spanish Division, composed of Puerto Rican boys who lived on blocks where to be anything but a Sportsman would have been suicidal. The Dragons held the ground from Cahan Houses south to the Brooklyn Bridge; they were mostly Puerto Ricans, augmented by a corps of Negro boys whose prudence equalled that of the Puerto Rican Sportsmen. Because the housing project was border country, practically all the Negro boys in it between sixteen and eighteen were Sportsmen, at least nominally, and all the Puerto Rican boys in it were Dragons. (There were families in Cahan Houses that were neither Negro nor Puerto Rican, but Tommy Burke's was one of the few young enough to have gang-age children.) Among the Dragons was Ismael's brother Pedro.

On the evening of the summer day Pedro turned sixteen, he gave a birthday party in the Flores' ground-floor apartment. Ismael was there, and so was his best friend, Carlos Cintrón, whose nickname is Chino because he has high cheekbones and narrow eyes. A group of Sportsmen from the project tried to crash the party, and were turned away. A few minutes later, as Pedro, surrounded by his guests, was about to cut the cake, a Molotov cocktail sailed through an open living-room window. Fortunately, the bomb didn't blow everybody up; it only scorched some furniture and set fire to the curtains. and to the hair of a girl guest, who wasn't badly hurt or permanently scarred. There was one way in which this incident was not quite commonplace: Ordinarily a boy is safe in his home, because assaulting him there violates the neutrality of adults. However, the extreme violence of the assault was only too commonplace, and this point seems to me important. When an epithet like "maladjusted" is used to describe boys who throw Molotov cocktails through living-room windows, it is not only silly but downright misleading; boys are members of a highly adaptable zoological species, and many a boy from a violent habitat like Cahan Houses would have been better off if he had adjusted to it worse. At any rate, the boys I am concerned with told the world they had reached fighting age

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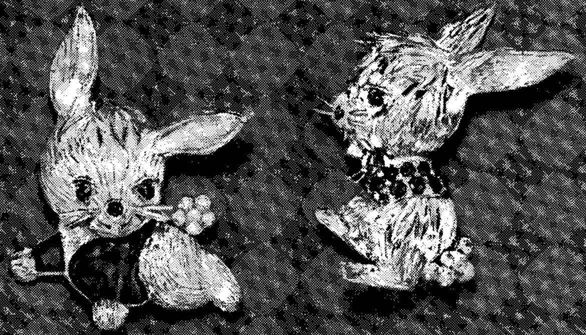

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by adopting a fighting name, the Cahanmen. Sometimes, in the manner of habitual comic-book readers, they called themselves the Mighty Cahanmen. They weren't mighty, of course. Even various clearly inflated accounts of their deeds that they have favored me with on occasion indicate that they spent a lot of time running, and this was natural enough, since they were young and not very numerous. There were never more than fifteen of them: the five I have mentioned; two others, Harry Young and Alfonso Jiménez, who moved to Cahan Houses after the first five and who were with them in the Catskills; and six or eight others who have left the neighborhood or the group. I could never induce any one of them to explain plausibly why they set up in the gang business for themselves instead of affiliating with the celebrated Dragons. I suspect that their reticence means they are embarrassed to admit that they had no appetite for offensive warfare, which was the Dragon way of life, but, rather, were willing to fight only in self-defense. Certainly "Cahanmen," or even "Mighty Cahanmen," is no more than a keep-off-my-property kind of name, unlike "Dragons," which bristles with aggression. Of course, the Dragons, who had blood ties with the Cahanmen, did not molest them, and the Sportsmen, evidently feeling that there was little honor to be gained from triumphing over so young and feeble a band, harassed them only in an offhand way; for instance, Chino was once thrashed in a park by Sportsmen in the course of a dispute over the ownership of a windbreaker, and Ismael and other brothers of Dragons were sometimes chivied through the streets by Sportsmen until they took cover. The Cahanmen's most implacable enemies were boys their own age who called themselves—this is one name I shall not falsify—the Bopping Ballerinos. They lived around the junior high school that the Cahanmen were by then enrolled in (I hesitate to use as strong a word as "attending"), and they made school days anything but golden-rule days for the Cahanmen. To mention only one customary maneuver of the Ballerinos, they would conceal themselves on rooftops, behind fences, and around corners shortly before three in the afternoon, and, when school ended and the Cahanmen came out on the street, bombard them with rocks and bottles. Nights were even more exciting. Tony Vidal told me once, "Everybody had a secret way to get home."

The Bopping Ballerinos, however,

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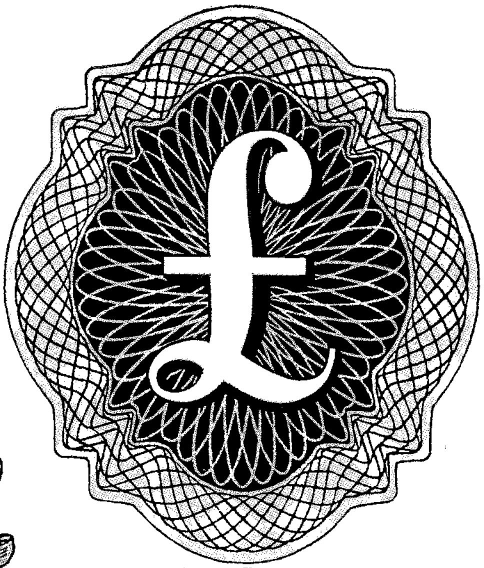

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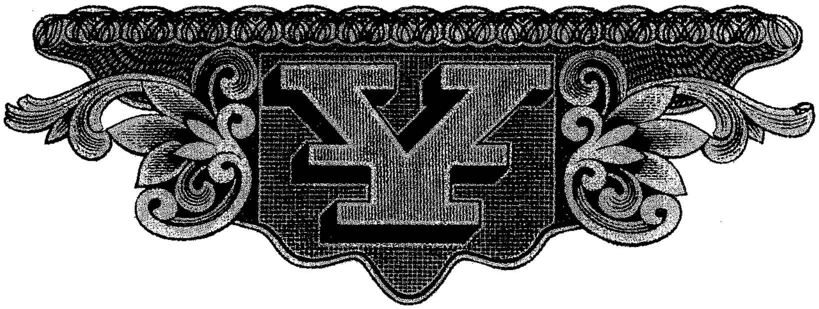

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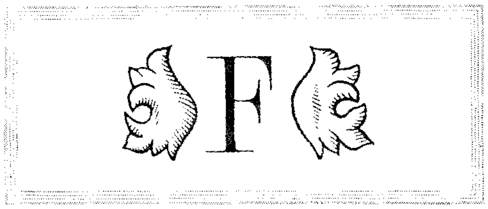

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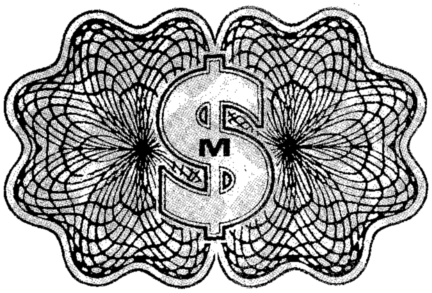

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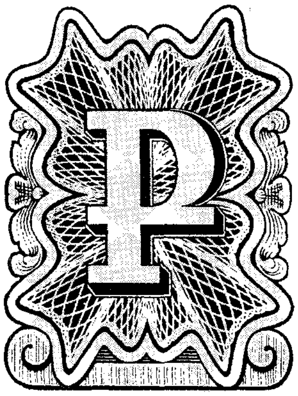

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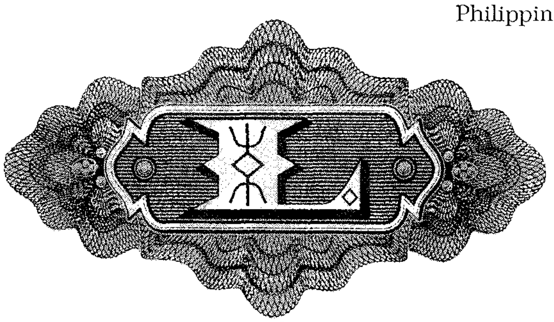

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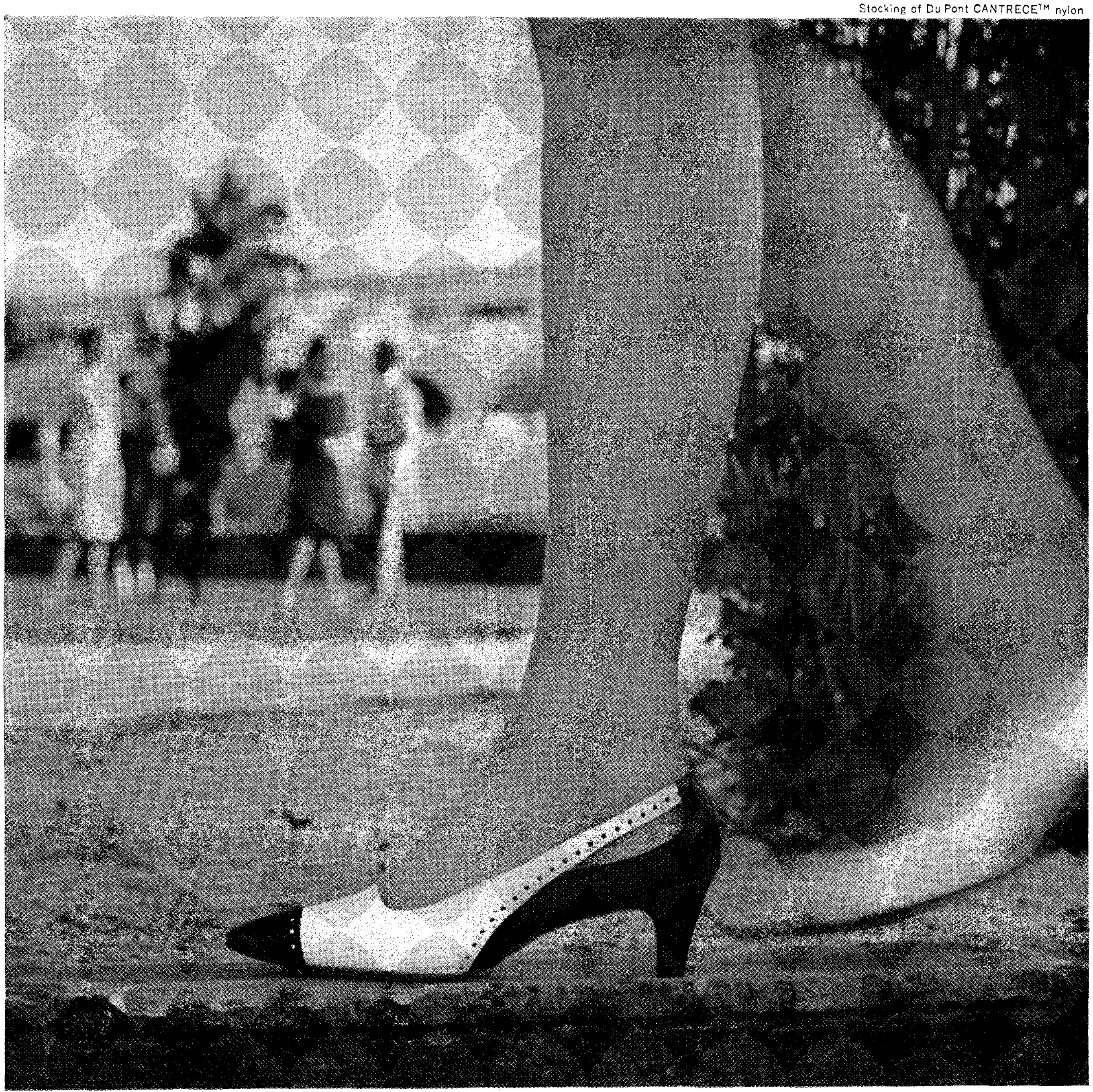

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had nothing to do with what may have been the Cahanmen's most exciting night. It was an unusually warm one in November, and they and their girls were lounging in a local park drinking Thunderbird wine (they didn't have the funds for marijuana that night) and discussing what they would do with a twenty-two-calibre pistol that Harry Young had "found" that afternoon. "To find," in all its persons, tenses, and moods, is a heavily worked verb among such boys. The consensus was that the best thing to do with the pistol was to shoot Boston Blackie, by which name they knew and hated the policeman who walked their beat at that hour of the night; it is unlikely, though, that this plan was more than the kind of talk that stimulates delinquent fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds. In any event, the gang's then president, Romeo Solar, who had drunk his share, and more, of the Thunderbird, was demonstrating what was in store for Boston Blackie by firing over the heads of his friends. Presently, he aimed a little to the right of the right ear of Harry. Harry was standing with his back to Romeo. Romeo giggled maniacally, said "Watch me shake Harry up," and fired. When Harry heard his name, he turned his head, and the bullet went into the middle of his forehead. That sobered Romeo up fast. He found a taxi, bundled Harry, who had not lost consciousness, into it, and directed the driver to take them to Bellevue. As they rode up First Avenue, it occurred to Romeo that he was going to have to face Harry's mother, and he fell into a panic. Unaccountably, he had not jettisoned the pistol but still had it in his pocket. He pulled it out and shot himself in the middle of the forehead. (It was an exciting night for that taxi-driver, too.) Both boys lived. Harry was in the hospital for two months. He emerged with a piece of the bullet and a silver plate in his head and a charge of violating the Sullivan Law awaiting him. Otherwise, he was undamaged. Romeo was not so lucky. The part of his brain in which the bullet had lodged could not be operated on, and when he was discharged from Bellevue, after six months, he was blind in one eye and subject to epileptic seizures. Among the reasons he had been elected president of the Cahanmen were that he was strong and smart and exceptionally fleet-footed. He is no longer any of those. The one blessing that the bullet in his brain conferred upon him was to make his system intolerant of heroin, so that, although he tried, he was never able to graduate

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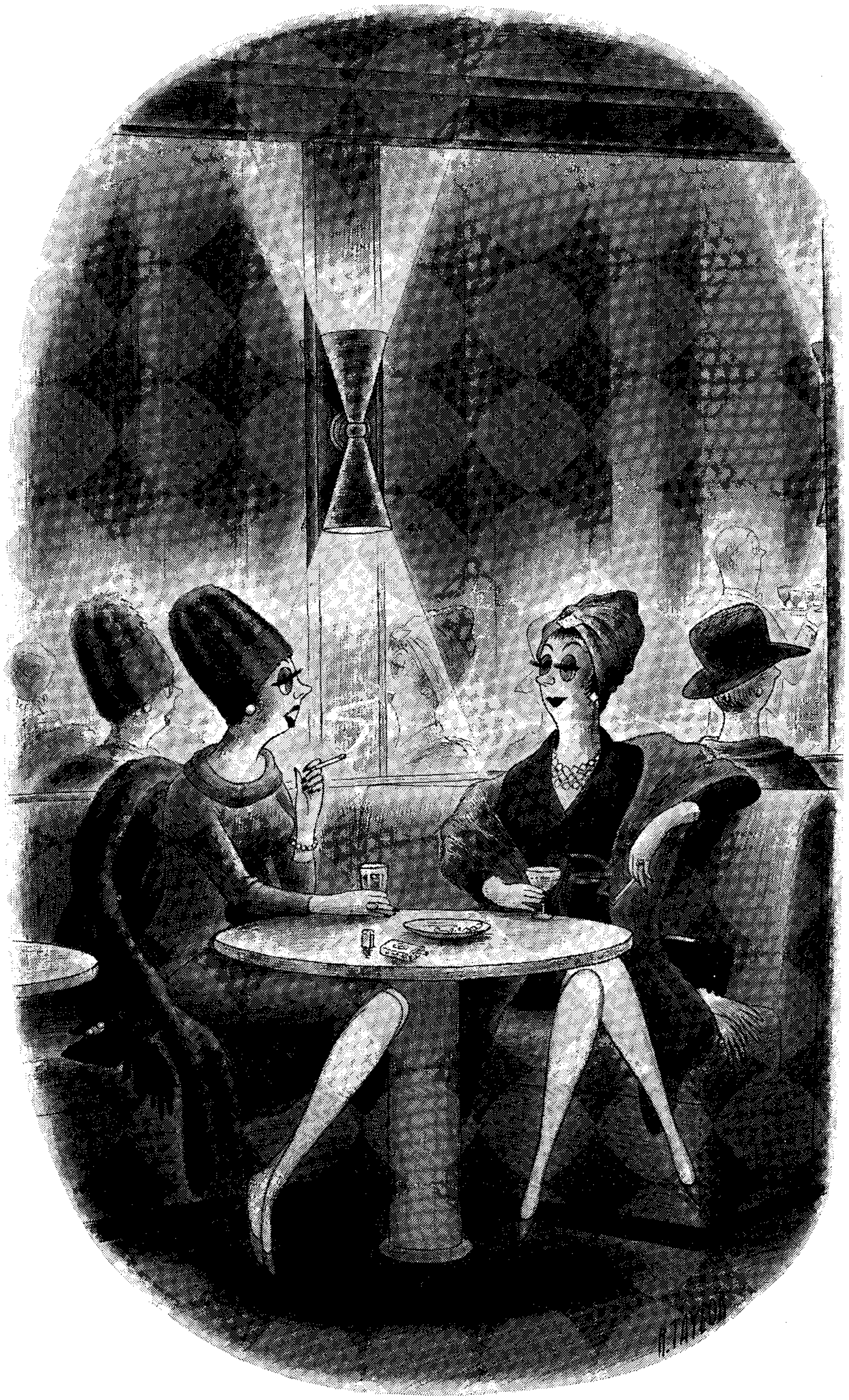

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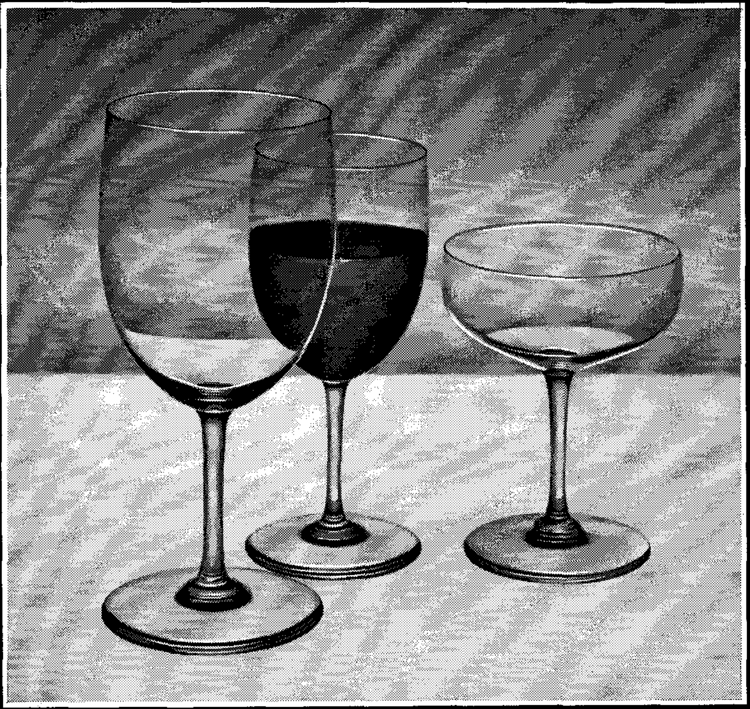

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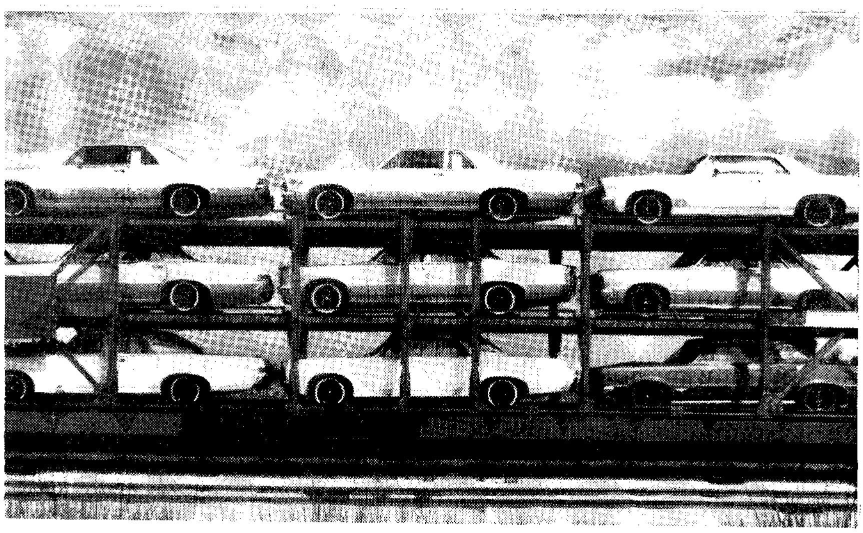
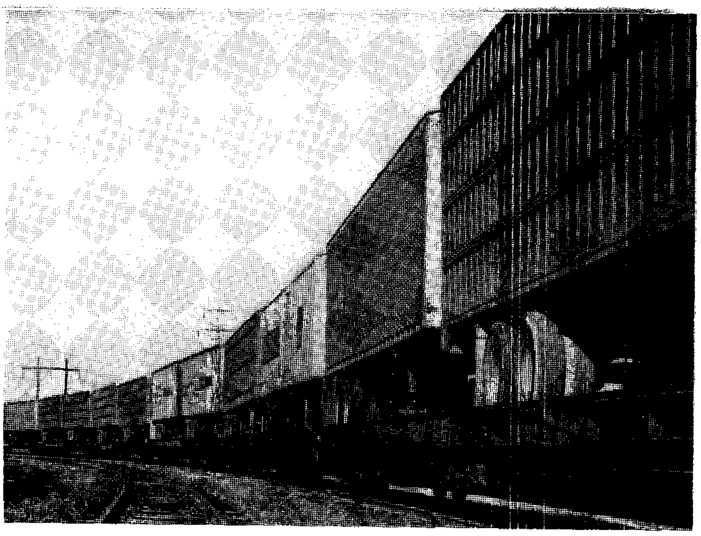
from marijuana. Harry was in good enough shape to move up to junk, as heroin is known among its users, with the rest of the Cahanmen.

THE boys were Cahanmen only when they were outdoors. When they entered the Grand Street Settlement House, they assumed a "social" identity as the Continentals, a group devoted mostly to basketball. (I once asked a Grand Street staff member whether it was common for boys to band together under the name of a car. He said it wasn't, and added that the recent spate of automotive Mustangs, Barracudas, Wildcats, Comets, and the like made him think that it was more common for cars to take the names of boys' gangs.) The Continentals were a good enough basketball team to become Grand Street's intermediate champions. Their starting lineup was César at center, Ismael at right forward, Chino at left forward, Tony at right guard, and Tommy at left guard. I saw them play once at camp, after I had seen a good deal of them in non-sporting situations, and I was fascinated both by how much their play revealed about them and by how much it hid. Take César, who is tall, broad-shouldered, strong, and handsome in a curly-headed, chubby-cheeked, dimple-chinned way. He had speed, an accurate right-handed hook shot, and springy legs, which usually enabled him to reach a rebound before anyone else could. He was conspicuously the best player on the team, yet he was not the captain or the spiritual leader, or even the man who called the signals. That César's teammates did not trust him to perform such duties might have puzzled a person who knew him only as an athlete, but the fact is that the concentration, self-assurance, grace, and joy he showed on a basketball court—or, for that matter, on a baseball diamond or in a swimming pool—are qualities he shows only in such places. Except when he is engaged in gross motor activity, he is a collection of childish moods: rage, facetiousness, self-pity, impertinence, indolence, vainglory. The part to which he was assigned by his comrades—one that he performed wholeheartedly and with distinction—was the indispensable one of clown and scapegoat. What César could be utterly trusted to do was make the wisecrack nobody else dared to, shirk the job everybody disliked, get caught with the contraband everybody helped buy or steal.

A spectator would also have needed an extraordinarily discerning eye to de-





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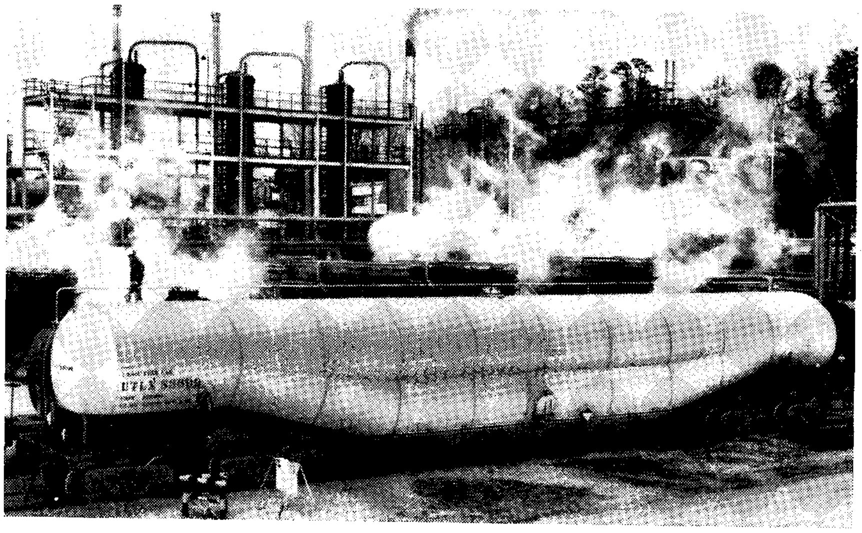

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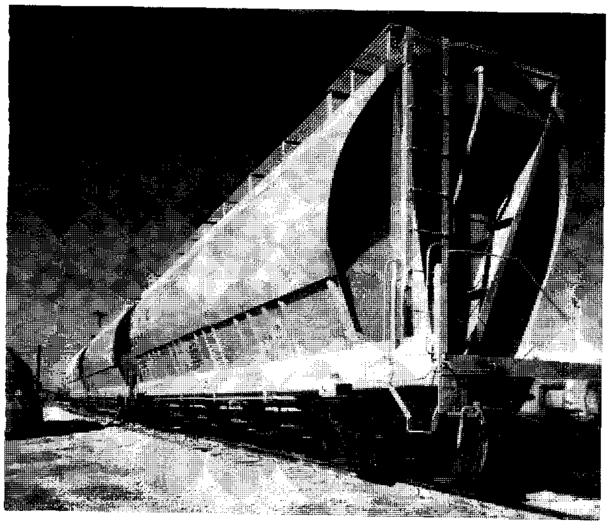

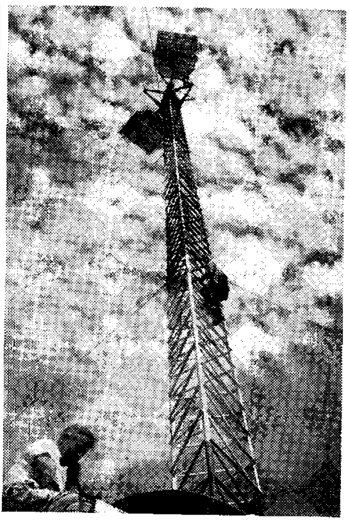

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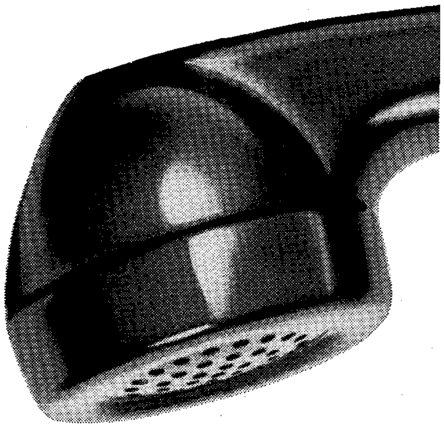
duce Chino's status from the way *he* played basketball, though Chino, unlike César, behaved in a game much as he did anywhere. He is bony, flat-chested, and heavy-footed, and he played without dash. It is characteristic of him that he tried for a basket only when he thought he had a good shot, with the result that he didn't score much but still maintained the highest shooting percentage on the team. Prudence may be a tame virtue, but it was evidently one that the Continentals admired. Whenever the group had occasion to elect officers, Chino was one of them. Whenever it had a demanding project to carry out, Chino was given a responsible part in it. Whenever it had a difficult decision to make, Chino's advice was solicited, and his opinions, which he offered reluctantly and without eloquence, more often than not turned out to be the opinions of the group.

Tony was a defensive specialist who played basketball with fury, swarming all over the man he was guarding like an enraged octopus. That may have been the most effective way for him to play, because his legs are unusually short. He is sensitive about this physical oddity; Tommy once pointed out to me, "Tony's the only kid on the lower East Side who doesn't wear tight pants," which was only a slight exaggeration. Moreover, Tony's head is big in proportion to the rest of him, a characteristic that has led his comrades to call him both Watermelon Head and Unisphere. Whether because of his short legs and big head or because of other less obvious things, Tony has what it has become unfashionable to call an inferiority complex, and he is in a competitive fury a lot of the time. Sometimes he expresses his feelings noisily, by telling all comers that anything they can do he can do better, or assaulting all comers with personal abuse. The Continentals almost always talked to each other abusively (e.g., calling Tony Watermelon Head and Unisphere), but the edge of Tony's tongue was rougher than anybody else's. At other times, he expressed his feelings silently, by sinking into melancholia for several days. The other members of the group, who cracked down hard on César as soon as he started to conduct himself eccentrically, tolerated an almost infinite amount of eccentric conduct on Tony's part. Tony has imagination and wit, and when he isn't bragging or cursing or brooding, he is worth listening to. However, I suspect that his intellectual gifts had only a little to do with the



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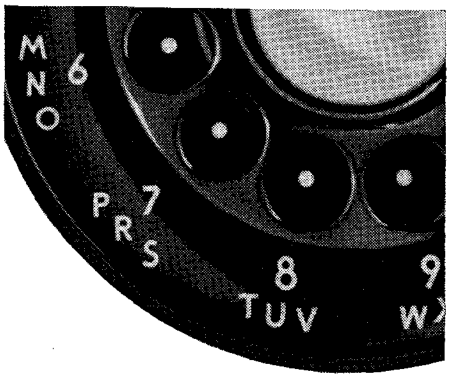

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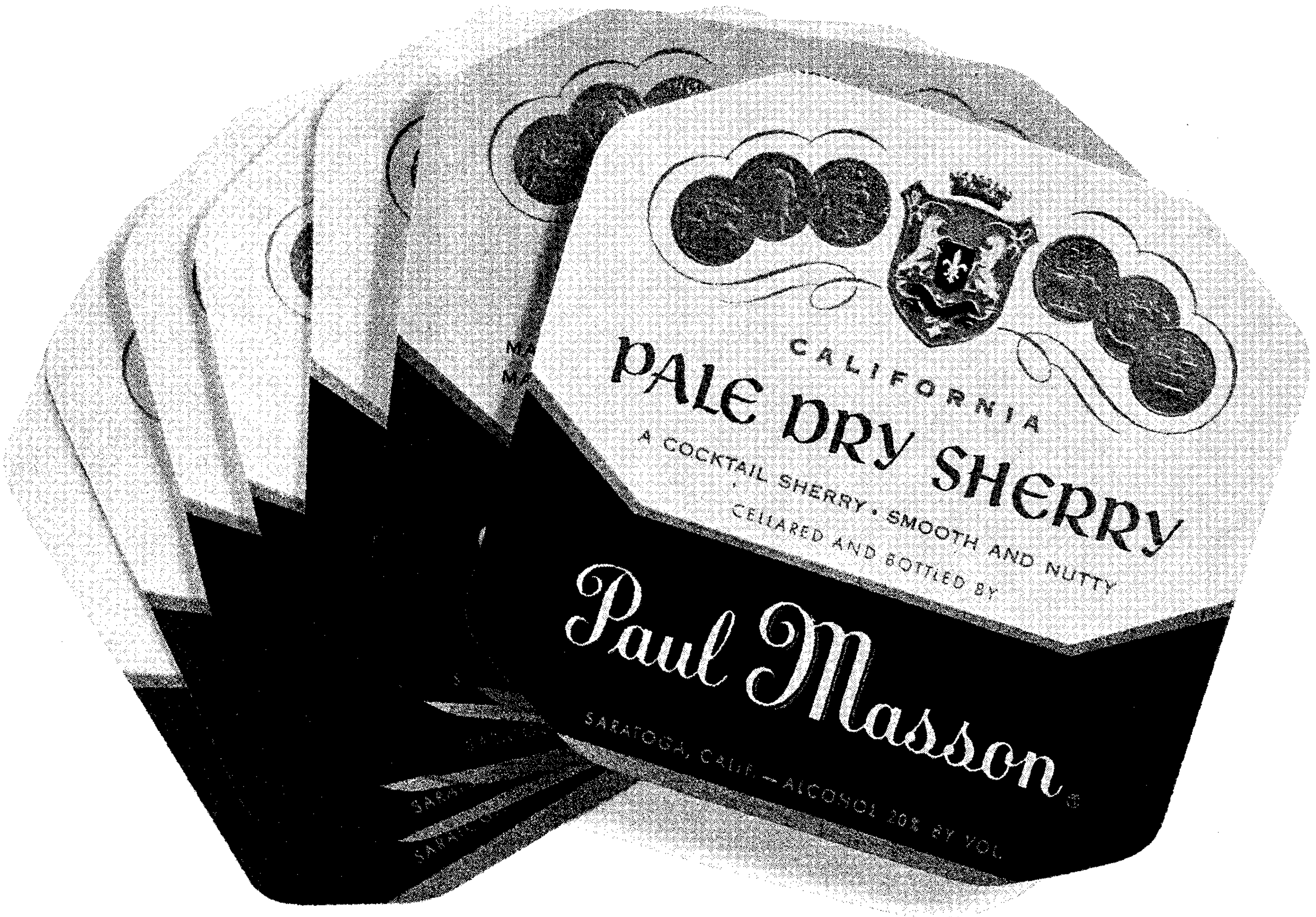
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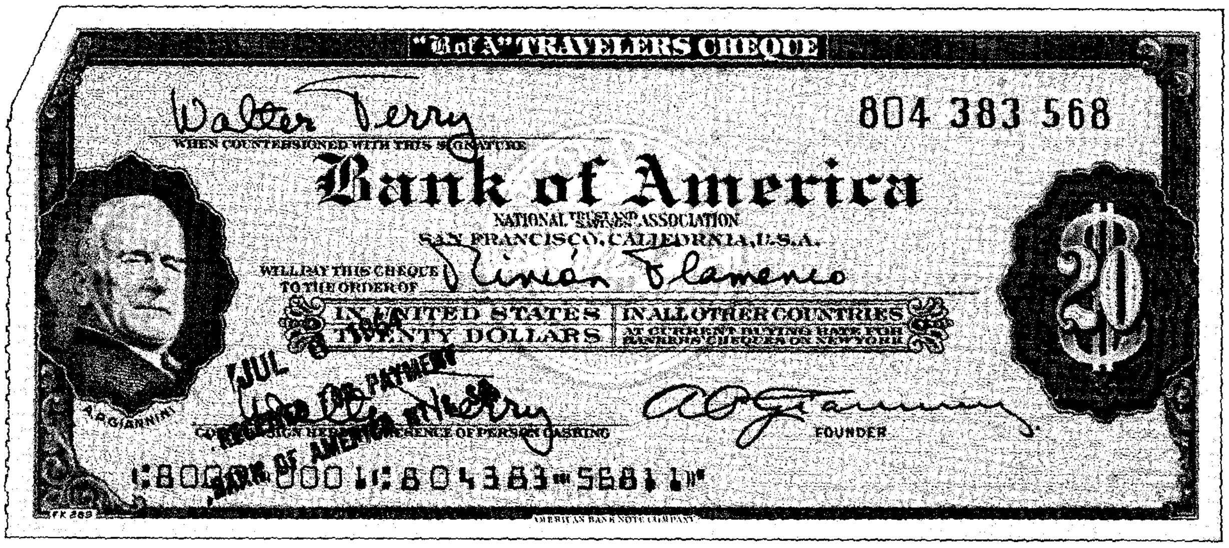

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BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION regard that the other Continentals had for him. Like many more conventional groups, the Continentals seemed to find it useful to harbor a gadfly.

Tommy played basketball conscientiously and nervously. When he was given the ball, he gave it back as fast as he could, as if he feared he would do things with it that would antagonize his teammates. It is true that his ball handling was not sparkling, but neither was it inept enough to justify shame. But then, Tommy is an anxious person. His Puerto Rican friends César, Chino, and Tony gave him the nickname El Capitán, because he was such a stickler for outward forms. He is upset by untidiness or asymmetry in the arrangement of the things around him and by lack of decorum in the behavior of the people around him. He is a compulsive sweeper and shiner, a squarer of bed corners, a stacker of precisely folded underwear, a liner-up of toilet articles on shelves. He is forever delivering remonstrances like "That's right, just shove your way in. Don't say 'Excuse me,' or anything." Once, at the camp, in the course of pleading with one of the social workers to grant him a minor favor, he told the man that not granting it would be "uncouth." Most males his age take, say, fifteen minutes to comb their hair. Tommy takes half an hour. Tommy's father's heritage is Irish and his mother's is Italian, so he is the only Continental who can classify himself as white, although in his case the word is not very descriptive. Tommy has black hair, brown eyes, and a swarthy skin, and he was not conspicuously whiter than his friends. Being in the minority did not bother Tommy. It was a position he chose for himself, because he got along better with the Continentals than with any other boys he knew. He was left stranded when his fellows, who were nearly all bilingual, joked or conspired in Spanish, but his orderly mind and his willingness to observe the military forms he advocated were respected by the group. What did afflict him was a guilty idea that being white was a piece of good luck he didn't deserve. He told me he believed that he had far less excuse for his misdeeds than his non-white friends had, and that he also had a better chance of living those misdeeds down. And so he was conciliatory, on and off the basketball court.

Harry Young was the only other Continental who did not have a Puerto Rican background, but if he had insisted on associating only with his ethnic kin, he would have been a hermit. His mother is a Negro, his father is a

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Pakistani, and his mother's husband is Chinese; his legal name is Mohammed Yang. He did not play basketball or indulge in any other muscular activity unless he was forced to, and, for that matter, he generally abstained from non-muscular activities that were at all competitive or contentious. It's not that he is timid, or solicitous of his silver-plated skull. Though he is small and frail, he has been known to assault big, strong contemporaries who he thought were affronting him. He is lazy. Also, he thinks he is intelligent enough to get what he wants without embroiling himself in games or quarrels, and, luckily for him, he is almost as intelligent as he thinks he is. He owed his good standing in the group to the fact that, even on the lower East Side, brains are well thought of.

The other Continental at the Catskill camp, Alfonso Jiménez, also did not play basketball. He is so exceptionally clumsy that he can neither run far without stumbling nor throw a ball in the direction he aims it in, and his mind is not much more agile than his body. The other members of the group called him Goofy, after Mickey Mouse's dumb friend, and, with one exception, they treated him in a manner that alternated between protectiveness and ridicule; oddly, César was the most protective. The exception was Tony; I never saw Tony do anything but mock Alfonso. I don't think it too fanciful to say that, by and large, the Continentals used Alfonso the way, by and large, society uses them: as an object of philanthropy, as a butt, and as an errand boy. Alfonso was so anxious to be part of the group that he performed much of its fetching and carrying. There is another side to Alfonso's character, though—a stubborn, even proud, righteousness, which the others (except Tony) never belittled or derided but tried to give some leeway to. For example, Alfonso was allowed to say grace before every meal at the camp, though no one else cared whether or not grace was said, and he was assigned the task of raising the flag on the camp flagpole every morning and lowering it every evening, though no one else cared whether or not the flag flew, or, if it flew, whether or not it flew all night.

This brings me to Ismael, the Continental around whom all the other Continentals mysteriously revolved. He was indeed a fixed star, and not a comet. He did not exercise leadership aggressively, and not until I became well acquainted with the Continentals did I realize that, in addition to being the current president of the club and

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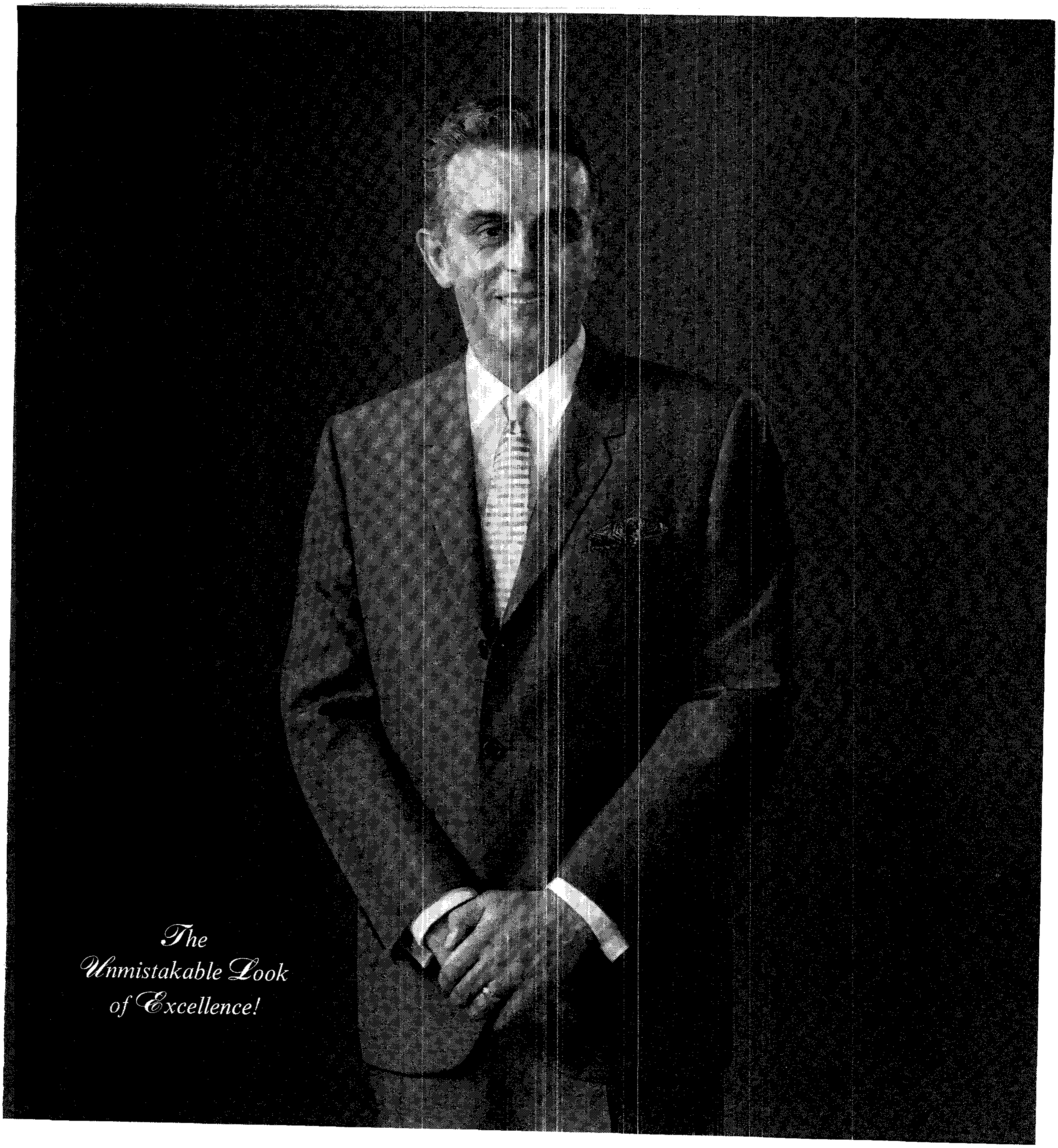
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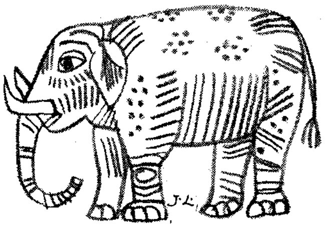
captain of the basketball team, he was the spokesman in every emergency, the arbiter of all disputes, the holder of a veto on any projected action, and the only member that no other member ever ventured to lay a fist on. The mystery was that in no particular that I observed or heard about was Ismael the outstanding member of the group. He is a good athlete, but not as good a one as César. He has a head for organization, but not as strong a one as Tommy's. He usually carries out the responsibilities he assumes, but not as conscientiously as Chino. He isn't as articulate as Tony or Tommy or Harry. He is not as funny as Tony or César. He doesn't play the bongos as well as César or sing as well as Harry or dance as well as Tony. He has neither Tommy's mechanical aptitude nor Tony's romantic imagination. He doesn't have Chino's patience and natural courtesy, Tommy's sense of right and wrong, César's animal spirits, Tony's independence, or Harry's brains. Doubtless he is brave, but he is not brave enough to visit a dentist, though his teeth are in abominable condition. (Bad teeth are a common side effect of heroin; many addicts keep alive mainly on candy, which gives them whatever energy they need without forcing them to go through the tedious and nauseating processes of mastication and digestion.) According to a reading specialist whom Mobilization for Youth sent to the camp to test the boys, as part of the effort to rehabilitate them, all but three were bunched at the seventh-to-eighth-grade reading level, with César at the top of that bunch. Harry's reading was good enough for college. Chino's was good enough for fourth grade. Ismael's is a little worse than Chino's. I am tempted to go on and on about what Ismael isn't, because though I can state what he is, I cannot account for it. In discussing him, I am forced to take shelter behind either a platitude about the mystical character of leadership or a platitude about the mystical Spanish character. I believe it to be true that Ismael is more distinctively Spanish than any of the other Continentals. He is tall and dark, with a broad, low forehead, a slightly flat nose, big black eyes, and a thick scar, which I assume to be the result of a knife wound, across his left eyebrow. Gravity, dignity, and pride are attributes that conventionally associated with Spaniards. To the extent that the terms fit a heroin addict, Ismael is grave, dignified, and proud. His voice is ordinarily less shrill than the voices of his friends, his movements are less fidgety, his words are more careful, his smile is more reserved. However, I confess that my notion that Spanishness had something to do with his status derived less from his looks and actions than from the way five Mobilization workers I saw with the group at various times related to him and others. I hope I will be forgiven for categorizing social workers in this way, but the five were a Massachusetts Yankee, a Wisconsin Irishman, a Philadelphia Negro, a New York Jew, and a New York Puerto Rican. The Yankee took the Continentals as they came, and treated them alike. The Irishman perceived that Ismael was important, but, whether through lack of personal sympathy or of professional technique, was not able to make friends with him. The Negro got along well with Ismael, but he was more strongly drawn to the two conspicuously troubled Continentals, César and Tony. The Jew virtually ignored Ismael, concentrating on the bright boys, Harry and Tony and Tommy. The Puerto Rican accepted Ismael's precedence as a matter of course, and worked closely with and through him. Certainly Ismael himself believes he was entitled to the position he held. A year or so ago, he turned himself in to the narcotics ward of Manhattan State Hospital, in one of several unsuccessful attempts to kick his habit, and in order to beguile some of the long hours there he did what many boys in similar circumstances do: he tattooed himself. What this hospitalized junkie inscribed on the inside of his left forearm was "BORN TO WIN."



NATURALLY, Ismael was a prime mover in the Continentals' (or Cahanmen's) switch to heroin. In fact, he was the first of the group to try the drug. He was fifteen when he was started by his big brother, Pedro. As Ismael was on his way to school one morning, Pedro stopped him in the street and asked him for money to get high on. Ismael told me, "I said, 'What are you going to get high on? Because I want some, too,' and he said, 'No,' you know." They argued for a while, and then Pedro said, "Come on, then, but this will be your first and last time." They were joined by Ramón Lorenzo, a friend of Pedro's

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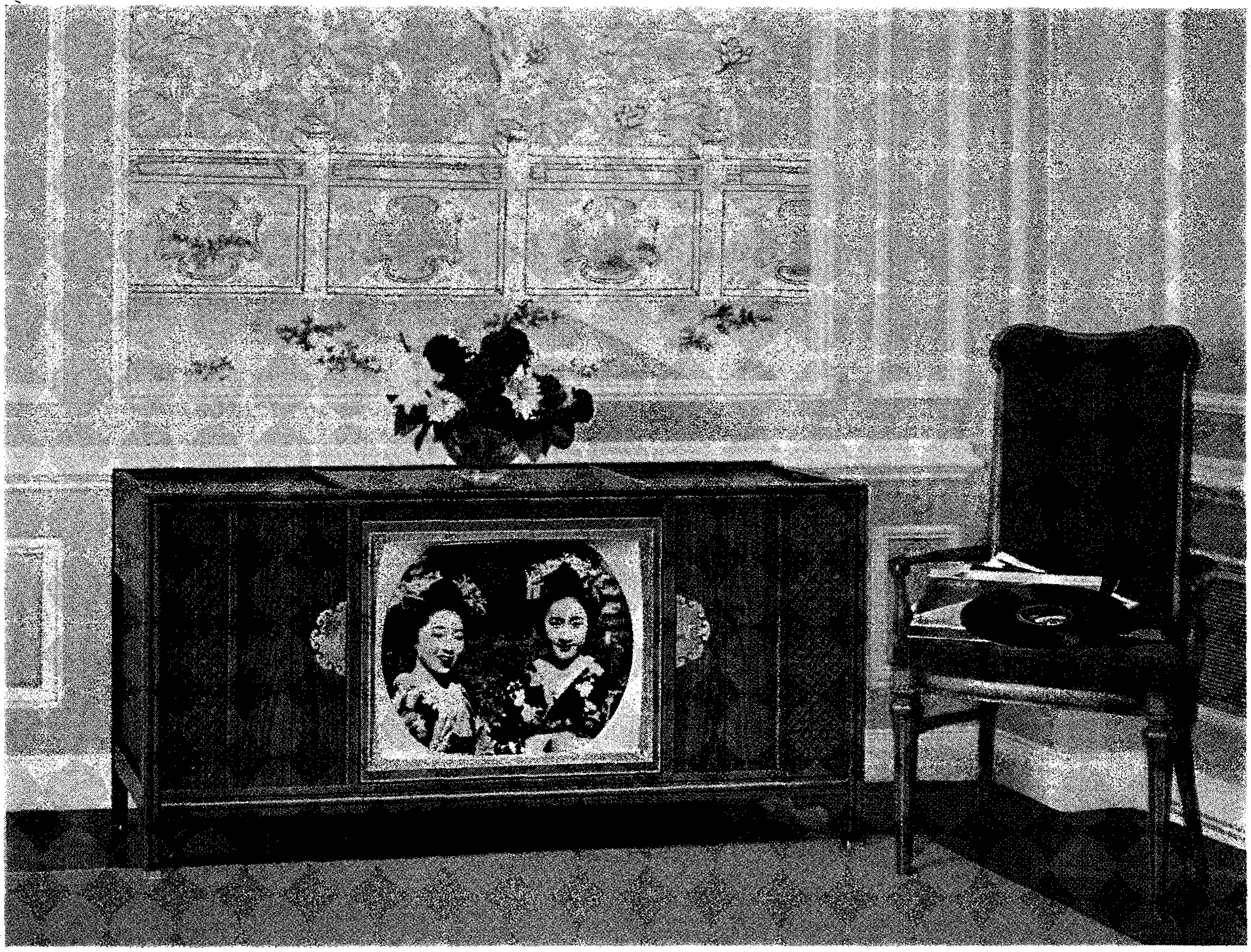

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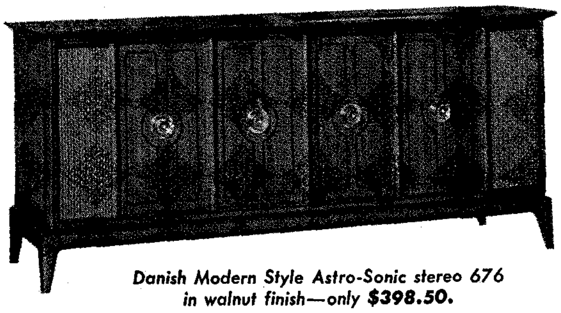

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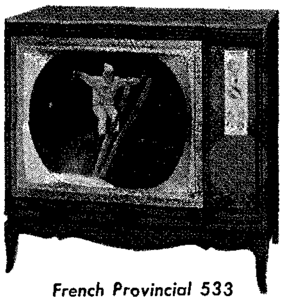

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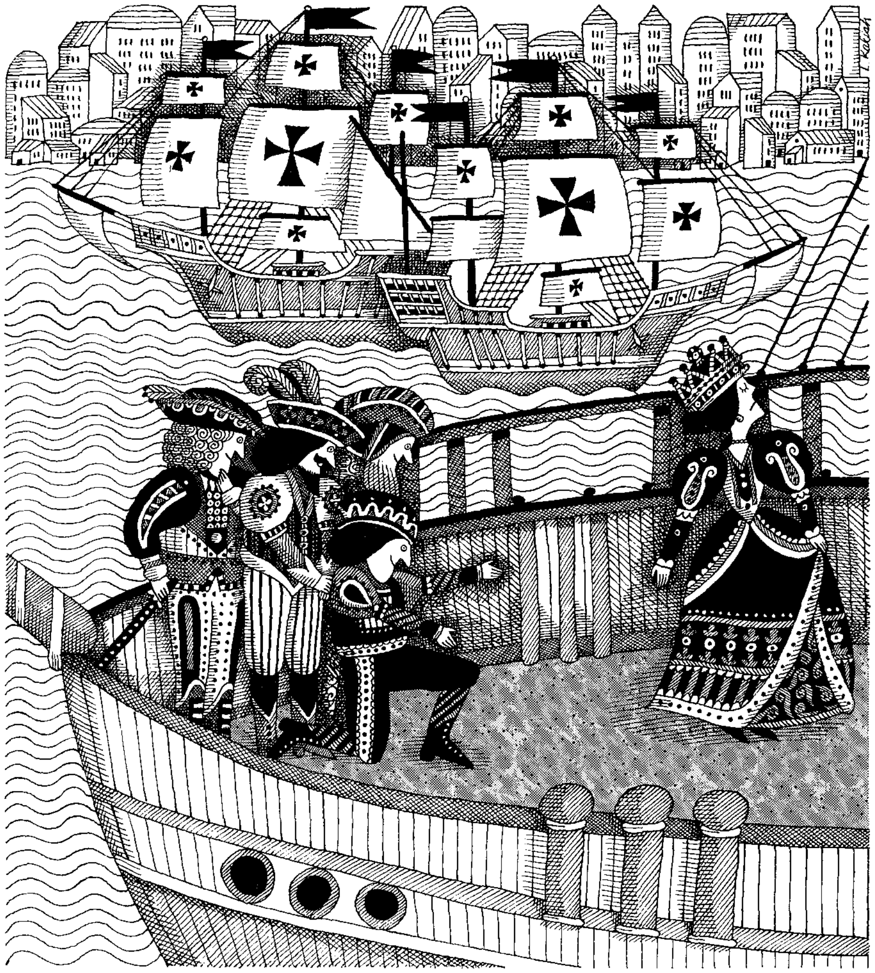
and a fellow-Dragon, about whom I shall have more to say later, and the three walked up to Fourth Street between Avenues B and C, a block on which much of the lower East Side's retail trading in heroin was then conducted. I want to make one point very clear: no matter how many times a year, or a week, the heroin market moves in a neighborhood like the lower East Side (and that depends, of course, upon how active the police are during that year, or week), its whereabouts is always a matter of general—I am tempted to say universal—knowledge in the neighborhood. The reason narcotics laws are poorly enforced is not that the retail traffic is conducted in an especially clever or surreptitious way, which it isn't, or that policemen are stupid and corrupt, which only some are, or that the Earl Warren Supreme Court has hog-tied district attorneys, who seem to be going briskly about their business, but that the traffic is so immense that the existing laws or any proposed laws designed to stop it are flatly unenforceable. A good guess as to the number of addicts in New York City is fifty thousand, and of these many are known to the police and many more could be identified easily by anyone who merely walked through certain neighborhoods and looked at the people in them. Assuming that there are enough policemen in New York to arrest all these addicts, which is quite an assumption, there is not enough jail space to hold them. As for arresting pushers—well, the goal of practically any addict is to become a pusher, so that he can support his habit like a gentleman and not have to break into apartments or stick up delicatessens or mug old men, and therefore every time a pusher is arrested, a crowd of qualified applicants scramble for the vacant job. And as for cutting off the drug supply at its source, I take it to be an immutable economic law that a demand as big and voracious and profitable as the demand for drugs will get supplied somehow. It is no cause for surprise, then, that Pedro and Ray and Ismael knew just where to go that morning, and whom to see when they got there. They paid the then going price of three and a half dollars (it's five or six now) for a "bag," or about half a teaspoonful, of more or less adulterated heroin powder, which is the standard packaging unit, and repaired to a convenient hallway, where Ray produced the "works," the usual term for the cooker (often a bottlecap), the dropper, and the needle that are needed to prepare



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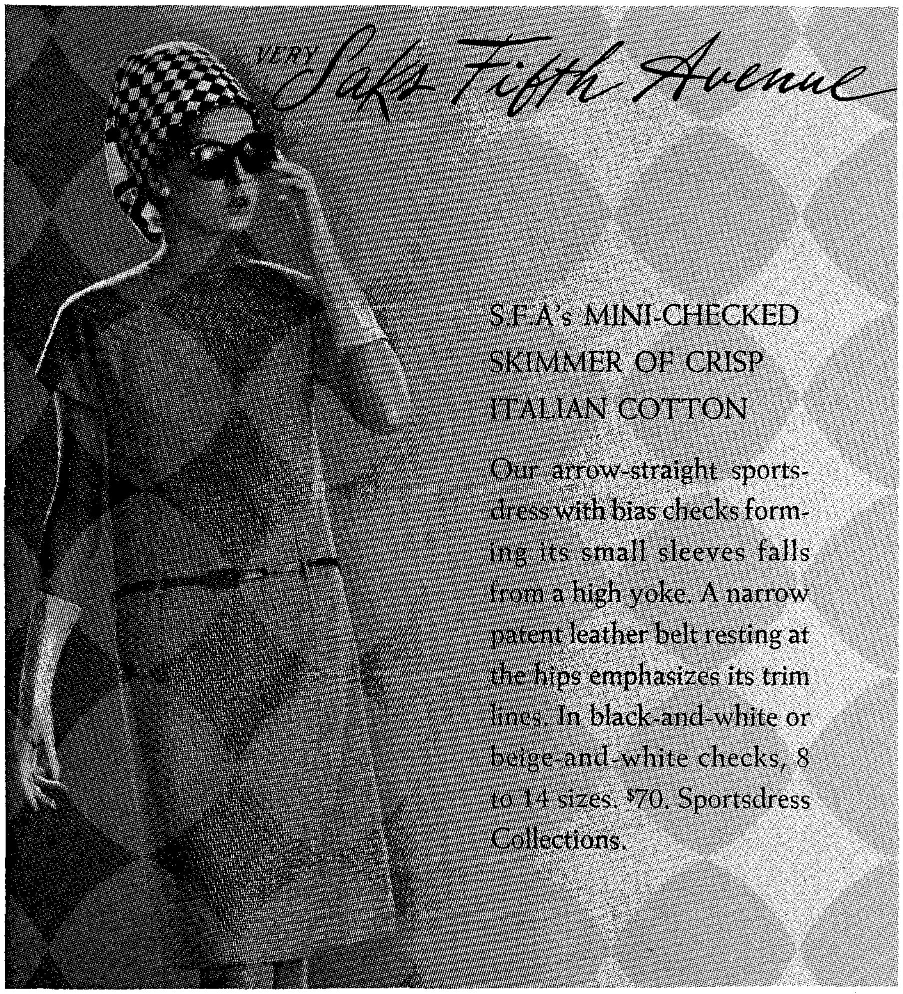

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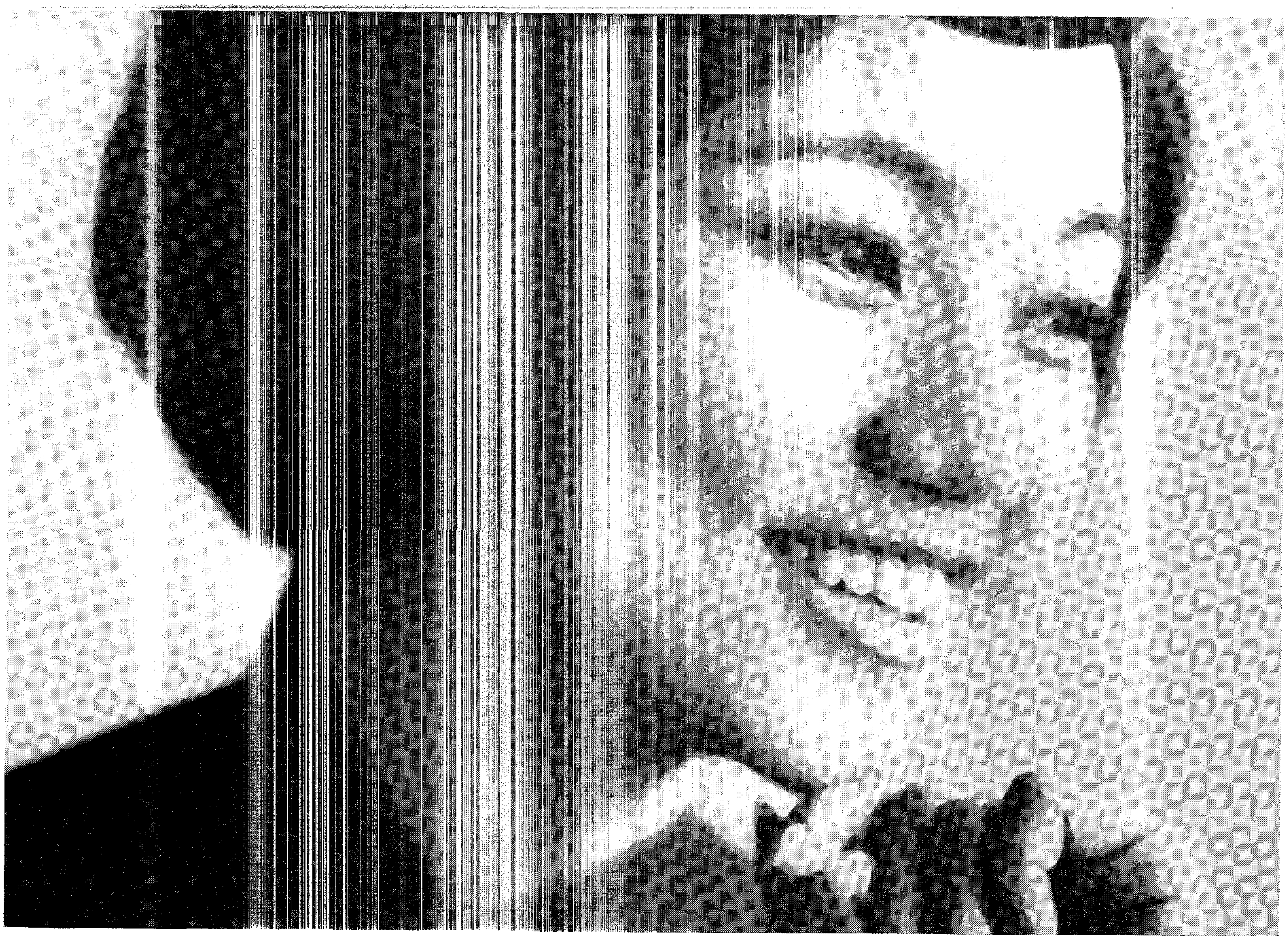
heroin for injection and to inject it. Pedro wouldn't let Ismael use the needle, though. Instead, he gave him a little powder to inhale. Ismael sucked it into his nose in one manly breath and sneezed it right out again. Pedro and Ray laughed heartily, gave him some more, and told him to sniff it gently. He followed instructions, and at once ran into the street and vomited. "It's the taste, you know," he told me. He swore he would never try heroin again, an oath that many people take after their first sniff, and that some abide by. I have no idea whether Pedro gave Ismael that sniff to show him how disagreeable heroin was or how agreeable, and I don't think he knows, either. He himself had not been deterred by an identically unpleasant first experience with the drug; a strong desire, conscious or unconscious, to involve as many people as possible in their agony or bliss is a feeling that many addicts share. I do know that Pedro was, and is, fond of Ismael and anxious to protect him. What's more—perhaps because Ismael is their mother's favorite child—Pedro believes him to be the blessed brother and himself to be the accursed one. Pedro was in Manhattan State Hospital with Ismael, and tattooed himself when Ismael did. His tattoo reads "BORN TO LOSE." I will add, as one example of what a puzzling phenomenon drug addiction is, that when the brothers left Manhattan State, Ismael went right back to heroin and Pedro didn't; instead, he cured himself, without the help of Mobilization for Youth or anybody else.

Anyhow, I don't suppose that it matters whether or not Pedro introduced Ismael to heroin. If Ismael hadn't caught the habit from Pedro he would almost certainly have caught it from a friend. The only way in which I can realistically classify what drug addiction has become in New York is as an epidemic of a virulently infectious disease. It is raging, and has been for years, in Harlem, East Harlem, and the lower East Side of Manhattan; in the Bedford-Stuyvesant, Williamsburg, and Brownsville sections of Brooklyn; and in the south Bronx. It is well entrenched in Jamaica, Long Island City, Manhattan's upper West Side, Greenwich Village, and Chelsea. It has gained a foothold in Washington Heights and Astoria and Bensonhurst and Coney Island and East New York and much of the north and east Bronx. It threatens every part of the city, and the suburbs around the city. It is a disease about which little is known, and that little is



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of little help. For instance, there may well be such a thing as an "addictive personality," as many psychiatrists believe, but an epidemic infects the addictive and the non-addictive alike; I hope all fifty thousand New York addicts don't need their personalities transformed, because I can't imagine who's going to do it, or how. For another instance, addiction may well arise from poverty and discrimination and the despair that poverty and discrimination breed, as many sociologists believe, but an epidemic infects the rich and the poor, the white and the black, as is attested by newspaper accounts of what adolescents in Fairfield and Westchester and Nassau Counties are up to. The much praised British system of allowing a registered addict to receive a prescribed daily dose of his drug from his doctor may well be a humane and effective way of keeping the registered British addicts, who number about five hundred, out of trouble, but registering and giving daily medical care to fifty thousand epidemic victims is a problem of quite another dimension. In short, no existing police or social-work or psychiatric or medical technique can cope with addiction in the form in which it exists in New York. Of course, the search for a workable technique is being pursued diligently; what Mobilization has tried to do for the Continentals has been one experiment along those lines, and not the only one.

ONCE Ismael had caught the heroin habit from Pedro, he passed it along to his sidekick Chino, and they, in turn, infected Tommy. That did not happen fast. It took several months and considerable determination. One reason the amount of youthful addiction in New York is so remarkable is that the way a youth typically becomes an addict is so laborious. By dint of trying more sniffs, which he cadged or bought from Pedro or some other regular user of his acquaintance, Ismael at last trained his system to enjoy heroin. Chino, who joined Ismael's experiments early, had an even harder time; he recalls that his first four, or maybe five, attempts made him violently sick. But he, too, persisted until he was able to get pleasure from the drug. Tommy took his first sniff, which made him as sick as anybody, in a Cahan Houses hallway one evening when he happened upon Ismael and Chino with the first bag they had ever bought on their own. Ismael told me, "We looked at that bag for a long time and said, 'Oh, man, should we?' Then we said, 'Oh, what the hell!' " They managed

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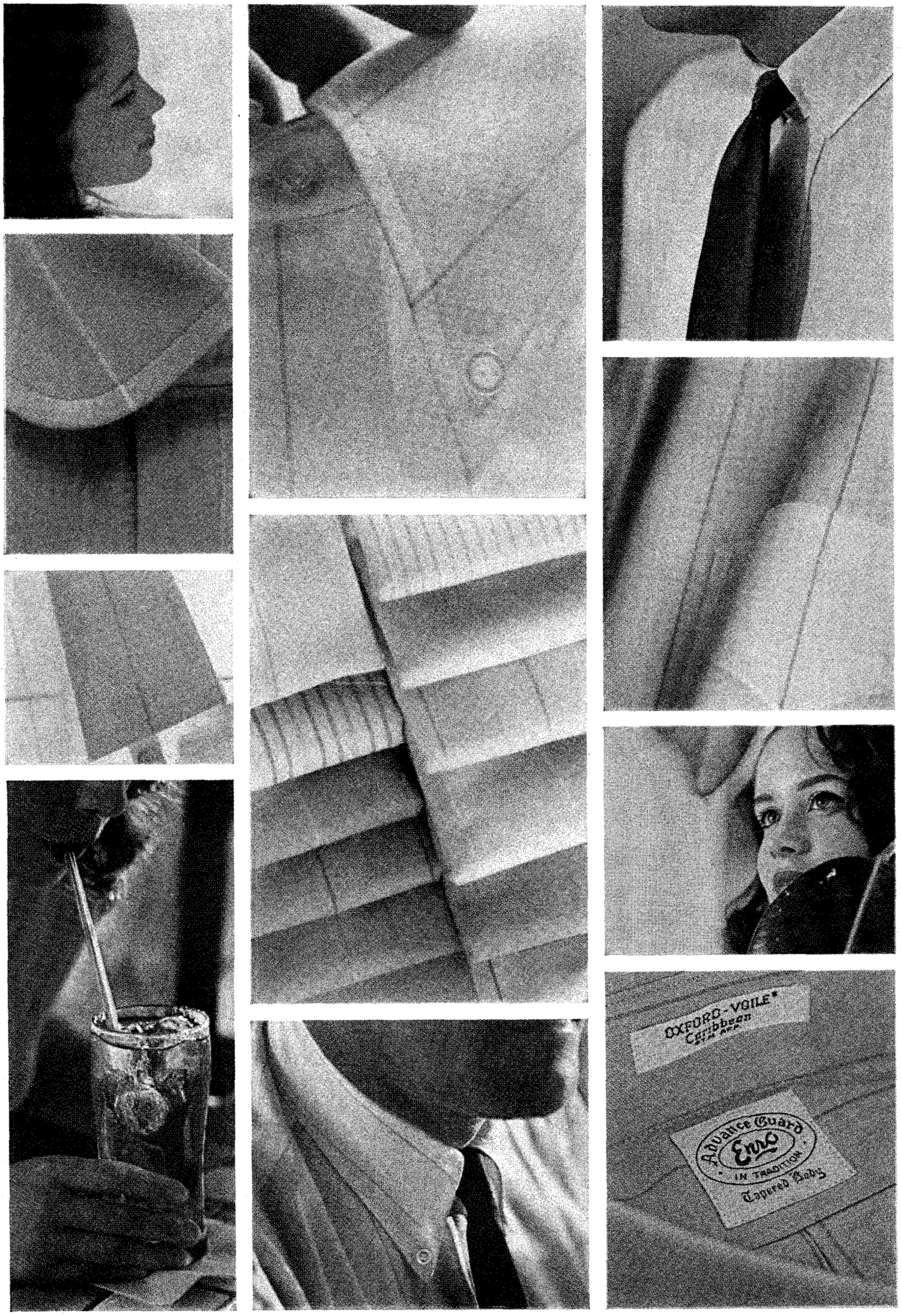
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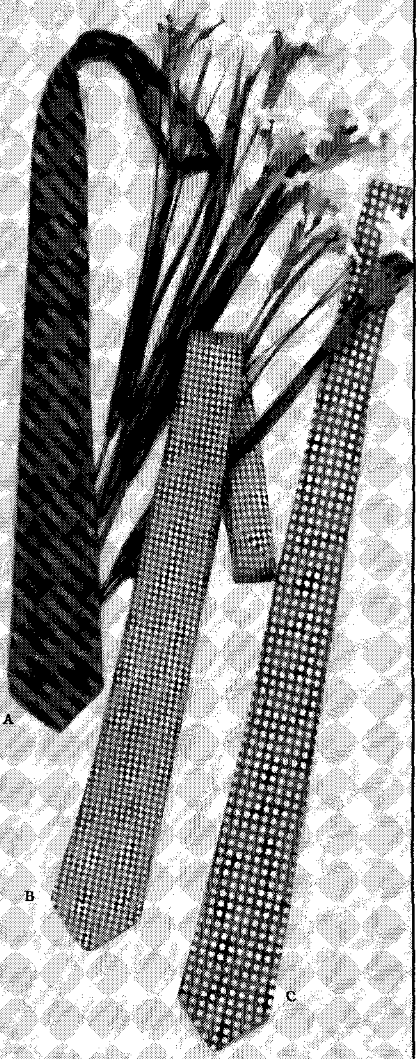
to use only half the bag, but that was much more than they had ever before used, and they made themselves sick all over again. And all over again they told each other, in Chino's words, "No more, man, no more."

It grieves me to report that the boys bought that first bag inside the Grand Street Settlement House. Though the New York, and especially the lower East Side, settlement houses had done so much so long so well for slum children, they were no better prepared than any other organ of established society for the changes that took place in the slums after the end of the war. Until then, they had been operated, on the whole, for the benefit of "good" children—the tractable and aspiring offspring of European immigrants, who took eagerly to cultural and educational programs. Whatever "bad" children there were in the neighborhood they excluded, on the rotten-apple-spoils-the-barrel theory, which was doubtless a respectable theory in 1910, and even in 1930. It was no longer respectable, or even tenable, in 1950, when Negro and Puerto Rican families were crowding into the old tenements as fast as the Europeans moved onward and upward, and into the new housing projects that were rising everywhere. A very high percentage of the new children were "bad," in the sense that they were indifferent, if not positively hostile, to education and uplift; after all, they had seen or heard nothing either in their homes or on the street to give them the idea that the future held promise. Consequently, good and bad, worthy and unworthy became distinctions that only reactionaries or racists could make. The settlement houses felt that they had to open their doors to everyone, and were promptly flooded by children who were seeking not an opportunity for self-improvement but a chance for self-indulgence and who perceived that the settlements were easily captured objectives in the war against authority. They did capture, or at least closely besiege, a number of them, including Grand Street. "If a kid wasn't in a gang, he didn't dare go there," according to Tommy, who should know. The settlements, including Grand Street, naturally did not take this lying down. It soon became clear to them that if they were to serve a new kind of child, they would have to practice a new and strenuous kind of social work, based on the evident truth that constructive behavior could not be stimulated until destructive behavior had been checked, and that a worker therefore had to be wary as well as

Neckties for Easter



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trustful, be security-minded as well as loving, and be "street-wise" as well as compassionate. This new style in social work has been evolving during the last ten years or so on the streets of New York, and though there are still far fewer practitioners than the situation calls for, I doubt if heroin is being peddled in the Grand Street Settlement House anymore, or if gang children are keeping non-gang children out of the place.

The spring in which Ismael and Chino were accustoming themselves to heroin was the last season in which any Continental made even a pretense of going to school, and this was natural, since those who weren't actually sixteen were nearly that age, and their legal emancipation from truant officers was at hand. Already, that spring, the number of voluntary students among them had diminished. The scene of César's studies was the State Training School for Boys in Warwick, as a result of his having beaten up a boy younger and smaller than he for the sum of a dollar or so—both a punishable act in itself and a violation of probation. César had been on multiple probation, so to speak. Being a compulsive thief, he had a long police record, the longest of any Continental. Romeo's experiments with firearms had taken place the previous fall, and he and Harry were sitting out the academic year. Romeo was still in Bellevue, and Harry, who rather liked school and did rather well there, was declared medically fit for it so late in the year that he decided to defer his return until after the summer. Tommy, so soon after his first sniff that he had no opportunity for a second, violated *his* probation by running away from home, and was shipped to the State Training School for Boys in New Hampton. He ran away from home because his parents had taken up residence in Coney Island, in order to remove themselves and the children from the unsuitable (i.e., Puerto Rican) environment of Cahan Houses. Tommy and his father had quarrelled for years over Tommy's Puerto Rican friends, especially the girl friends, and it was a point that not even Coney Island could make Tommy concede. He continued to frequent the lower East Side, an hour's subway ride away from his new home, and, of course, that made the quarrels with his father hotter. Finally, he decided to stay away from Coney Island altogether and to sleep in the homes of his friends or in the park. It took the probation people only a few days to find him, and he was held in Youth House to await placement in a state training

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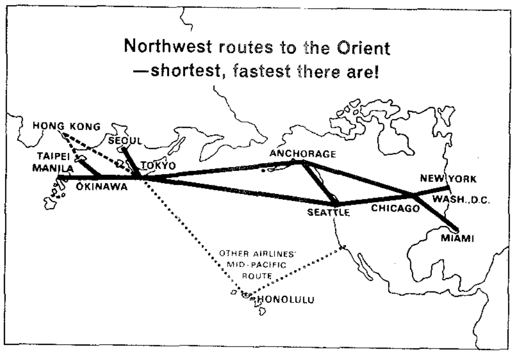
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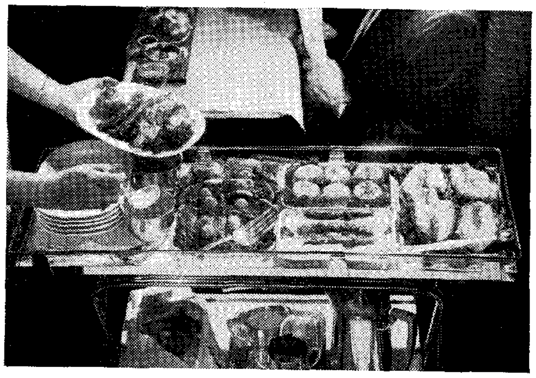
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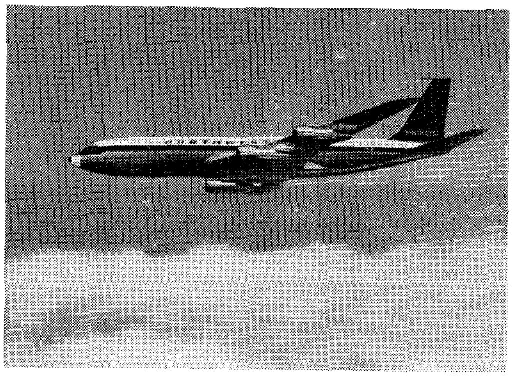
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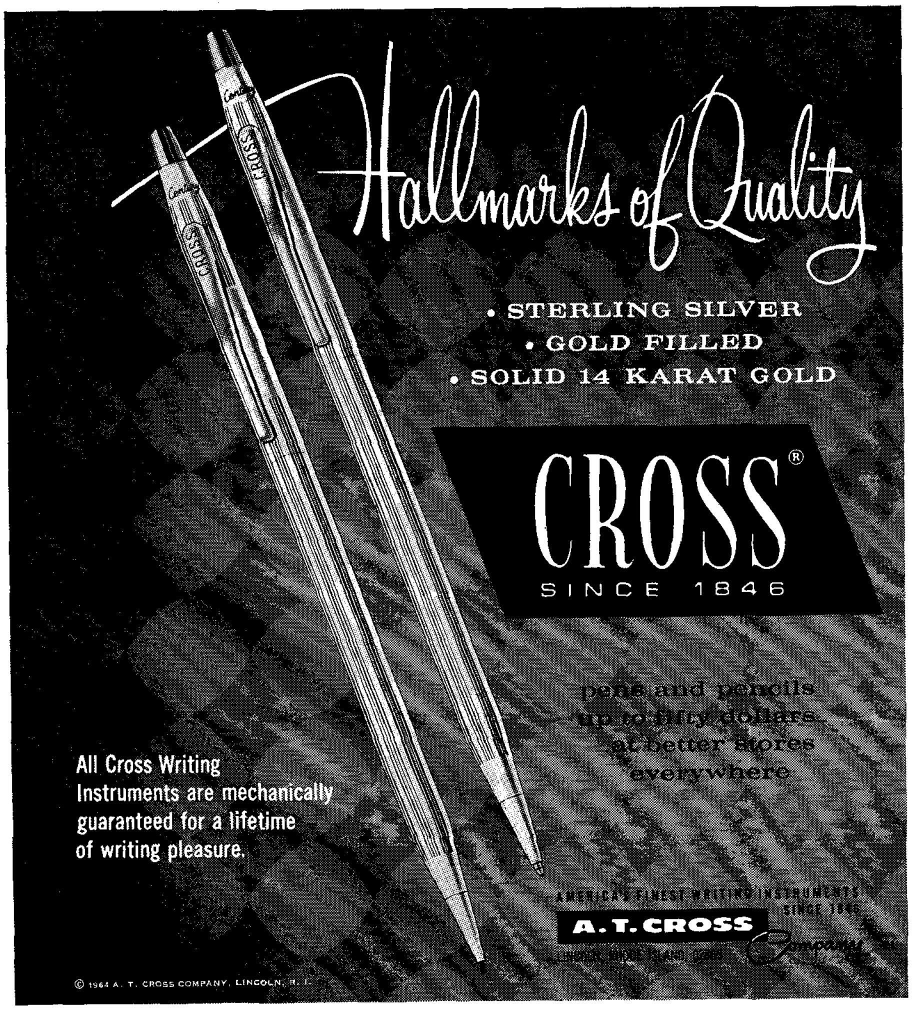

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school. Running away from home is not the gravest of offenses, so he was presently assigned to Otisville, the least prisonlike of the schools. However, Tommy, though bright, is not what anyone would call judicious. On the way out of Youth House to the Otisville-bound bus, he shook off his escort and ran for freedom. He was recaptured within two blocks, and spent the late summer, the fall, and the beginning of the winter in New Hampton, the most prisonlike of the schools.

What happened to Alfonso that summer was that his father disappeared and the family had to go on welfare. Mr. Jiménez had been a short-order cook who had painfully saved up enough money to open his own restaurant on Delancey Street, not far from Cahan Houses. Two weeks after he opened it, it was broken into during the night, and not only were all the money and other valuables in it stolen but the premises were wrecked. Jiménez had not been able to afford insurance, so he was financially wiped out. This was bad enough, but then Mr. Jiménez learned that the plot had been conceived, organized, and, in part, executed by his eldest son—Alfonso is the second of four brothers, and there are also two sisters—in revenge for his strict upbringing. Since that son, who is now serving a prison term for another robbery, was clearly a monster, and Alfonso showed every sign of emulating him, and the third son was in Otisville as a thief, and the fourth son, at the age of ten, had earned a juvenile-delinquency card in the files of the New York police, and had just taken up the popular new pastime of sniffing glue, Jiménez Senior decided that there was little point in having a family. Those who know Alfonso well tell me that he blames himself for his father's departure; he knew that his brother planned to rob the restaurant, though not that he planned to demolish it, and, out of fraternal loyalty, did not tell their father.

Chino and Tony were in no special trouble during this period, but then they seldom were in trouble, particularly when they were thrown on their own resources. Even in slums, certain people seem to have no appetite (maybe I only mean aptitude) for ruining their lives, though they can do it splendidly with help.

Anyhow, what happened next to the Continentals was inexplicably connected, as usual, with what happened next to Ismael. That summer, the Boys' Clubs of America offered Ismael room and board at one of their

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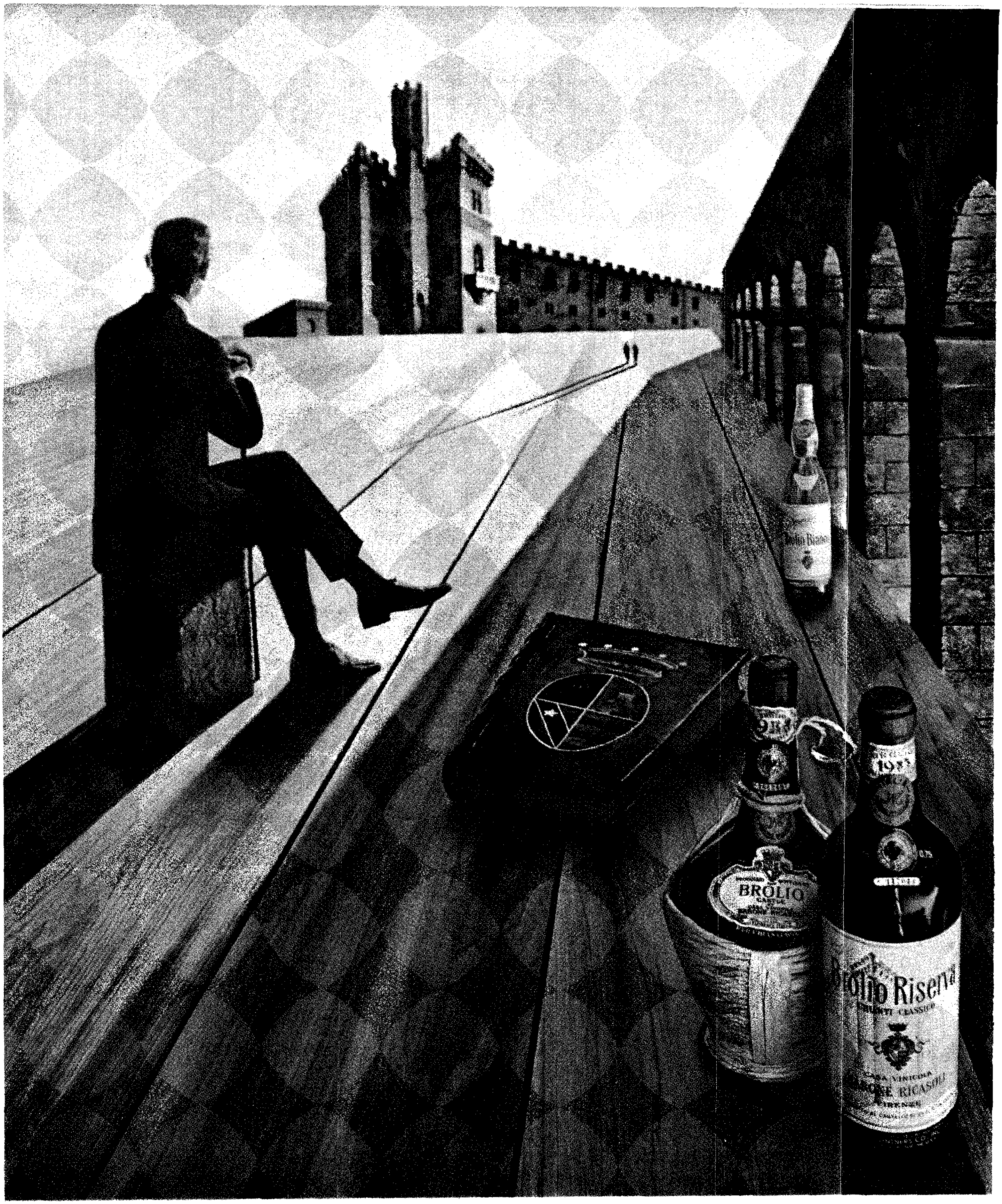
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NOTE: Brolio bears the seal of the black rooster, with gold border—the gilt-edged assurance of highest quality grading. Browne-Vintners Co., New York. Sole Distributor for the U.S.A camps and work as a caddie on a neighboring golf course. He was pleased at the chance not only to breathe clean air and earn money but to keep his distance from heroin, which, as I have said, he was beginning to depend on. One of my grounds for describing addiction in New York as an epidemic is the way it overpowers boys who, like Ismael, do not like either getting it or having it. Ismael enjoyed the country and the job and the absence of his drug. Then, one Saturday night, he had an opportunity to fill himself with wine, and he took it. Shortly before sunrise on Sunday morning, he sloped off across the fields to an adjoining farm, climbed into a truck he found parked there, and drove it into a ditch. Shortly after sunrise, he was being shipped back to the lower East Side. He promptly resumed his voyage toward addiction, towing the rest of the Continentals along. By winter, he and Chino and Tony and Harry and Alfonso and César (who had come home in the fall) and three or four other neighborhood boys had completed a first apprentice period of sniffing heroin and a second one of injecting it subcutaneously ("skin popping") and were beginning to inject it intravenously ("mainlining"). When Tommy rejoined his friends the next spring, he made a point of catching up with them fast. They needed just one more experience, the "o.d.," which stands for "overdose," to qualify as journeymen junkies, and Ismael, ever the pioneer, blazed that trail for them during the summer. It was a sultry July morning, and he and Pedro and Ray and a couple of other friends had repaired to the tenement apartment of one of the friends to shoot up. By then, heroin had erased distinctions of age and club affiliation, and several older boys, including Pedro and Ray, were members—in fact, leaders—of the Continentals. Ismael's and Pedro's father was home sick that day, or they would have been where they usually were, in "the shooting gallery," as the boys hilariously called the Flores apartment. As soon as Ismael had given himself his shot, he turned white and stiff and fell onto a bed and struggled for breath. Pedro was already happy, but when he saw what had happened to his brother, he lost his happiness and began to cry. He pulled Ismael from the bed, stood him up, and gave him mouth-to-mouth respiration. When he became convinced that Ismael would not suffocate, he dragged him out of the apartment, which was on the second floor, and up three flights of stairs and a ladder

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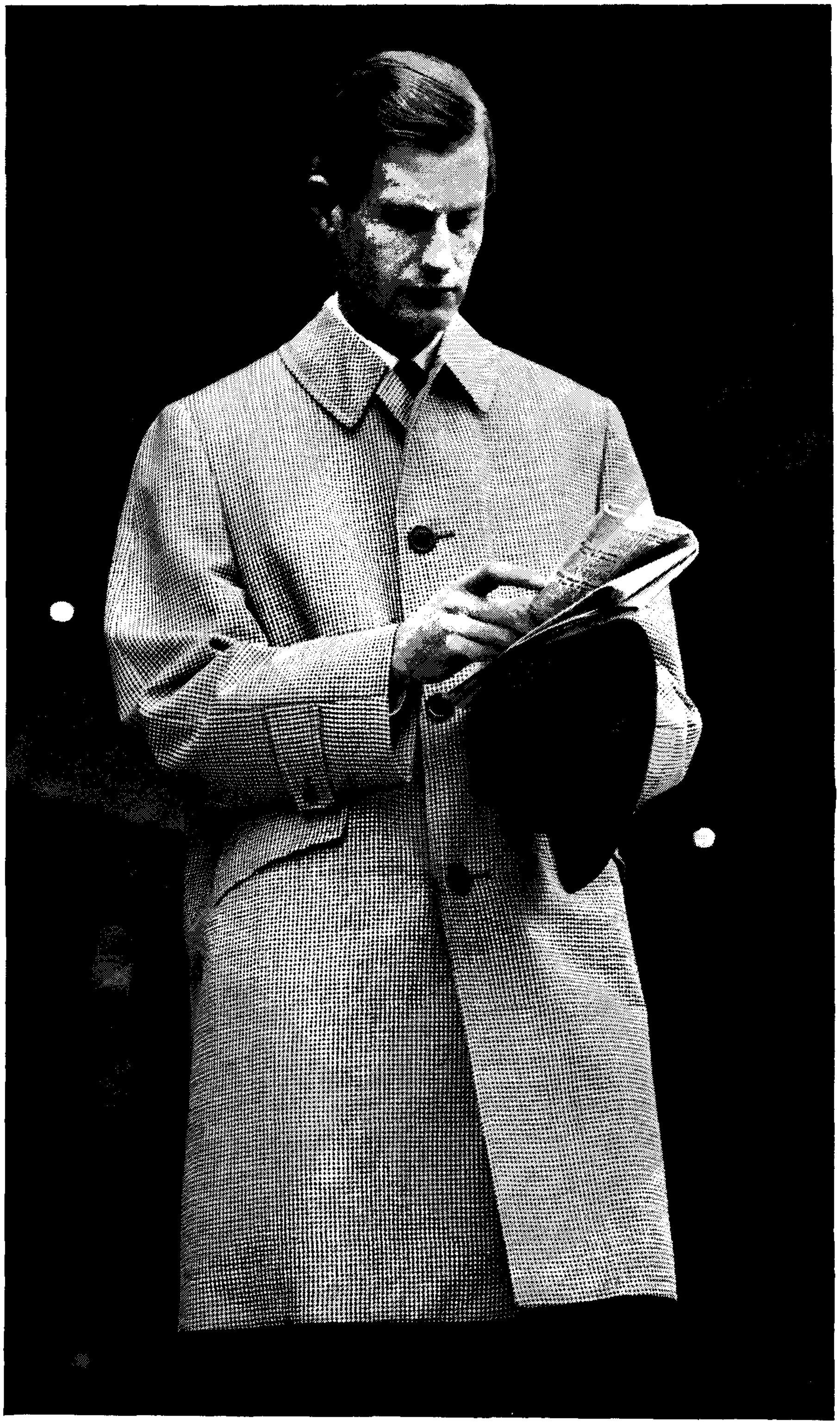

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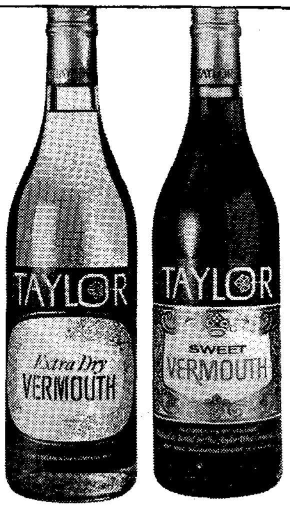

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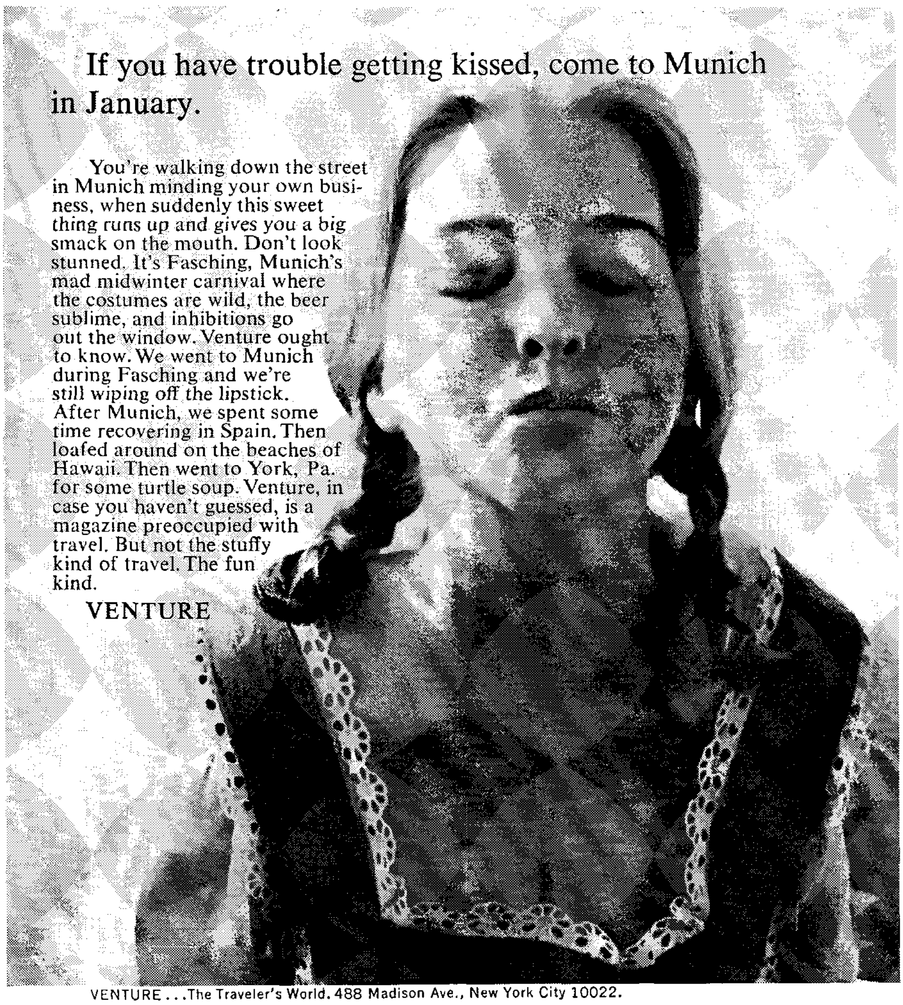
If you have trouble getting kissed, come to Munich in January.

You're walking down the street in Munich minding your own business, when suddenly this sweet thing runs up and gives you a big smack on the mouth. Don't look stunned. It's Fasching, Munich's mad midwinter carnival where the costumes are wild, the beer sublime, and inhibitions go out the window. Venture ought to know. We went to Munich during Fasching and we're still wiping off the lipstick. After Munich, we spent some time recovering in Spain. Then loafed around on the beaches of Hawaii. Then went to York, Pa. for some turtle soup. Venture, in case you haven't guessed, is a magazine preoccupied with travel. But not the stuffy kind of travel. The fun kind.

VENTURE

VENTURE . . . The Traveler's World. 488 Madison Ave., New York City 10022.

and through a trapdoor onto the roof. There he ran Ismael around. Ismael is bigger and heavier than Pedro and was a dead weight, and Pedro was crying and vomiting, and the tar on the roof was so soft that their feet stuck in it. Pedro ran Ismael around for an hour and a half before Ismael was well enough to run himself around. "I'll tell you the truth, Ismael has a very weak system when it comes to dope," Pedro said to me after describing that morning. "He got that o.d. on one half of one bag, and to me that was ridiculous." It was a piece of ridiculousness that convinced Ismael of the truth of an often repeated preachment of Pedro's: Never take off except when you're among friends, for if you suffer an o.d. among strangers, you'll be left lying where you fall. The Continentals obeyed this rule more faithfully than any other rule that was set for them. Of the twenty or more o.d.s that they suffered, among them, only two—one of Ismael's and one of Tony's—occurred when no friend was standing by, and they were both such mild ones that the boys managed to pick themselves up and totter to safety without help. As far as I know, the only one of the boys who never had an o.d. was Harry, who has the trait, unique in the group, of always keeping his wits about him.

A QUESTION that can reasonably be asked at this point, and could just as reasonably have been asked sooner, is what the mothers and fathers did while the children spent their formative years winebibbing and pot-smoking and stealing and trying to kill each other with knives and guns and heroin. The answer, of course, is that they did little, and that what they did do was to little purpose, like the Burke family's removal to Coney Island. I do not suggest that any parent condoned or disregarded his son's misbehavior. Most of the parents lived decorously, and all of them wanted their sons to. Even César's mother, who had enough gentlemen callers to provoke much local headshaking and tongue-clicking, disapproved strongly—in fact, shrewishly—of César's conduct, as well she may have, since a lot of what César stole, especially after he became an addict, he stole from her. I will add that that convenient scapegoat, the broken home, had little to do with making these boys unruly. Except for César, whose father is dead, and Harry, whose father is a long gone merchant seaman, all the boys lived in unbroken homes, and, what's more, their fathers were respon-

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sible, breadwinning men. The simple, if sorry, truth of the case is that the parents couldn't manage the children, which is a domestic phenomenon that also occurs in parts of the world a long way, geographically and economically, from Cahan Houses. Conventionally, many of the fathers—notably Ismael's and Chino's, and, of course, Alfonso's—tried to keep their boys in line by main force. Having themselves survived their migration from Puerto Rico and provided for their families by practicing extreme industriousness, thrift, and self-control, they had small patience with boys who apparently believed that all that made life worth living was "kicks." So they beat their sons, which accomplished nothing, and when the boys got too big to beat, they concluded sadly that among the many unaccountable and irremediable sorrows they were compelled to endure was having ne'er-do-wells for children. Most of them thereupon put their thoughts elsewhere; Alfonso's father, as we have seen, was provoked into taking the further step of putting himself elsewhere. I am told by the Mobilization people that every one of the boys, upon being interrogated about his family life, complained that his father never spoke to him except in anger; I imagine that if the fathers had been interrogated, they would have made equally heart-rending, and much more cogent, complaints. Also conventionally, the mothers were more sympathetic. Each of them, I gather, took the position that her son was a good boy who had got into trouble only because he had fallen among bad companions. (I don't say the Continentals were good boys, but a dozen good boys can be a dozen bad companions.) Each mother, naturally, advised her son to find new friends, which, naturally, he wouldn't have done even if the advice had been practical. Chino remarked to me once, "When I come home all beat up and my mother says to me, 'Go to a new block and find new friends,' I know this would just mean more fighting." Ultimately, many of the mothers, *like many of the fathers, became* convinced that they could not win the struggle to make their sons behave, and gave it up, often by plunging into religion. I am thinking especially of the mother of Pedro and Ismael. Mrs. Flores had long been a dedicated member of the Damascus Christian Church, a pentecostal institution, and at last her conviction that everything was up to God, and only God, grew so strong that she refused to sign the release authorizing Ismael to enter the hospital

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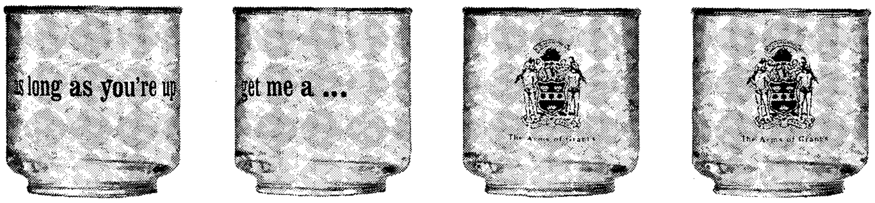

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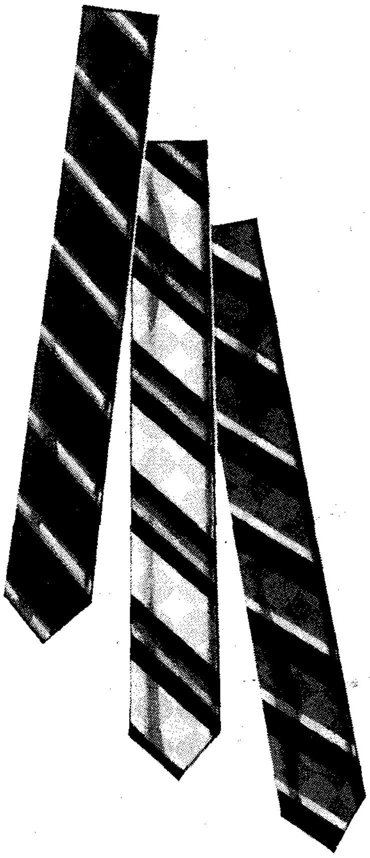

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for detoxification. Four Mobilization workers argued with her in relays for three days, to no avail. She finally did sign, but only because her husband, a long-suffering man who had tried for those three days not to augment his domestic woes with an angry wife, became angry himself and peremptorily ordered her to.

FOR about four years, most of the Continentals devoted most of their time simply to being heroin addicts. Addiction is almost always a full-time occupation for a poor boy, because even a small habit—which is all any Continental ever had—costs from five to fifteen dollars a day. The boys list the methods of fund-raising they used under three main headings: stealing, hustling, and scheming. They list a fourth, working, only if they are pressed. Quite often, one of them tried working, but he seldom stayed at it long, either because he found that the habitual use of heroin did not permit him to work efficiently or because he found that the amount of money a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old school dropout could earn even if he worked efficiently did not permit him the habitual use of heroin. Tommy was enterprising enough to land six different jobs during his period of addiction, but he was not plodding enough to keep any one of them for as much as a week. Ismael worked for a while in an electronics project that was part of a vocational-training program operated by Mobilization for Youth, but the patience of even an organization such as this was not proof against an apprentice who was apparently in permanent slow motion and whose hands often shook so hard that he could barely thread a nut onto a bolt. Alfonso had similar trouble in another of Mobilization's enterprises, a luncheonette. "If I work, I don't do it good. I don't think clearly, you know," he explained at the time to a Mobilization worker. Chino, who, next to Alfonso, was the smallest user in the group, did better working in a shop that sold and installed tiles, but not much better; he lasted three months. The one exception was Harry, who managed to keep an office job for almost a year; he must have had an exceptionally forbearing boss, because he came in late almost every morning, took a day off whenever he chose, and often fell asleep with his head on his desk. So the Continentals, each according to his temperament and talent, stole and hustled and schemed. I am not sure that I can explain every fine distinction between hustling and scheming, but in general the first is active and the second is verbal. Inducing your mother to give you twenty dollars on the pretext that you need a new overcoat is scheming. Pawning your old overcoat for three dollars and a half is hustling. Incidentally, the latter amount is not one I have plucked from thin air. The fences and many of the pawnbrokers on the lower East Side, who do much of their business with addicts, keep informed about the fluctuations of the drug market and make their payments accordingly. I was told by a neighborhood authority, "Say the going price for a bag is three and a half dollars. A kid brings in a typewriter, he gets three and a half dollars. He brings in a couple of tires, three and a half dollars. A television set, three and a half dollars. A diamond engagement ring, three and a half dollars. A fur coat, three and a half dollars. An air-conditioned Cadillac convertible, three and a half dollars." I'm sure that my informant overstated the case; I'd be willing to bet that a fur coat would bring seven dollars and a Cadillac ten and a half, or, if it was in good shape, fourteen. In such circumstances, the only way to make a big score is to steal cash, but as a rule stealing cash involves personal contact with the victim of the theft, which is not only doubly risky but positively repugnant to many people. Tommy told me that once when he was "really up tight" he tried to snatch a purse, but couldn't make himself do it. Pedro, who admits that several times when *he* was really up tight he could and did make himself mug people on the street, told me, "I always tried to beat someone I didn't know." Except, then, for César and, to a lesser extent, Tommy, both of whom had enjoyed thievery long before they tasted heroin, the Continentals stole as little as they could, which was still quite a lot.

Arum Maculatum
pinx.

A form of hustling that often provided Alfonso with enough money for the bag or less a day that he needed was to sit in on a small boys' poker game and cheat. Feeling, as he did, that his family's impoverishment was his fault, he never stole from his mother, and as a rule he stole from other people only when César needed an accomplice. Harry never stole from his mother, either, but not because he had a special compunction about stealing. Harry, as I have said, always keeps his wits about him. He is an only son—he has two young half sisters—and his mother thinks a lot of him. For some time, she had steady work as a machine operator in a garment shop, and her husband was also working, so she was able to spend money on Harry, giving him both cash and pawnable presents like clothes and a radio and a camera. He was not about to jeopardize this rewarding relationship for the sake of a fast fling. Because of his relative affluence, Harry was the first Continental who could afford a proper set of works—including, primarily, a regular hypodermic syringe—and owning good works is a sound basis for scheming. A common kind of barter among lower East Side boys is "a taste for the works." When Harry needed to supplement his funds, and he often did, because he used upward of two bags a day, he broke into an apartment or shoplifted. Tony solemnly asserts that he never stole, and I am inclined to believe him, if only on the ground that his behavior is often unconventional. I know that he, too, acquired works early, but that is the only specific piece of information I have about his scheming or hustling. He so strongly dislikes reminiscing that once when I pressed him for details about his daily life as an addict, he walked away, and when I made another attempt, he walked away again. The way Tony likes to discuss his addiction is in gloomy generalizations, which makes me think that however innocuous, comparatively speaking, his deeds as an addict were, his sense of guilt about them is exceptionally strong. "There's a good side and a bad side, and once you're on the bad side they won't let you on the good side," I have heard him say, and also, "I was trying to get ahead of somebody. If I used dope I thought I was hipper than the cat next to me, but it turned out he was hipper than me." As for Chino, he, like Tommy, balked at just one kind of money-raising, personal assault. Otherwise, he schemed and hustled and stole in whatever fashion seemed opportune, including robbing his family. I wonder whether, of all the great and small difficulties of living with a drug addict, the most infuriating isn't the household attrition. Chino's mother hoarded nickels and dimes for almost a year and finally accumulated sixteen dollars for an electric hair dryer, which she considered the last word in lux-

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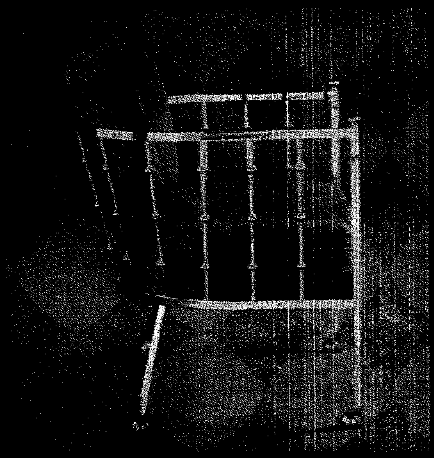
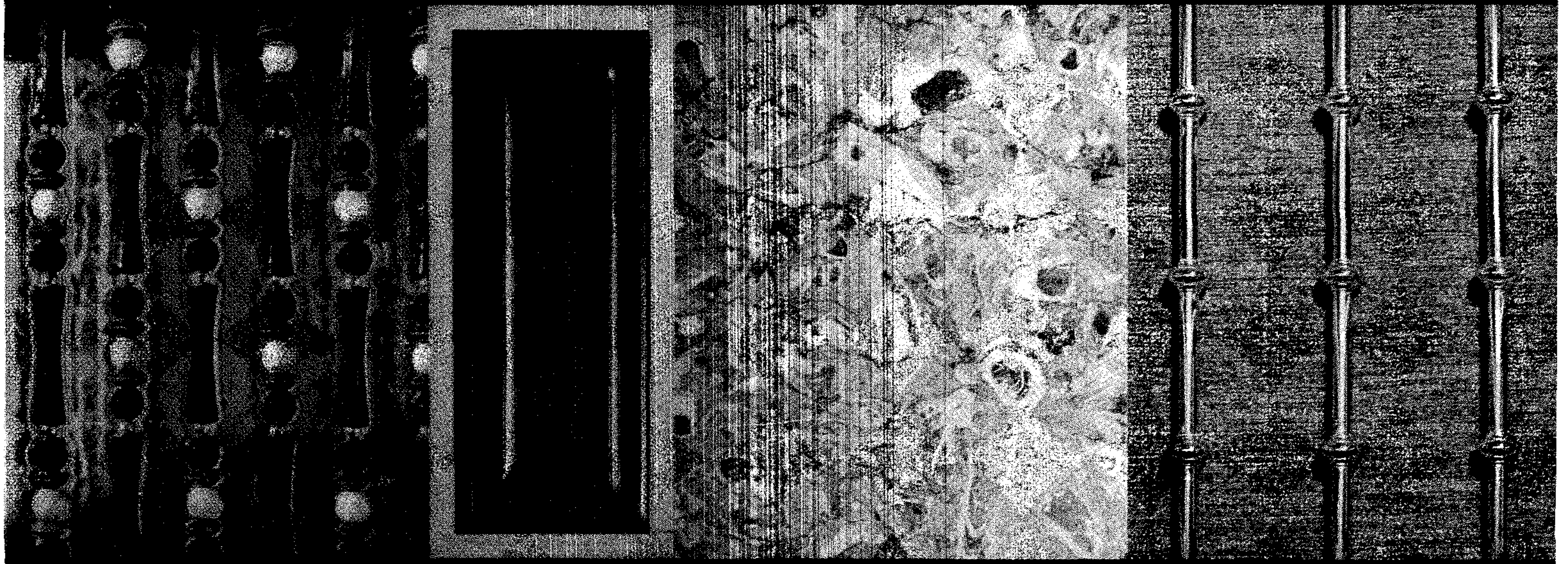
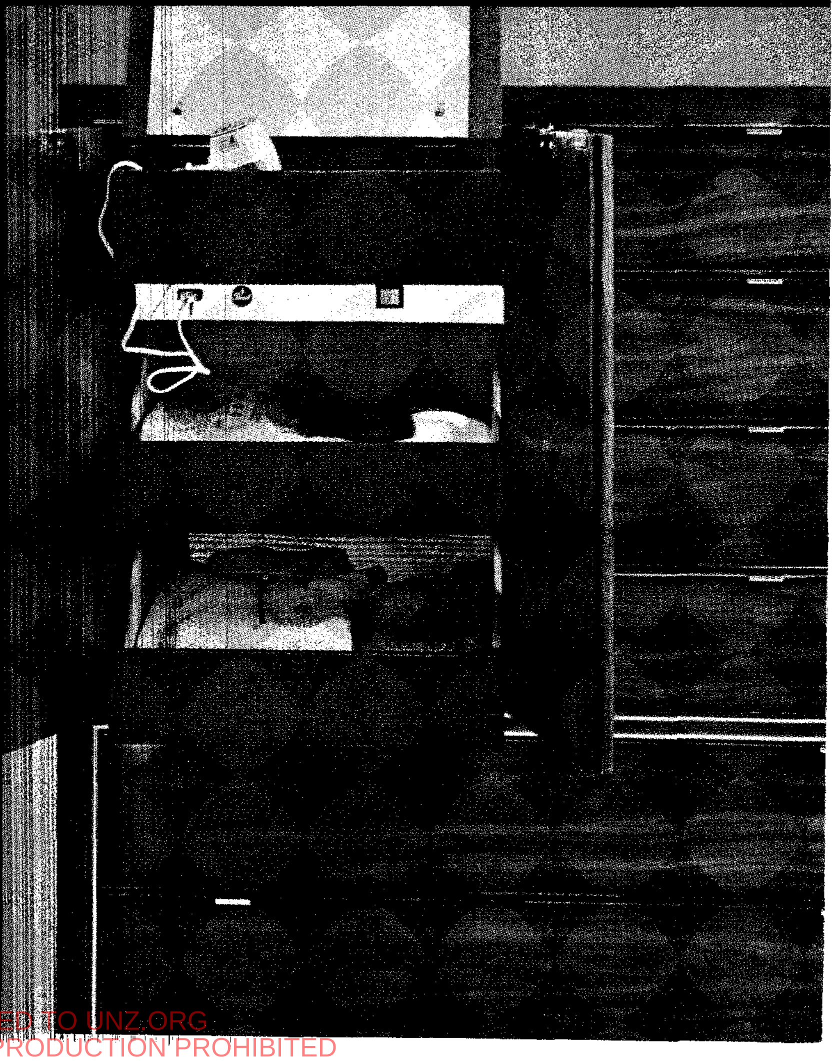


In View: Unusual stick and ball design gives new stimulus to the classic simplicity of this polished chrome occasional chair. An exciting contrast of rough textures and sophisticated design is illustrated below in a bird's-eye view of plastic laminated wood beading, textured vinyl, Italian "Rasotica" marble and polished chrome.





This shapely, generously tufted sofa offers super-soft seating comfort, while the functional utility of this man's chest is demonstrated by the vinyl covered accessory box complete with interior light, lift-lid mirror, razor outlet.

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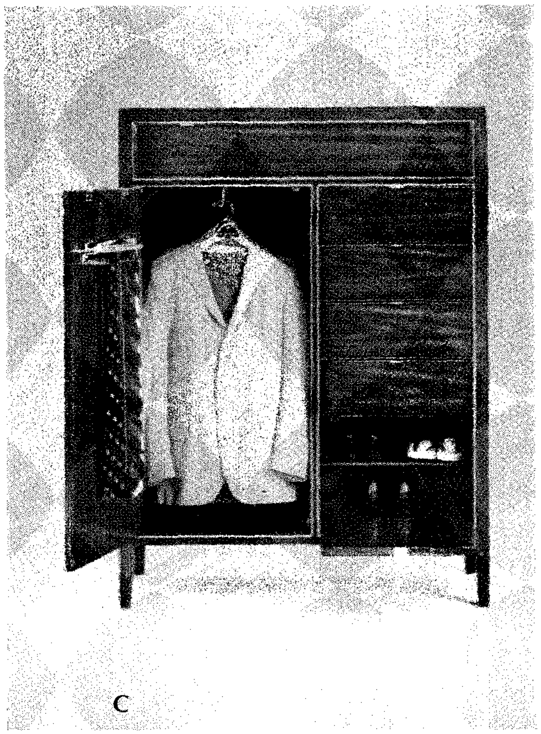
B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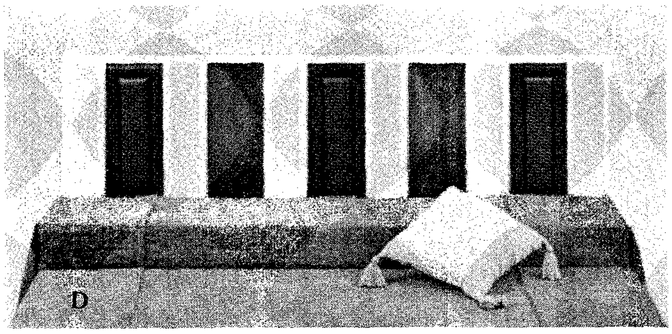
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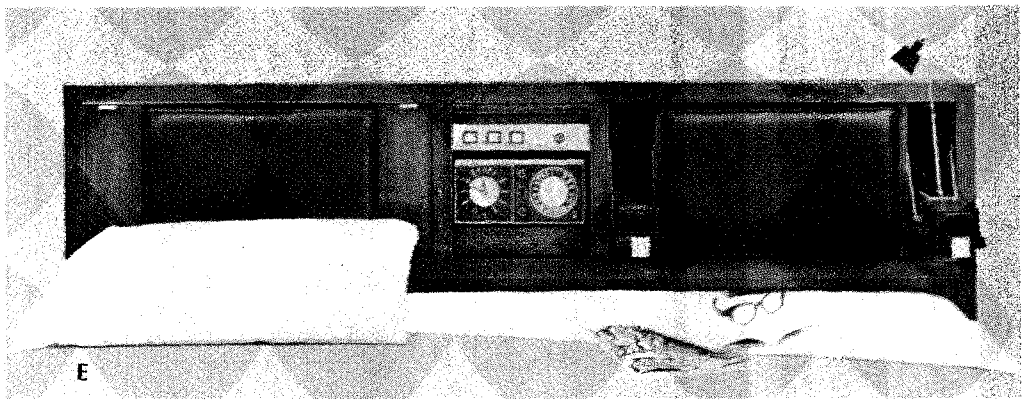
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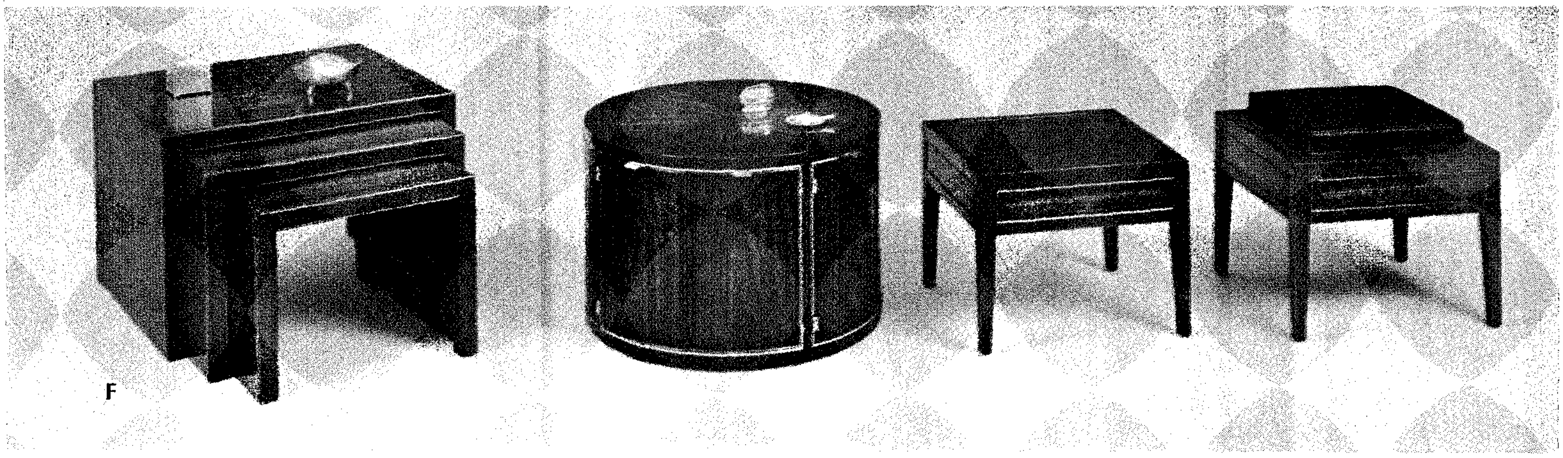
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There's more than meets the eye in Drexel's sophisticated new modern furniture design. **A.** Cane chairs complement a compact table that seats eight with leaves up. **B.** Curio cabinet gleams with a high gloss finish, aluminum inlay, chrome hinges, glass shelves and interior lighting. **C.** Valet chest inspires efficiency with vinyl shoe compartment, chrome tie rack, pull-out hanger bar. **D.** Sleek open chrome headboard has reversible panels of walnut and textured vinyl. **E.** Headboard bed has flush tambour center panel that rolls back to reveal space for clock-radio plus self-illuminating controls. Upholstered sections adjust to backrests. Arm rests pull down exposing fold-away, high intensity lamps. **F.** Occasional tables include this drum shape, sleek nest-of-tables and a bunching table that converts to an upholstered bench. See Viewpoint '70 at selected Drexel dealers today!

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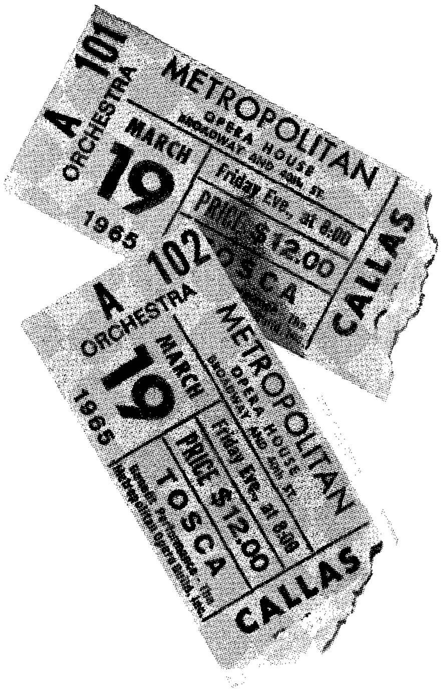
ury. Two weeks after she bought it, Chino sold it—for three dollars and a half, no doubt. A cherished possession of Tommy's father was a movie camera he had bought by scrimping on clothes and lunches. It went as soon as Tommy got really up tight. César coolly walked out of his apartment one afternoon with his mother's television set, and a few weeks later he stole her rent money. I regret to say that I could prolong this sorry catalogue for pages. In addition to robbing stores and apartments and his family, César sometimes resorted to purse snatching and mugging, and it is my impression that on occasion Ismael did, too. I know that Ismael spent a lot of time with Pedro and with Pedro's friend Ray, both of whom habitually did those things. Of course, however clever or desperate a boy's expedients were, and however big his scores, he knew that that afternoon or the next morning or, at best, in a couple of days he would be "sick"—which is very, very sick—unless he schemed or hustled or stole again. The grimmest of the many ironies of addiction is that once a person has made good his escape from the everyday anxieties of a sober existence, he is likely to find that the anxieties of finding the means to keep himself intoxicated are even more shattering. It is hard to exaggerate the panic felt by a habitual user of heroin when he wakes in the morning with a churning stomach, an itching nose, watery eyes, sore joints, and not enough money for his next dose. All the Continentals woke up that way more mornings than not for nearly four years.

I HAVE heard each of the Continentals, speaking to me and speaking to Mobilization workers in tape-recorded interviews, offer explanations—a wide variety of explanations—for using heroin. Few of the explanations explain any more than the one of Tony's I have quoted. Most of us want to be hipper than the cats next to us, but only some of us are junkies. However, several of the boys, when they weren't trying to make a psychiatrically or sociologically oriented interlocutor feel good, said something that, short and apparently banal as it is, I believe to be the whole truth: "I did it for kicks." Every authority on the subject that I have consulted, from Thomas De Quincey to Ismael Flores, assures me that the pleasure produced by taking drugs is indeed intense enough to make bearable the pain produced by being addicted to them. As for why the Continentals



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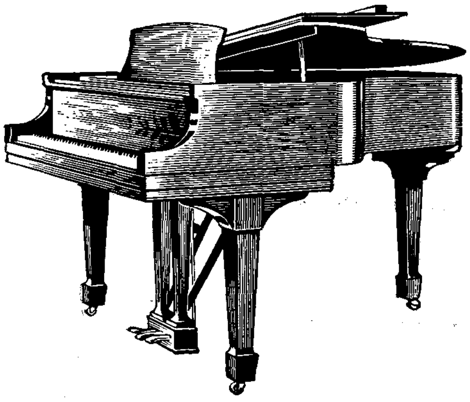

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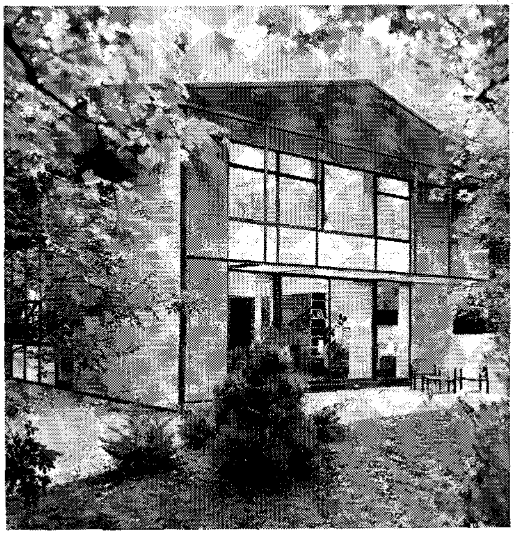

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so desperately wanted kicks—well, no authority, from De Quincey to Flores, explains to my satisfaction what makes a person choose the pursuit of pleasure as his lifework, so I shall not presume to try to explain it. The one generalization I'll permit myself is that what is unique about a heroin kick is that it is a totally private experience, and that this is a chief source of both the drug's attraction for its users and the difficulty that non-users have in understanding that attraction. When I speak of the unique privacy of a heroin kick, I do not mean that someone under the influence of the drug is out of touch with reality merely to the extent that he thinks he is whispering when he bellows, thinks he is Nijinsky when he staggers, and thinks he is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul when he is a slum kid with no education, no job, no prospects, and a heroin habit. Any kind of intoxication can produce such illusions. A really solid pipe dream (heroin is an opium derivative, so the term is not metaphorical) carries a person much farther, into a world that is not merely a beautiful distortion of the world around him but altogether unrelated to that world, completely fantastic, utterly unreal. I suppose the most evocative account of a pipe dream there is is "Kubla Khan," though even it occasionally cops out, if I may put it that way. I doubt whether in Coleridge's dream the fertile ground measured anything as earthly as "twice five miles," and I am certain that the bumpkinish simile "like . . . chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail," which is supposed to make clear how the boulders bounced around when the fountain erupted, is a sober—an all too sober—afterthought; you can hardly find a thresher in Xanadu.

The spiritual remoteness of a pipe dreamer is reflected in his physical demeanor, which is commonly and accurately described on the lower East Side by the verb "to nod." No doubt he is feeling rapturous joy, but he doesn't look it. He just looks drowsy, in a rather foolish—in fact, an infantile—way. He may be under the impression, as he nods, that everybody around is hollering, "Beware! Beware! His flashing eyes, his floating hair! Weave a circle round him thrice," but a pipe dreamer's euphoria is strictly non-contagious. I first realized the everyday implications of this one evening at the Grand Street Settlement House while the boys were at camp. I was having a conversation that evening with half a dozen girls who had known

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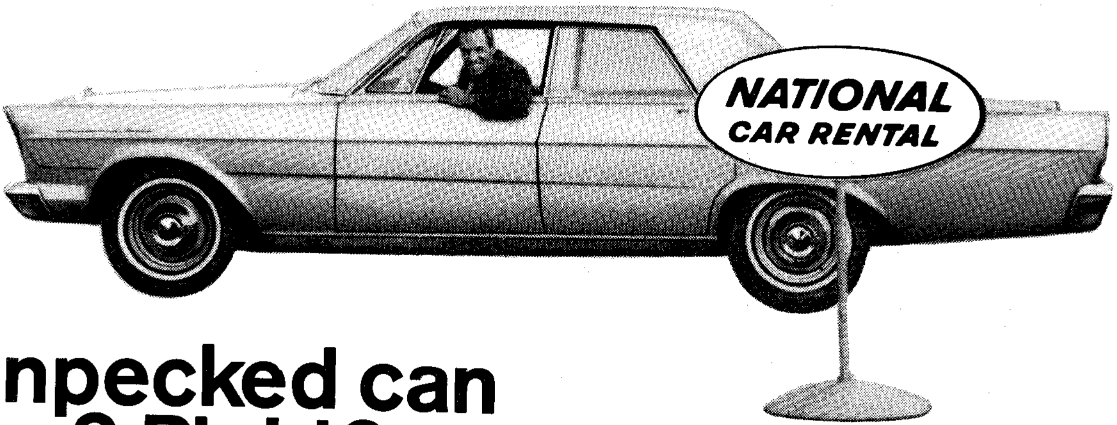

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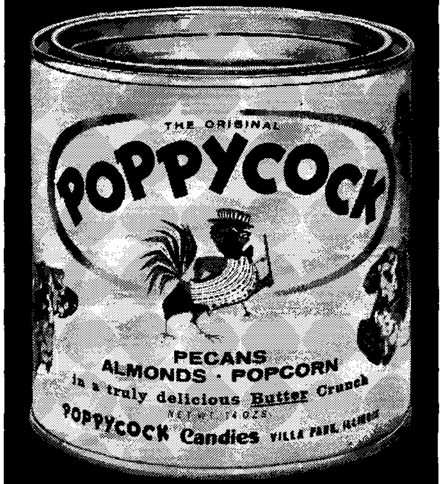
and associated with the Continentals for years. One of them—the most attractive and womanly, naturally—was Ismael's girl friend; one was Harry's girl friend; one was Chino's younger sister; and the others were not connected with specific boys but were simply part of the crowd. None of them had ever used heroin, though I imagine they all drank and smoked pot, since junkies' girls are not likely to be paragons of respectability. All of them were vehemently opposed to the boys' using it. Ismael's girl went as far as to say, "If Ismael doesn't make it, I'm buying a plane ticket and leaving for California, because I love him." All the girls had complaints about how the boys acted during the first stage of a high, before they started to nod. Tommy bossed everybody around. Tony was loud and boastful. Harry was loud and hysterical. Pedro snivelled like a baby. Chino grinned like an idiot. César was impossible in so many ways that I won't enumerate them, but principally he showered girls with vituperation. (César hated girls, and the feeling was reciprocated.) And any one of the boys, if he had taken a little too much, was likely to race around and shout like a four-year-old, or just throw up, wherever he was and whomever he was with. Disagreeable as such behavior was, it didn't seem to call for a countermeasure as desperate as leaving for California. Then Ismael's girl said, "Sometimes we made them come to the movies, or like that. Forget it! They went to sleep. All they wanted was to lay on a bench with their heads in our laps, sucking on a bottle of soda or a lollipop." I began to understand why she was upset. When the big, strong, loving man a girl has been dreaming of spending an evening, or a lifetime, with turns up with a lollipop in his mouth, it may well be time for her to buy a plane ticket.

IN the spring of 1963, the Continentals' progress toward sickness, loneliness, homelessness, hopelessness, prison, and possible early death in a gutter from an o.d., a policeman's bullet, or a pusher's knife was slowed down a little by a burly young Philadelphian named Roger Crawford, who joined the staff of the Grand Street Settlement House. The Grand Street people had been keeping an eye on their old intermediate basketball champions, which hadn't been hard to do, since in good weather the boys often nodded on the front steps of the settlement house or on benches in a little park half a block away. However, it wasn't until

The Millionaire's Popcorn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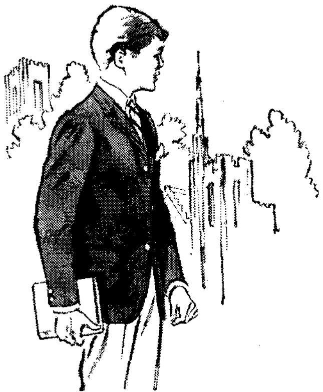

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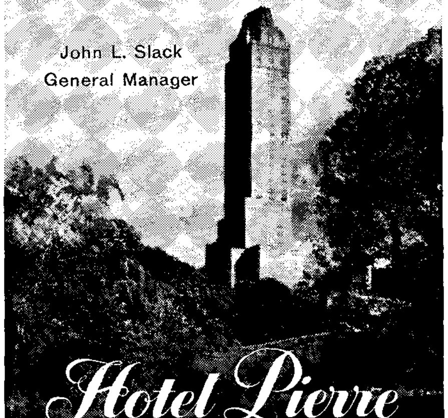

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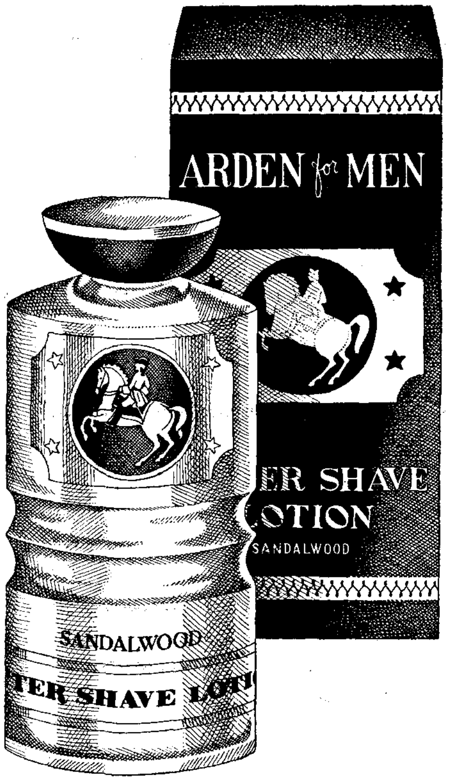

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Mobilization for Youth, with a presumably comprehensive plan for attacking juvenile delinquency and a five-million-dollar-a-year budget, supported by federal, city, and private grants, began to work on the lower East Side that the Grand Street people could afford to do more for the Continentals than keep an eye on them. Part of Mobilization's method of operation is to award contracts for specific projects to the neighborhood's established agencies, and Grand Street applied for such a contract to pay the salary of a worker who would devote his full attention to the Continentals. The application was granted, whereupon Crawford, who had been working with adolescents at St. Augustine's, a chapel of Trinity Parish on Henry Street, was hired for the job. He had had no experience in working with heroin addicts and came with no precise notion of what to do about them, but the Grand Street people, the Mobilization people, and, for that matter, the people associated with every other agency in town, for all their experience with heroin addicts, also had no precise notion of what to do about them. Addicts, encased in their privacy, are as refractory as any objects of benevolence on earth. A few gifted social workers, of the many who have tried to help them, have succeeded, but only by dint of spending so much time and emotion that they could neither repeat their work nor expect anyone to imitate it. And so Crawford's lack of experience did not especially handicap him or the boys; when it comes to working with junkies, scratch is the only starting point there is. One notion was shared by all the people involved: since the Continentals' use of heroin was evidently a group activity, it might be possible to induce them to undertake a program for giving up heroin as a group activity. In pursuance of this admittedly vague theory, Crawford's general orders were to keep the group together, and even to strengthen it, with the object of stimulating a collective decision to sober up. A valuable asset that Crawford brought to this assignment was a personality that is so open and engaging, especially when he is with boys and girls, that an associate of his once described it to me as "seductive." When Crawford first appeared, the Continentals were certain that he was a clumsily disguised member of the Narcotics Squad. Being tall, broad, strong, and loose-jointed, he has the physique of a cop, but, what was more to the point, the boys could not imagine another kind of stranger who

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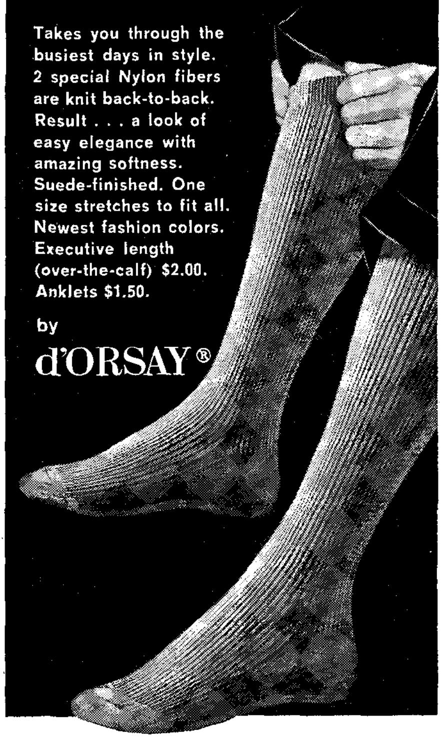

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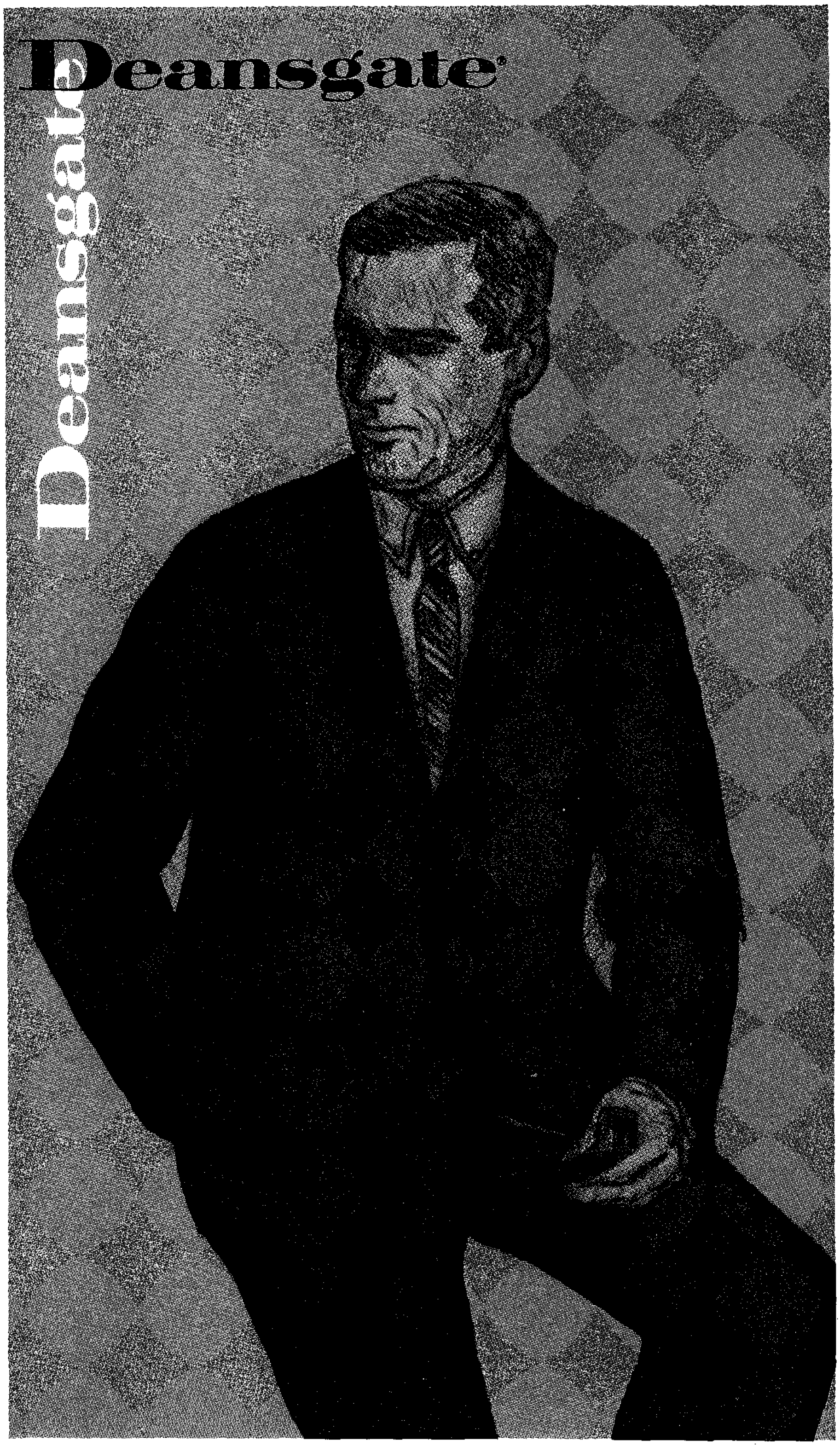
would want to know them. Unabashed by their suspicions, Crawford exercised his charm, and within two weeks he had the Continentals installed in a clubroom in the settlement house, preparing to elect officers and adopt bylaws. Having seduced them, he had to learn to live with them, which was harder. What he tried to do was make the Continentals as much like a conventional settlement-house club as he could. Of course, he never came very close. To name an obvious, if minor, difference, a club whose members spent much of their time scheming, hustling, and stealing couldn't have a treasury. To name another, a special clubroom had to be provided. At first, with what I can only describe as bravado, the Grand Street management assigned the Continentals a room on the floor where all the other clubs met. It soon became evident that the effect on the other clubs of being in daily proximity to the Continentals was not what could be called wholesome. Thereupon, an infrequently used waiting and conference room, ten feet from the front door, was turned over to Crawford and his charges, so that the boys could stagger in and out of the settlement house without contaminating the other children. This room was not only more convenient but more comfortable than the rooms upstairs, which provoked a certain amount of not altogether humorous humor in the settlement, along the lines of "Hey, Roger, turn us on, man. We want a nice room, too." Crawford was able to shrug off such gibes, because, as far as the Continentals were concerned, the room was a success. They put a lot of their experience in scheming and hustling into furnishing it comfortably, even obtaining, through a friend who worked as a shipping clerk in a bathing-suit factory, suitable pictures for the walls. (I gather that Grand Street frowned on center spreads from *Playboy*, a species of art much in evidence in the boys' sleeping quarters at camp.) Tommy, after he shot up and before he nodded off, often went into a paroxysm of sweeping, dusting, and straightening, so the room was generally clean and tidy. The boys soon began spending most of their evenings there, talking, listening to loud music, playing cards or checkers or Monopoly, and, of course, nodding. This, in general, was what Crawford had hoped they would do. Part of his plan was to reduce their chances of getting into trouble by keeping them off the streets as much as possible during the time it would take for them to decide to stay



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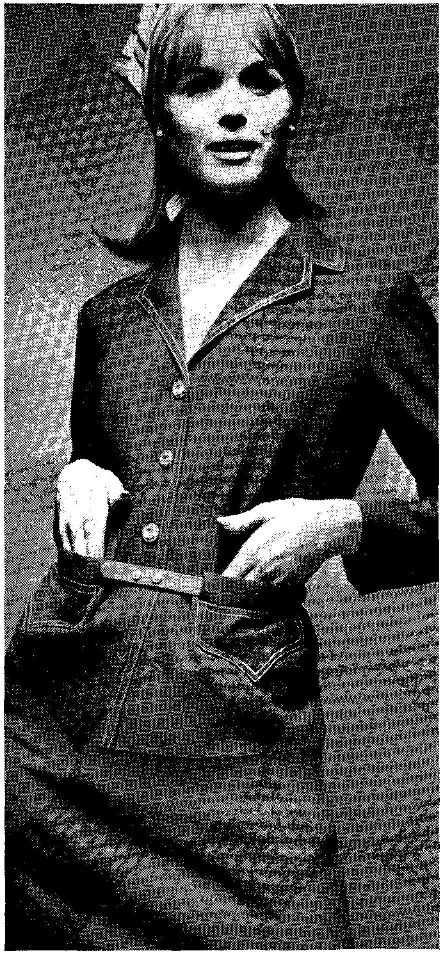

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out of trouble for good. The boys never shot up in the room, and after Crawford caught César there trying to hide a radio he had just stolen from his sister, and made him return it, they never tried to use the room for storing stolen goods, either. However, during the year and more they used the room they did steal three typewriters and a quantity of lesser office supplies from an office across the hall. The Grand Street people had anticipated that playing host to junkies would not be an unalloyed pleasure, so they accepted their losses philosophically and looked to their locks.

Another idea of Crawford's was to reactivate the basketball team, and that one, too, worked out quite well. Remembering their triumphs of a couple of years back, the boys fell in with the plan willingly. In fact, they were so overweeningly sure of themselves that they were all high when they reported for their first game. Crawford remembers that game as the most ludicrous exhibition of basketball he has ever seen. The Continentals stumbled around the court, gasping and sweating, tripping over each other and themselves, passing the ball to their opponents whenever they didn't fumble it, and, at the same time, giving every evidence that they believed they were playing with the skill and dash of five Oscar Robertsons. The score, as Crawford recalls it, was 28–2. After the game, it dawned on the boys that they had been not only walloped but humiliated, and they sternly resolved to be clearheaded whenever they played again. Not every Continental was able to perform this feat for every game, but when a boy did show up high, his teammates hunted up a substitute and barred the offender from the court, and the team finished the season in second place in its league.

Crawford also ran through a club leader's conventional repertory of trips and treats to demonstrate that the world outside the settlement house had something besides trouble to offer. He took the Continentals to movies and to other sorts of shows, where he had much the same experience with them that the girls had had. Summer beach parties at Far Rockaway or Jones Beach were more successful. A weekend camping trip was not successful at all; the boys got through Saturday and Saturday night, but on Sunday morning they all woke up sick, or said they did, and insisted on returning immediately to the city, so they could dose themselves. By the beginning of the summer, the Continentals admired

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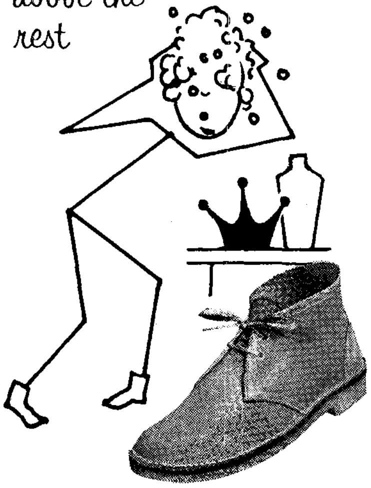

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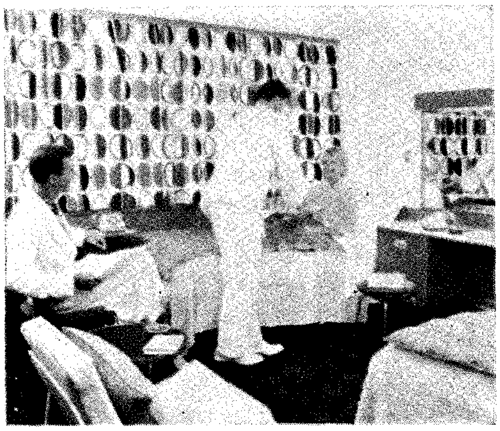

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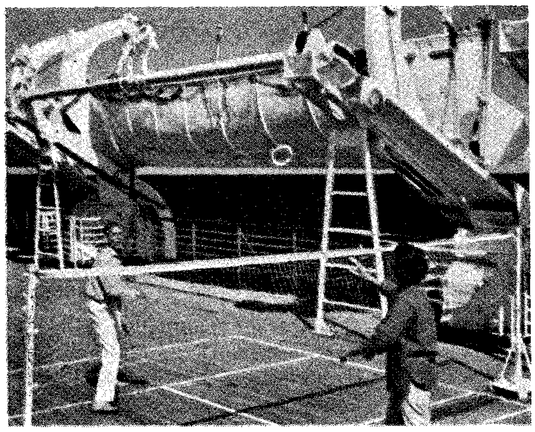

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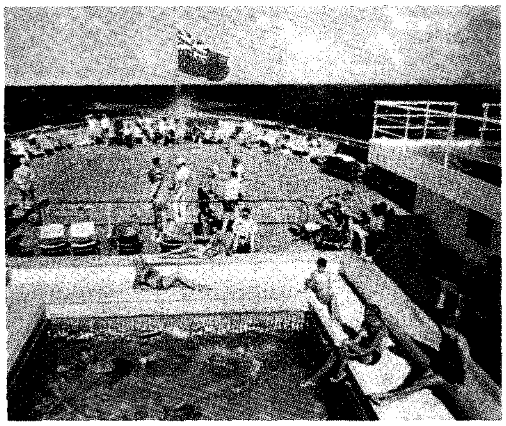

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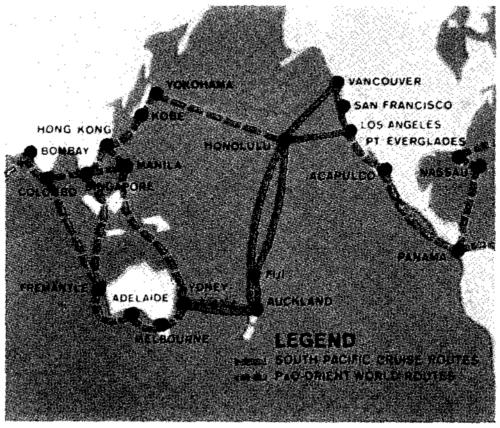
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Crawford so warmly that they gave him a Father's Day present, and by fall he was an established part of their lives. He had visited their homes, met their families, and discussed their family troubles with them. He had talked with their girls about them. He had coached them, advised them, and occasionally chastised them. He had been with them when they were high and when they were sick. By giving them a kind of attention and understanding that none of them had ever before received from an adult, he had restored to them a small measure of self-respect. As far as curing them of the heroin habit went, he had accomplished no more than inducing them to stay sober long enough to play a basketball game or spend a day at the beach. During the summer, he referred Chino, at Chino's request, to a clinic that provided heroin addicts with methadone, a drug that is often used to help them break their habit, because it relieves their withdrawal symptoms without making them high. Chino stuck with methadone for three weeks, but when he got his fourth week's supply, he sold it and used the money to buy heroin. Around the same time, Crawford encouraged Ismael and Pedro to go to a camp associated with their mother's church. The pentecostal people have had some success with offering heroin addicts religion as a substitute for dope (which wasn't what Karl Marx was angry about when he said, "Religion is the opiate of the people"), but despite, or maybe because of, their maternal heritage, the Flores brothers were not susceptible to religion. After ten days at the camp, they telephoned Crawford—collect, naturally—and begged piteously to be rescued from God. Crawford was certain that if he didn't respond to their plea they would try to beat their way back to New York on their own, possibly ending up in a Sullivan County lockup, so he drove out to the camp and got them.

Ismael's and Pedro's trip to the country did have one important result: it stimulated the Continentals to change their leadership. When Crawford first met them, Pedro was in command. In fact, he behaved as if the club were his personal property, to handle as he saw fit; he rarely let anyone make a proposal, or even offer an opinion, at a meeting. Apparently, the other members had only been waiting for a chance to overthrow this tyranny, for as soon as Pedro left for camp, they held an election and voted Chino, who wouldn't know how to be a tyrant even

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if he wanted to be one, into the presidency. And Tony had prepared an even nastier surprise for Pedro. Perhaps because he was tired of being addressed as Watermelon Head, he decided that from then on he was to be known as Frenchy, which was Pedro's nickname, and the other boys maliciously fell in with this whim. Pedro was outraged. He told me so himself a year later, in a tone that conveyed that he was still outraged. "Tony stole *my name, man! He stole my name!*" he said to me. There was quite a row, which was finally settled by an agreement that Tony was to be merely Frenchy, Jr., while Pedro was to be Frenchy, Sr. This looked to everyone very much like a victory for Tony. Six or seven months later, Pedro kicked his habit. He would say I am wrong about this, and Crawford might say so, too, but I think that the resolution to kick it began to form in Pedro's mind, whether he knew it or not, when he lost control of the Continentals. Sometimes being "BORN TO LOSE" pays.

As for Tony, he is certainly one of the most complicated characters I have ever met. One afternoon at camp, I heard him burst, quite without provocation, into the following old fable: "Here's a great story about mother love. This boy is walking in the forest and he meets a monster, you know. The monster says, 'If you will bring me your mother's heart tomorrow morning, I will give you a million dollars.' The boy goes home and all night long he's tossing and turning, tossing and turning. In the morning he comes downstairs. His mother is making him breakfast. He grabs a knife and jumps on her, you know, and cuts her heart out, and he grabs the heart and runs out into the forest, and he's running and running, and he stumbles and falls down, and he drops the heart, you know, and the heart calls out, 'Are you hurt, my son?' " I gather from Crawford that Tony often went on in some such way in the clubroom at the settlement. Moreover, unlike the other boys, he talked endlessly and remorsefully about his addiction, though he could not be induced to try methadone or religion or any other remedy for it. Apparently, he thinks of himself as a plaything of fate, with no power at all to manage his life.

In any event, by the fall of 1963 it had become evident that unless Crawford did more for the Continentals than he had so far done, not only would they continue with heroin but, to the extent that he was making their addiction easier to bear, he would become

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their accomplice. The problem was, of course, whether Crawford, or anyone, could do more.

CRAWFORD'S quandary was only a part of the trouble that drug addiction was giving Mobilization for Youth. Mobilization had initiated programs of its own aimed at alleviating just about every one of the lower East Side's ailments except narcotics addiction; all it had so far done about addiction was to contribute funds and make referrals to existing neighborhood agencies that were trying to deal with addicts. As I understand it, there were two reasons for this. One was that Mobilization took—and takes—a rigorously "sociological" view of juvenile delinquency, basing its activities on the view that the roots of delinquency are bad housing, bad education, racial discrimination, unemployment, community apathy, and the like; addiction is essentially an intensely personal problem that is not readily attacked or necessarily solved by campaigning against slum landlords or helping kids do their homework or opening jobs for Negroes and Puerto Ricans or even stimulating a new spirit of hope and pride in a neighborhood. The other reason was that Mobilization simply did not realize at first how widespread addiction on the lower East Side was, or how desperately the thousands of addicts needed immediate help. It soon learned that many of its programs in other fields were being seriously damaged by addiction. Perhaps the most important single one of Mobilization's programs is its job-training, job-finding service, called the World of Work. During its first year, 1963, some forty-five young addicts—including Ismael and Alfonso—had been enrolled in the World of Work, and not one had been able to complete the program that was laid out for him, which was bad both for the World of Work and for the forty-five young addicts. Another part of its activities Mobilization counted on to keep boys and girls out of trouble was a pair of so-called Coffee Shops, where young people could get sandwiches and hamburgers and soft drinks, could listen to a jukebox and dance, could work at arts and crafts, could play cards or checkers or ping-pong or pool. However, as soon as the Coffee Shops opened, the addicts in the neighborhood found they were cozy places to nod in. One of the two, whose presiding social worker had little experience with narcotics, was actually used for a while as a place of business by the local pushers. Not only was it

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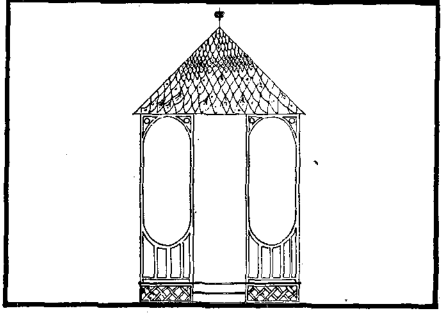

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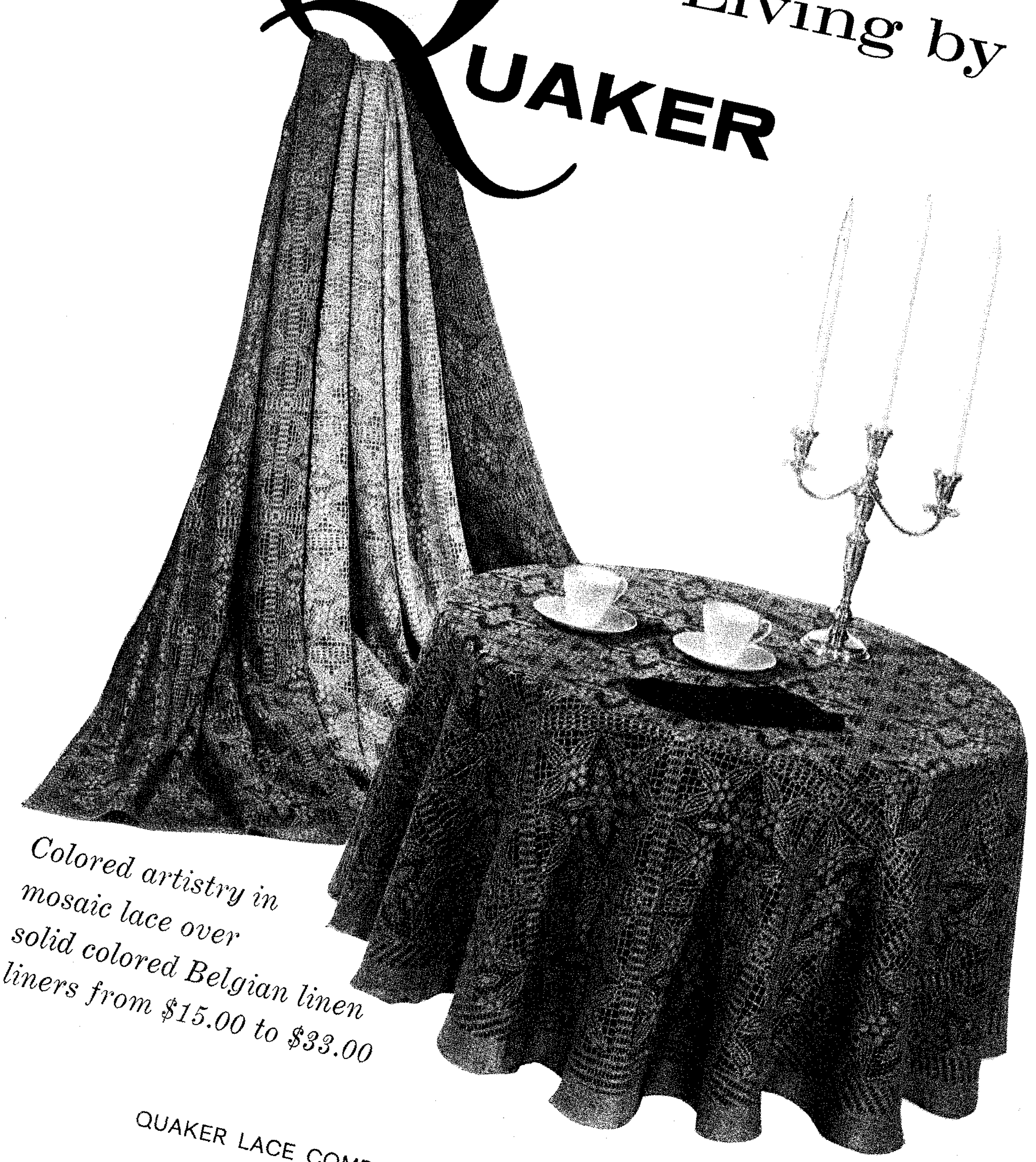

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Eaton Paper Corporation, Pittsfield, Massachusetts impossible to carry out the Coffee Shop program under such circumstances, but the Coffee Shops and, by extension, Mobilization were in danger of becoming a neighborhood joke. Still another part of the Mobilization setup was a conventional social-work counselling service for individuals and families. From the beginning, many of the requests for help that this service received were from addicts or relatives of addicts—in short, from people Mobilization had no means of its own to help. It became increasingly clear to the people in Mobilization's front office that the situation called for the agency to launch its own narcotics program with addicts it knew.

Meanwhile, Crawford was getting an inkling of what might be done for the Continentals. A few days after the boys came back from their abortive camping trip, their girls, who had established a club of their own in the settlement house, were asked by their club leader what they thought the boys should or could do. One girl advanced the idea that the boys should all leave town together and stay away long enough to sober up. Her words, as the club leader reported them to Crawford, were "*Maybe* when they come back they won't be high for three days, anyway." (Hope may spring eternal in the breast of an addict's girl, but it doesn't spring far.) The idea stayed in Crawford's mind. A few weeks later, Tony, in the midst of one of his penitent soliloquies, suggested that they all go on a camping trip not for a weekend but for two or three months. Having been given this thought twice, Crawford passed it along to his supervisor, who passed it along to Mobilization. It was well received, because it was the same kind of thought that the Mobilization people had been having. They had been looking into the work of a California-based organization named Synanon, which, using in part a principle discovered by Alcoholics Anonymous, had established the fact that with drugs, as with alcohol, a group could often abstain collectively even though no member of it could abstain on his own. I shall not go into the planning discussions, budget analyses, drafting sessions, board meetings, and other forms of inside work that are apparently needed to convert a suggestion into what is generally known as a "proposal;" I shall merely report that Mobilization, perhaps because there was an emergency, got through the process somewhat faster than is customary. Tony made his suggestion in November, and Mobilization issued its proposal in April. Entitled

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"Draft Proposal for an Experimental Group and Work Treatment Program for Drug Addicts," it occupied something over six double-spaced mimeographed pages, and bristled with references like "five social psychological principles for rehabilitation which were formulated by Donald R. Cressey in 1955" and with locutions like "oriented to the use of the group as a supportive structure," "work tasks which will call forth immediate gratification," and "assisted through the transition by decreasing the sheltered component." What the Proposal proposed, if I may presume to condense it, was that over a given period a group of young addicts, chaperoned by full-time social workers, should: first, make a common resolution to abstain completely from all drug use, with the understanding that any member who broke the resolution at any subsequent stage of the program would be summarily dropped from it; second, enter a hospital to be detoxified; third, leave town for several weeks to get used to being detoxified; fourth, return to New York, where the members would live together and receive job training together. What Mobilization intended, though the Proposal didn't say so, was that the nucleus of the group was to be the Continentals. Crawford had seduced the Continentals so thoroughly that when the substance of the Proposal was presented and explained to them—carefully, a little at a time, in a series of lectures, seminars, briefings, interviews, and interrogations that took place over a period of several weeks—they agreed to its terms with scarcely an objection. However, one detail disappointed them, and disappointed Crawford even more: he was not to be one of the workers involved. The stated, and plausible, reason for this was that Crawford is married, and living for a year with a dozen young drug addicts is no job for a married man. It is my impression that there was a stronger, unstated reason, which Crawford was aware of and didn't find at all plausible; namely, that Mobilization had decided that someone with more of the martinet in him was needed to do the strict enforcement work that was about to begin. For the job, Mobilization selected from its staff a warmhearted, hot-tempered, Puerto Rico-born, East Harlem-bred veteran of adolescent gang fighting and the United States Marine Corps and street work with the New York City Youth Board named Angel Camacho, who has plenty of the martinet in him. Camacho's life has been and is so extraordinary that it is not

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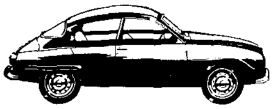

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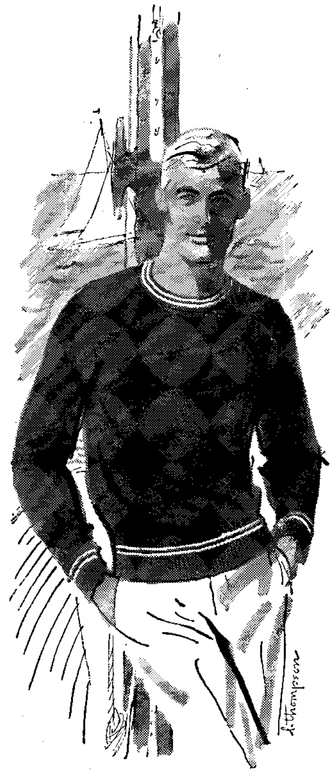

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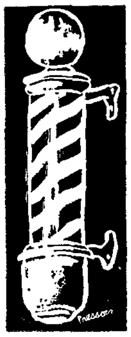
possible to do justice to it right now. I shall confine myself to mentioning something that happened to him when he was eighteen and that seems to me to epitomize his history and his character. He was stabbed in the back one evening and left for dead on the corner of Ninety-ninth Street and Second Avenue. He surprised the doctors at the hospital where he was taken by surviving. The knife had almost severed his spinal cord, and he was paralyzed from the waist down. The doctors were certain he would not walk again, and he surprised them a second time. After eighteen months, he walked out of the hospital. There were many ways in which Camacho was well qualified to deal with the Continentals. He was a Puerto Rican. He had grown up on the streets of New York. He had been around junkies all his life. He was against sin. However, I believe that the two main assets he brought to the work were that he knew a lot about courage and he knew a lot about pain.

The spring of 1964 was a long, tumultuous season for Crawford, Camacho, the Mobilization executives administering the project, and the Continentals. There were all those briefing sessions and interviews, and there were also various meetings designed to acquaint the boys' families with what was about to happen. There was a hurried search, conducted mostly by Camacho, for additional candidates for the project; Mobilization wanted from fifteen to twenty boys, and, at the moment, there were eight Continentals available: Ismael, Chino, César, Tommy, Tony, Harry, Alfonso, and Pedro's friend Ray Lorenzo. Camacho, who had originally been hired to work in one of the coffee shops, was acquainted with plenty of young addicts, but not all of them were willing to take part in such a project, and, of those who were, some were considered unsuitable by Mobilization and others were unacceptable to the Continentals, who, reasonably, were given some say about whom they thought they'd be able to spend a year with. Eight non-Continentals eventually passed all the tests. Meanwhile, Mobilization was looking for a hospital and a camp, and was not finding either. At first, it was hoped that the project could begin at the end of April. Then it was put off until the end of May. When June 1st arrived and there was still no hospital, Mobilization turned the entire project over to an energetic former camp director named Louis Levitt, who didn't know much about slum kids or heroin but who had the reputation of being an expert at unsnarling red tape. In less than two weeks, he justified his reputation by arranging for the boys to enter the narcotics ward of Manhattan General Hospital, a private institution on Second Avenue at Seventeenth Street. If Crawford and Camacho and Levitt were under a good deal of pressure that spring, the boys were evidently under more. Most of them showed it by conforming to what could be called the condemned-man-ate-a-hearty-meal principle; they both increased their intake of the drug and decreased their precautions against being discovered by the police. As a result, between the time the project was first broached to them and the time Levitt found a hospital several of the boys were taken out of circulation and several more had narrow escapes. César and Alfonso were arrested for stealing some clocks from a hardware store, but they had sold the evidence before the police found them, and the charge was dropped. Harry was arrested for having works in his possession, pleaded not guilty, went on trial, spent ten days in jail, and was put on probation. Tony, Ismael, and César were arrested with him and charged with the same offense, and finally squeaked to an acquittal on the technicality that four different people couldn't possess the same set of works at the same time. Three of the outside boys whom Camacho had recruited were in jail, one for possession of heroin, one for assault, and one for petty larceny. The last, whose name was Leroy Robinson, will probably always be regarded by the other boys as a square—and I rather think he is one, though he's quite well-spoken and well-educated—because, being too lazy to take the subway to make a connection one evening, he allowed himself to be arrested while he was driving a stolen car that had been carefully staked out by the police. The second Thursday before the Monday on which the thirteen remaining boys were to enter the hospital, Ray Lorenzo was lost to the project. His throat was cut on Pitt Street.



I never knew Ray, but I heard a lot about him from Crawford and from the boys, especially from his friend Pedro, and I listened to a long interview with him that was tape-recorded shortly before his death, so I think I know something about him. He came to New York from Puerto Rico with his parents and three younger sisters

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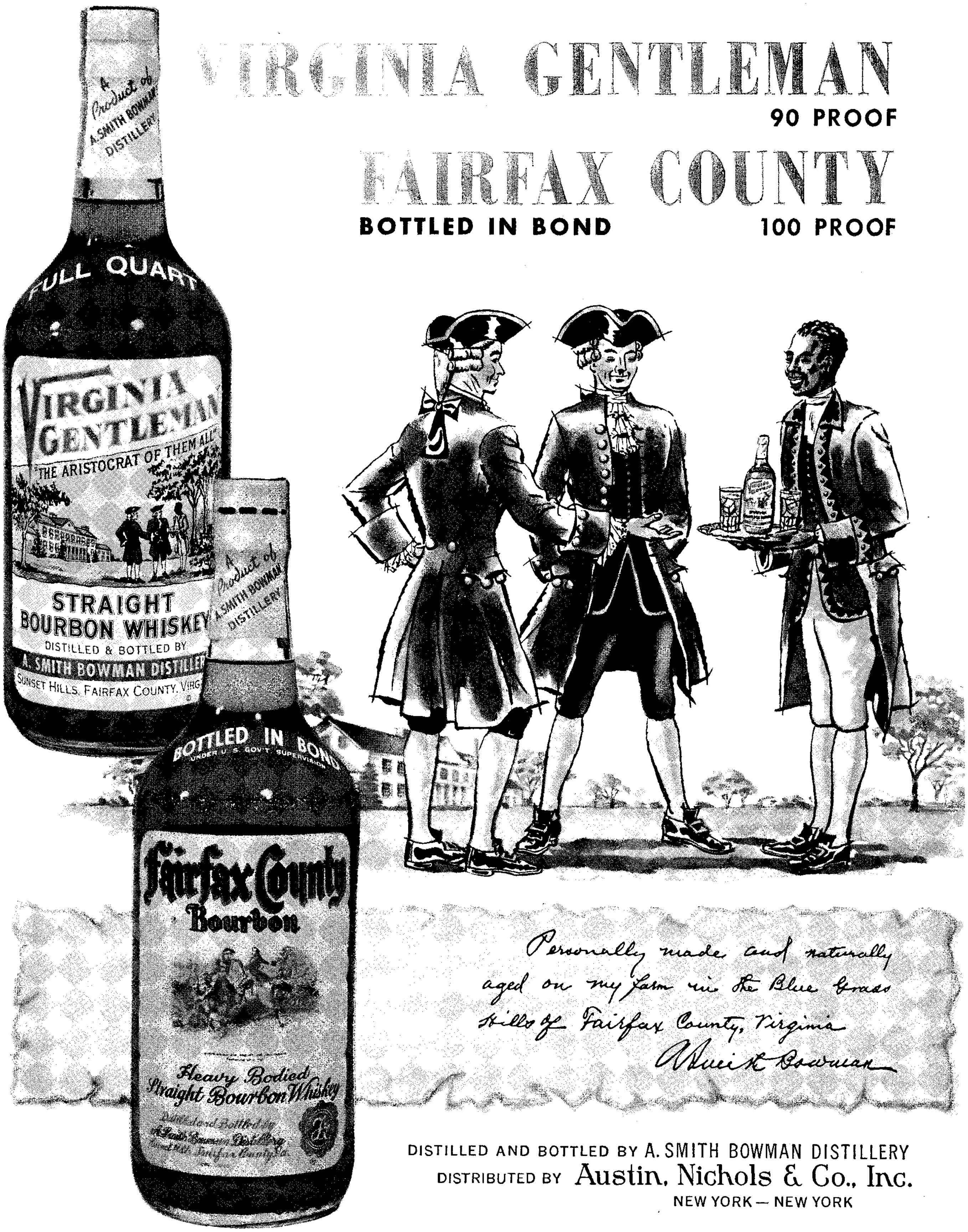
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when he was ten. When he was twelve, he was drinking wine and smoking pot, and had earned a delinquency card by breaking lights in a park. When he was thirteen, he spent three weeks in Youth House charged with truancy. ("I was bad in math, you know, and that subject was so much in my mind that I never went to school," he said during the interview.) When he was fourteen, he and a friend stole a car, took a joy ride down Avenue B in it, and were taken into custody; he spent several months in Lincoln Hall, a Catholic institution for delinquents, from which he emerged, in his words, "wilder than I was." When he was fifteen, he went on heroin. When he was sixteen, he ran away from home, and began spending his nights in hallways and supporting himself by burglarizing apartments; early one morning he tried to hold up a milkman, but the intended victim broke away, and Ray was caught and sent to Youth House, where he spent several months awaiting trial for attempted robbery, and was finally given a three-year suspended sentence. He was seventeen when he got out, and wilder than he was. When he was eighteen, just before Crawford began his work with the Continentals, he was picked up for violating parole and sent to the penitentiary on Riker's Island for a year. When he was nineteen, he was murdered. I doubt whether this is his complete dossier, but I am sure it is an adequate one. Ray was big and strong and good-looking and athletic. Sometimes he had visions of playing baseball in the major leagues. "Ray Lorenzo! What a great name for a famous ballplayer!" one of the girls remembers his saying to her. He was also exceptionally touchy and quick-tempered, and once almost throttled a girl who had made fun of him. The boys remember him as "the downest"—meaning that he was always more eager for a fight than anyone else. He always carried a knife, and he often used it, not only in fights with other boys but as an accessory in the mugging he often did to get money for dope. What he said about himself in the interview was, "I was wild. I was actually a jitterbug, you know. I was thinking about violence. I wanted to be a hero. I wanted to be the bully of the block, you know." Another form his desire to be a hero took was the raising of money for his habit by giving blood, an activity that I suppose could be classified as hustling. The last couple of years of Ray's life were further complicated by family catastrophes. One of his sisters got polio and was condemned to spend the rest of her life

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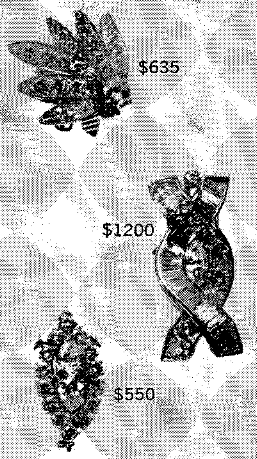
in a wheelchair. Shortly after that, his father, a factory worker who had been a reliable breadwinner, was in an accident on the job, and one of his legs had to be amputated, so he was sitting home, too, brooding, and tongue-lashing Ray whenever Ray put in an appearance. That wasn't often, because, as Ray said, "I have my mind on drugs so much I can't sit down and talk to somebody." Apparently, the situation at home finally persuaded Ray he should join the project, something he hadn't wanted to do at first. The way he ended the interview was "I'm the one who's supposed to be working and trying to help them. That's why I want to go away. I want to be a respectable man. I don't want to be a bum."

The circumstances surrounding Ray's death are murky, as such circumstances usually are, but, as nearly as I can tell, what happened was that two weeks before he was killed he came upon a sidewalk argument between a pusher and Tony, who was claiming that the pusher had given him short weight. Ray was never one to walk away from trouble, and he took up Tony's case. As the dispute got hotter, the pusher put a hand in his pocket. It may be that he was going to produce the extra heroin that Tony said he was entitled to, but Ray thought he was reaching for a weapon. Ray whipped out his knife and stabbed the pusher in the belly, and he and Tony left him to bleed to death on the sidewalk. When Ray's friends heard about what had happened, they implored him to get rid of his knife, and he did, reluctantly. This may have given him some protection from the law, but, law or no law, pushers are not stabbed in the belly with impunity on the lower East Side or anywhere else. On the night of his death, Ray was walking up Pitt Street with some friends. As they passed Hamilton Fish Park, between Stanton and East Houston Streets, several hard-looking characters sitting on a bench there began taunting them with accusations of homosexuality, a common variety of local abuse. Ray's party retorted in kind, whereupon the hard-looking characters jumped up and, ignoring everyone else, made for Ray. One of them held his arms from behind, while another cut his throat. If Ray had had his knife, it wouldn't have helped. Ray's friends all ran away, which, if it wasn't friendly, was probably wise. Ray crawled three-quarters of a block, to the corner of East Houston Street, where a policeman found him, sent for an ambulance, and began to question him. The Continentals claim



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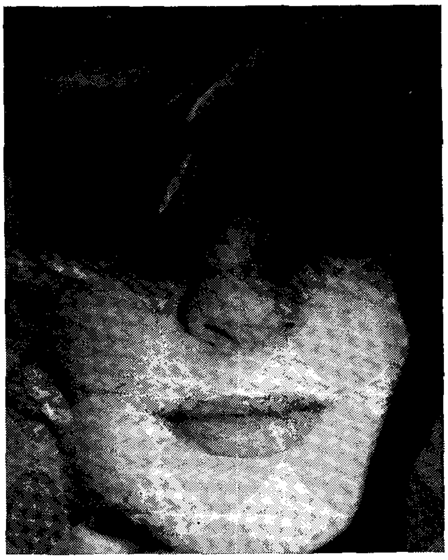

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that the policeman questioned him first and sent for an ambulance second, but I don't suppose that what the Continentals say about cops is necessarily true. Anyway, it took the ambulance half an hour to arrive, which is something that can happen in New York, and by that time any chance of saving Ray's life, if there had ever been one, had gone. He died a few hours later, in the hospital. The two hard-looking characters who did the deed are in jail now. If Ray needs an epitaph, something that Pedro said to me will serve: "Ray was happy about camp. It was going to be the first summer he wasn't locked up."

The Continentals collected forty dollars for Ray's mother, which is a lot of money for junkies to spend on anything but junk. A week to the day before they went into the hospital, they went to Ray's wake. But if their last week on the town was saddened by Ray's death, it also had a zany side. To no one's surprise, all the boys were high practically all the time, and had to be watched carefully, especially at night. Every evening, as darkness fell, Crawford, Camacho, and Patrick Kelley, a second social worker assigned to the hospital and camp stages of the project, rounded up the group and stayed with them until bedtime. For five of the last six nights, they all went to the movies, though I doubt whether any of them could tell you much about what he saw. The boys nodded, and the men were exhausted, for they had to start working early every morning on countless last-minute arrangements: deciding what to take to the hospital and packing it, discussing the purchase of camp clothes with parents, planning the kinds of athletic and recreational equipment that should be sent to the camp, visiting the hospital to study the scene of future operations, and obtaining parents' signatures on hospital releases—which in Mrs. Flores' case, as I have noted, took a lot of everybody's time.

At six-thirty on the morning of Monday, June 29th, Crawford, Camacho, and Kelley assembled the seven Continentals and five other boys at the Grand Street Settlement House. There had been no trouble about getting them out of bed that morning. All twelve had already made a farewell connection, had got themselves a farewell fix, and were enjoying a farewell kick by the time the social workers showed up. Two station wagons were on hand to take the party to the hospital. A scattering of friends and relatives, all of them female, were there to wish the boys Godspeed, but the farewells were not tearful. Hos-

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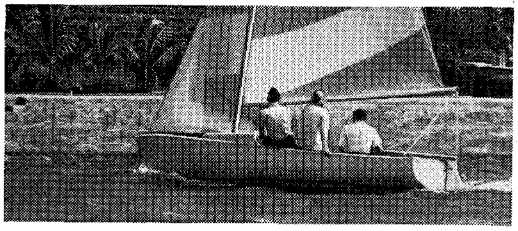

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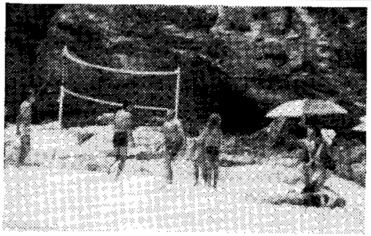

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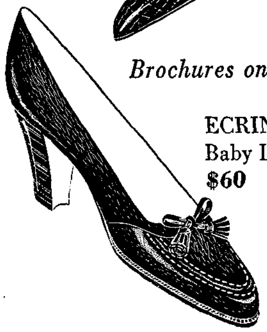

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pital-admissions procedures being what they are, it was a couple of hours before all the boys were upstairs and in pajamas. I don't suppose they were especially relieved to be there, but Camacho and Kelley were. Manhattan General Hospital's narcotics ward, which the city helps to support, occupies two floors. New arrivals generally go to the third floor, where much medication (methadone, as a rule, for withdrawal from heroin) is given and security is tight. Because the boys were admitted as a group, and brought their own attendants, they went directly to the sixth floor, which is usually reserved for patients in later stages of treatment. A corner dormitory, next to the hospital's gymnasium, had been reserved for them. Camacho and Kelley, who had been put on the hospital's rolls as temporary employees, were to sleep on cots in the gym. What had made Mobilization's search for a hospital so difficult had been the need both to find suitably secluded quarters for the boys and to secure official status for Camacho and Kelley. Mobilization felt strongly that the boys had to be kept sheltered as much as possible in the hospital, because voluntary narcotics wards like Manhattan General's have what social workers call a subculture all their own, and it isn't an edifying one. Most of the people who sign themselves into such wards are veteran addicts who are not trying to kick habits but merely trying to reduce them, so that when they get out they will be able to enjoy—and afford—drugs again. Consequently, a high proportion of their conversation consists of reminiscences of the Most Unforgettable High I Have Ever Known, plans for future binges, and the exchange of recipes for various esoteric kinds of kicks. Mobilization was sure that one of the few subjects the boys didn't need further schooling in was drugs. As things worked out, however, the other patients made few efforts to corrupt the boys; in fact, many of them were impressed by what the Continentals were trying to do, and encouraged them. During their first few days, the boys were inveigled into one minor bit of trouble—losing all their cigarettes playing cards in what they called a "Monte Carlo," an improvised casino in a dormitory down the hall. Camacho and Kelley could not have remedied this loss even if they had wanted to, since, as hospital employees, they were forbidden by the regulations to do special favors for patients. Besides, Camacho and Kelley didn't have any ciga-

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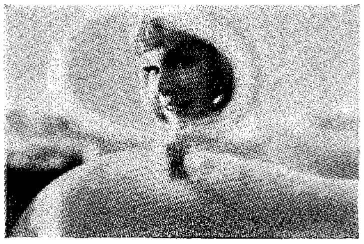

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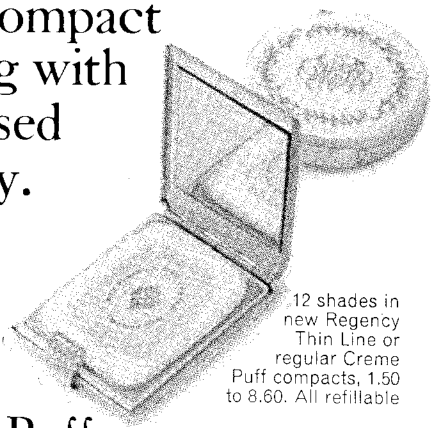

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rettes. Before entering the hospital, they had decided between them that since the boys were giving up so much, they should give up something, and had sworn off smoking. I pried this information out of Kelley, an old acquaintance of mine who used to smoke heavily, when I noticed at camp one day that he wasn't using cigarettes; he was embarrassed to admit what he had done. The Monte Carlo experience induced the boys to resolve, by majority vote, that from then on they would abstain from gambling, and they did. One subcultural trick that their new acquaintances taught them, just to be helpful, I gather, was that if you take the sleeping pill that is offered you every night, wash it down with a couple of steaming cups of coffee or tea, and walk around fast for half an hour or so, you won't go to sleep but will tie on a pretty good one. That solved the boys' problem of what to do nights—and mornings, too, since their jags kept them up so long that they slept late. (Conventional hospital hours are not easy to enforce in a narcotics ward.) On the second day in the hospital, three of the non-Continentals signed themselves out. A few days later, a fourth left. A week and a half after that, the fifth left. All seven Continentals stuck it out for the full three weeks. Levitt was disappointed by the defections but not discouraged. The hospital had predicted, on the basis of its experience and records, that, of the twelve boys who started, one quarter would finish, so at the end of its first stage the project was well ahead of the game. Besides, if the behavior of the non-Continentals hammered home the point that you couldn't have group abstention if you didn't have a group, the behavior of the Continentals at least suggested that you could have group abstention if you did have a group, and, after all, the purpose of the exercise was to try to establish that. I think it is relevant to repeat here something that Levitt said to me about the project: "Every decision we made was a new decision." Even Synanon's experience with group abstention was not as much of a guide as one might suppose, because Synanon's work had been largely with middle-class adults—in other words, with addicts who were a lot more verbal, a lot more self-analytical, and a lot more deeply conditioned by conventional morality than the Continentals and their like.

THE camp that Levitt found, and Camacho, Kelley, and the seven Continentals repaired to on July 16th,

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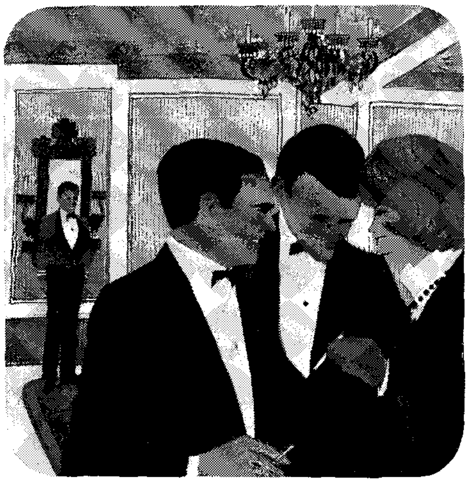

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is in the Monticello-Liberty area of the Catskills, a hundred miles or so from New York. It is a conventional summer camp, which its owner, who was in poor health, had decided not to open last summer. Perched on the top of a hill, it affords a splendid view in all directions of the surrounding mountains. At the bottom of the hill is a lake, where the camp maintains a dock and several rowboats and canoes. There are tennis courts, basketball courts, handball courts, a baseball diamond, a swimming pool, a gymnasium, an arts-and-crafts shop, a recreation hall, an infirmary, and a big kitchen and dining hall. The cabins, of white clapboard, can probably sleep a hundred and fifty young people and twenty counsellors. No matter how much running around and shouting Camacho, Kelley, and the boys did, and they sometimes did plenty, they never made the camp look or sound really inhabited. The boys did all the housework except the cooking. Victoria Stewart, a buxom no-nonsense Brooklyn matron who had spent years as a housekeeper in fashionable East Side households and had been a professional cook before that, and whom everybody at camp called Mama, had been hired to preside over the kitchen. I was lucky enough to eat several of her meals, which bore no relation to the gustatory indignities that had been served up to my contemporaries and me when we were campers in boyhood. "There's so much at stake, you know," she said to me the first time I praised her food. The boys ate enormously, and every one of them put on at least fifteen pounds while he was at camp. The culinary statistic that impressed me most (and gave me a vicarious toothache) was that in the first two weeks they went through fifty pounds of sugar.

During the second week, the group was augmented by the arrival of Francisco Llanos, the non-Continental whose admission to the hospital had been frustrated by his arrest early in June with heroin on him. He had been detoxified in jail, without methadone, and Mobilization had arranged for him to be paroled in its custody, so that he could rejoin the project. Frankie is short and wide, with a thick neck, enormous biceps, and pectoral muscles so highly developed that at camp they were a constant subject of indelicate joking, which he seemed to enjoy. He is two years older than most of the Continentals, and he is not from Cahan Houses; however, he is from that block on Fourth Street where Ismael first tried heroin, and where all the Conti-

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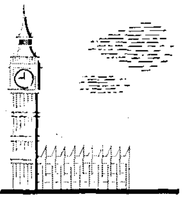

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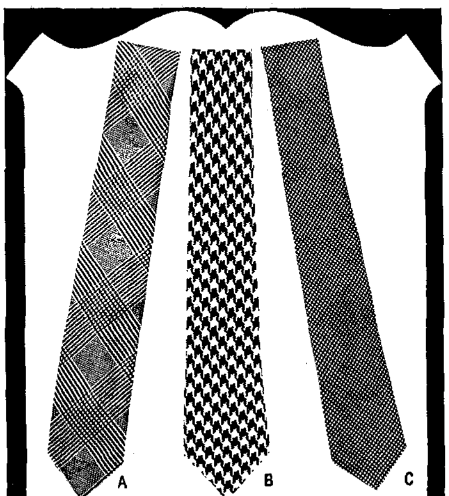

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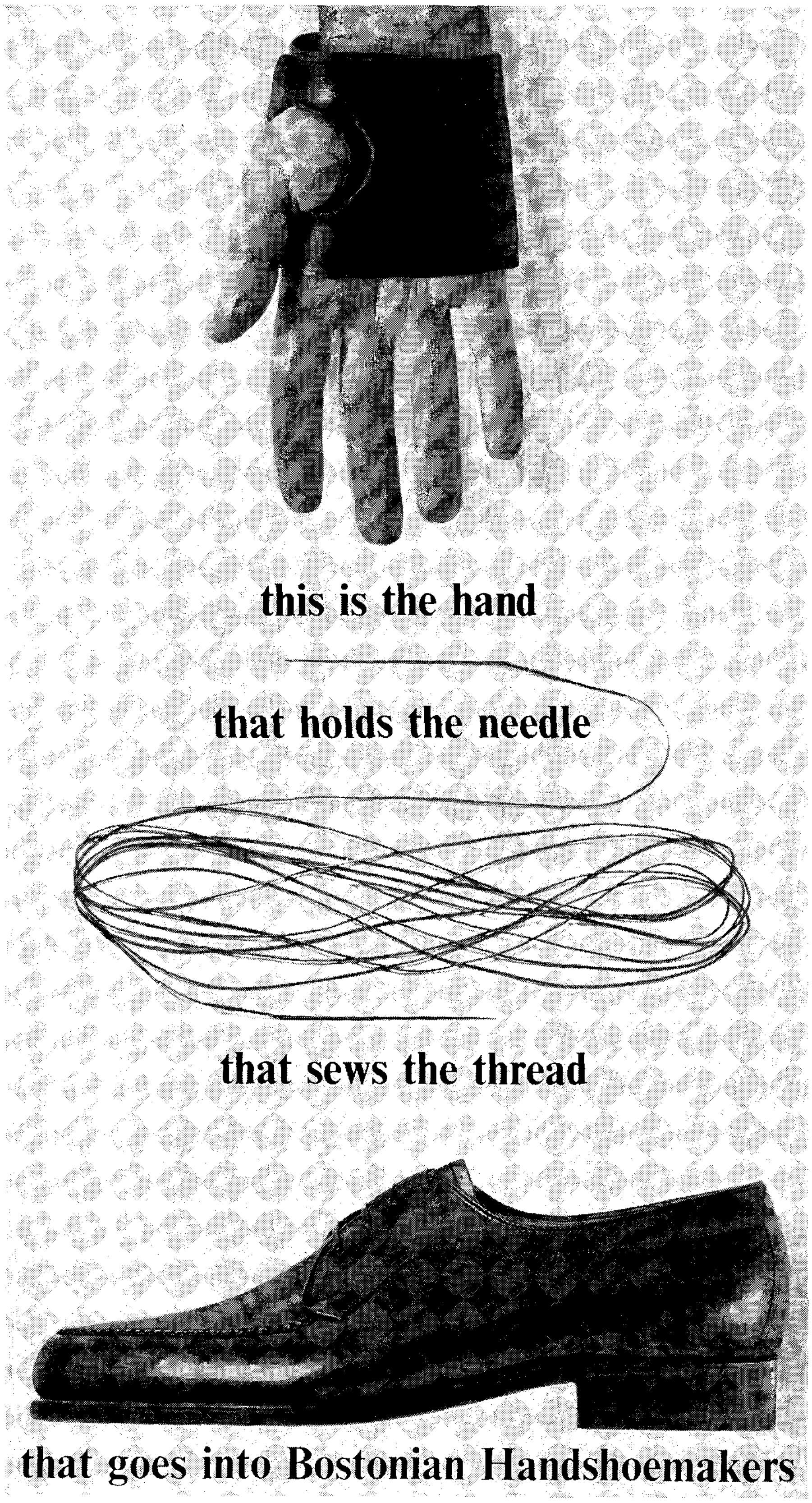
nentals subsequently did much of their buying, so he and they were not total strangers. To report his life in detail would be repetitious; it was much like the lives of the Continentals, only worse. He had done more gang fighting. He had had a bigger heroin habit. He had raised money by more violent methods. He had been arrested more often. He is an authentic creature of the jungle. The curious thing about him is that, savage as he can be, he also has spasms of being courteous and obliging and industrious and gentle to an extent that no Continental can match. I would have found him an agreeable companion if, when I was with him, I could have conquered my feeling that at any moment he might decide to eat me raw, and that if that was what he decided to do, he would have no trouble, physical or spiritual, doing it. The Saturday night after Frankie showed up, Camacho and Kelley, reasoning that city boys could get too much fresh air, took them to Monticello for a sandwich, a look at the stores and the girls, and perhaps a beer or two, since all the boys were of legal drinking age, and trying to persuade them that stimulants could be used in moderation seemed worthwhile. The evening went well until everyone was back in the cars, ready to start for camp. Then Frankie burst out of the car he was in, and raced away. He had had more than beer and more than one or two. Short of provoking a street scene that half of Monticello would witness—and that might sink the project—there was no way to recapture him, so he was abandoned. Next morning, he came back to camp. All that had happened was that he had been picked up as a routine Saturday-night drunk and had been routinely cooled off in the local lockup. According to the Proposal, that escapade was enough to banish Frankie from the project, but such an action would have meant returning him to jail, and no one wanted to do that.

A few days later, Leroy Robinson, the clumsy car thief, showed up in camp, having been paroled, like Frankie, to Mobilization. Leroy, who also is two years older than most of the Continentals, is a puzzling fellow. He was brought up in the Bronx and went all the way through school there, apparently in exemplary fashion. (Frankie also has a high-school diploma, but he doesn't stress the fact because, he once told me, he got it by cheating.) Upon graduating from high school, Leroy enrolled in night classes at the City College business school and got a job in the



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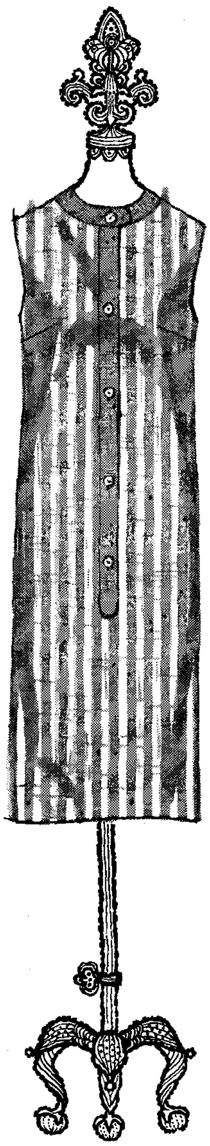

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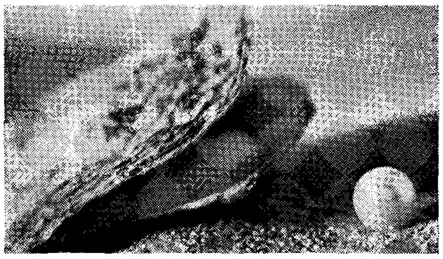
accounting department of a downtown insurance firm. Presently, plans were announced to demolish the apartment house where he, his mother (a garment worker), and his grandmother lived, and the family moved into Cahan Houses. At this point, Leroy was doing satisfactorily in business school, was earning seventy dollars a week, and appeared to have successfully broken into the middle class. Then he caught the heroin habit. At first, he supported his habit on his earnings, merely dropping out of school. Then he found himself unequal to working and quit, and spent on drugs several hundred dollars he had saved to buy a car. Then he pawned or sold practically all of an extensive wardrobe he had acquired. Then he started shoplifting, and, probably because he hadn't been initiated into this line of work in childhood, as the Continentals had, was caught three times in rapid succession. Then, in despair, he turned himself in to the United States Public Health Service and served a hitch at its rehabilitation hospital in Lexington, Kentucky. Then he came back to New York and took up heroin again. Finally, he heard about the Mobilization project and asked to join it. Leroy was never accepted by the other boys as a real member of the group, unlike Frankie, who was accepted immediately. Though the fact that he was a Negro certainly had something to do with his exclusion, I suspect that his essentially middle-class personality had more. It has always seemed to me that an addict's life was one for which Leroy had no aptitude.

I THINK it is accurate to summarize the six weeks that the boys spent at camp as a series of preliminary tests of whether there was any chance that a group that had come together for strictly anti-social purposes could reverse its character. The least demanding of the tests was remaining physically independent of heroin. Something that Chino said to me, with one of his pleasant grins, just before camp ended, could have been said just as truthfully by any one of the other boys: "I never felt so good." Another test that the boys did quite well at was work. César was the only persistent goof-off when it came to bedmaking, floor-sweeping, table-setting, dishwashing, lawn-mowing, and other routine duties, and for this his fellows persistently punished him by giving him extra details. For the first few weeks, punishment had no visible effect on him, but toward the end of camp he grew tired of scrubbing toilet bowls day after day and began to tend to his nor-



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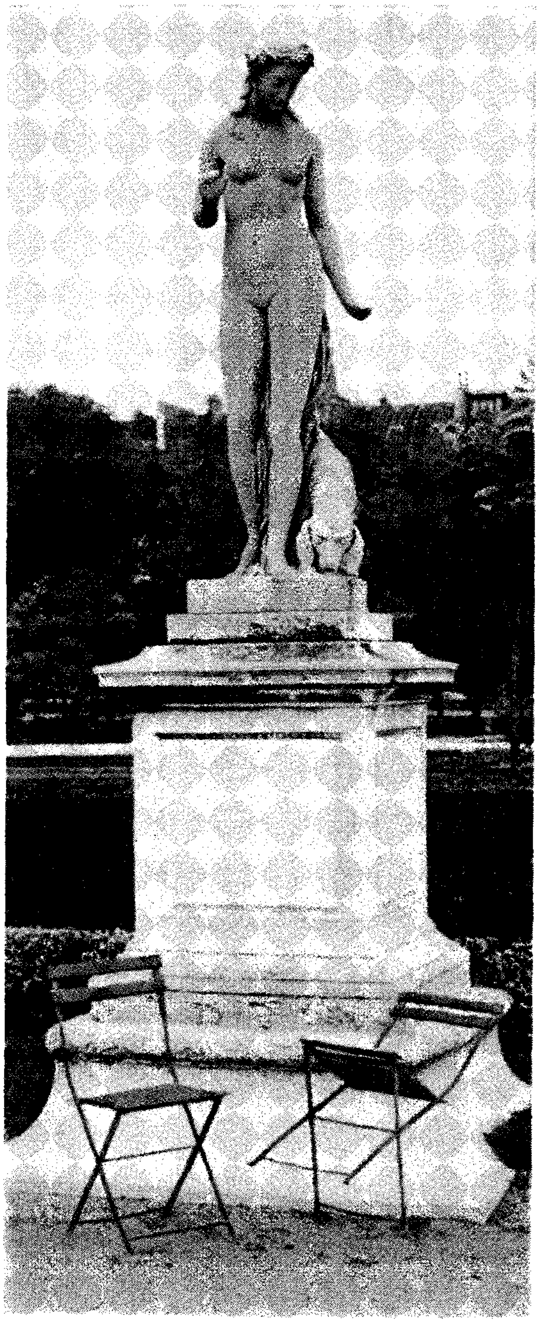

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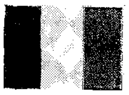

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mal business somewhat more diligently. About halfway through camp, Levitt arranged with the New York City Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity for the boys to work mornings, at a dollar twenty-five an hour, clearing brush around a city reservoir near the camp. It was an inspiration on Levitt's part, because, after a first flurry with the rowboats and canoes and the swimming pool and the gym, the boys had relapsed into spending their free time listening to the jukebox in the dining hall (they had put it in working order on their second day) or the hi-fi in the recreation hall (they had set this up on their third day) or the radios in their cabins (they had brought these along), and playing cards interminably. One reason for this was that Camacho and Kelley, however proficient they may have been in other skills, proved to have few gifts as recreation directors. Everyone except Harry, who has never liked to exert himself, turned to at the reservoir with such enthusiasm that the foreman, who had been doubtful at first about his new hands, had to beg them to take it easy, so they wouldn't make the regular crews look bad. A test that everyone except Harry failed miserably was managing money; Harry has a saving disposition. The boys didn't have much cash, it is true. Mobilization had put them on an allowance of six dollars a week each, about enough for cigarettes and ice cream; the reservoir money didn't get through channels until they were back in New York. The allowance was paid on Saturday, and all the boys were usually penniless by Tuesday, sharing cigarettes and pleading endlessly—and perhaps too often successfully—for advances against the next week's pay. I witnessed the process one night when we went to Liberty for a snack. Each of the boys was given a dollar, and each of the boys except Harry and Tony studied the menu until he had figured out what he could order that came to exactly a dollar. Tommy, for instance, had four toasted corn muffins and four cups of coffee. He attacked the third muffin and coffee without enthusiasm and the fourth with visible distaste, but he managed to down everything. Harry ordered what he wanted and ended up with fifty cents in his pocket. Tony ordered exactly eighty-five cents' worth, so he would have fifteen cents for a tip; he's a dasher.

A stern test was the one that Frankie flunked so egregiously the first chance he got: conforming to the standards of conduct that most of society regards as the minimum acceptable ones, or, to put

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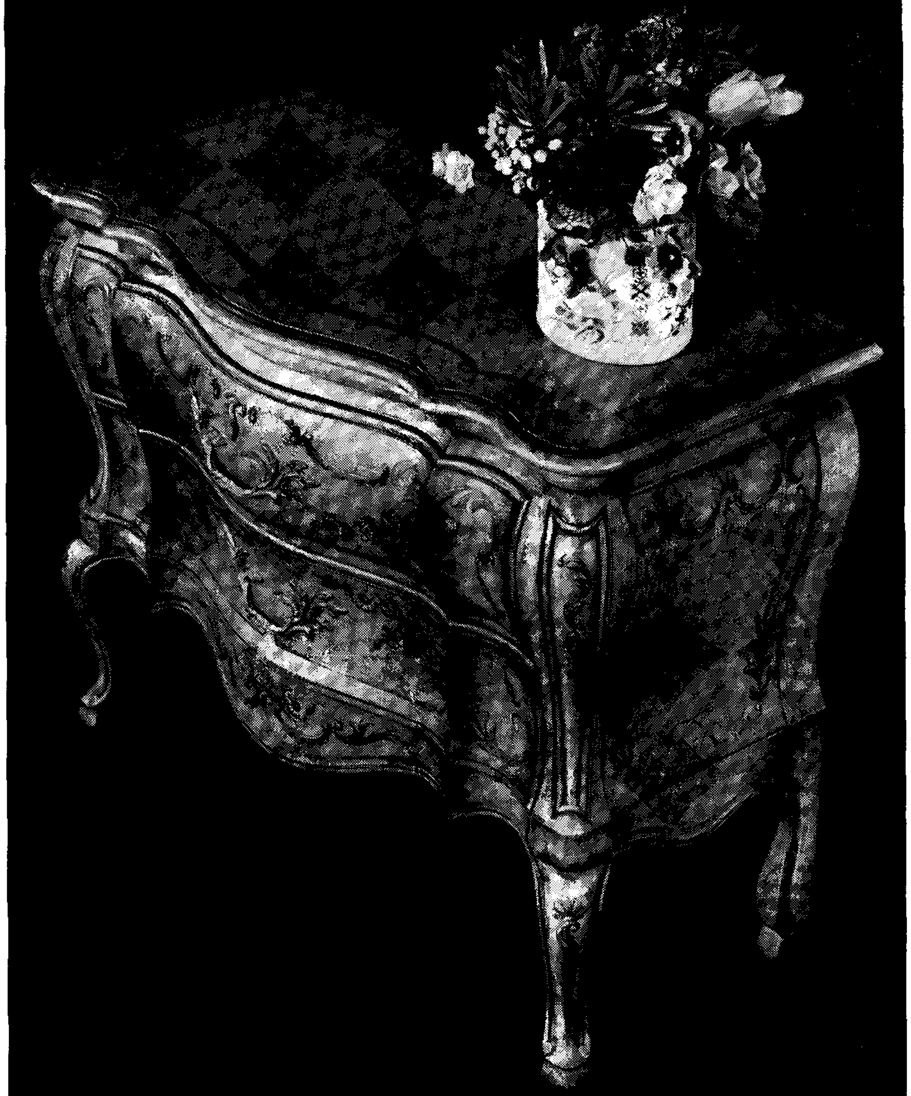

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it another way, getting rid of the idea that a man's only purpose in life is to flout authority every chance he gets. Toward each other the boys behaved, as they always had, quite honorably; even César confined himself to peccadilloes like sneaking three extra peaches into his lunchbox before leaving for the reservoir. (I know he did that because I saw him; furthermore, he knew I saw him, and he calculated that I wouldn't mention it. It has taken me a while, but I'm finally proving him wrong.) As a group, however, they relapsed quite often into scheming, hustling, and stealing. One day, they decided that their sleeping cabin was too austerely furnished, so they broke into some locked cabins and "found" various chests of drawers and carpets that they fancied. What's more, they did this, *with native cunning*, at a time of crisis, when contraband furniture was the least of Camacho's troubles, so it was several days before they were made to put the loot back. Drinking also continued to break out. The first time Crawford drove their girls up to spend an afternoon and evening—he did this twice, and also brought relatives up once—the boys smuggled at least two bottles of whiskey into camp, and kept their deed undetected until the end of the evening, when Tommy got conspicuously drunk. The next day, they met solemnly to consider the subject, and, after much talk, extracted a confession from César and sent him back to toilet scrubbing. All the boys had taken part in the conspiracy, of course, but, according to their code, punishing only César for what they had all done was not unjust. As I have said, it had been one of César's duties as a Continental, ever since there had been Continentals, to take the rap.

Camacho and Kelley were put to a stiff test themselves—working harmoniously together for nine weeks in the cramped environment of a hospital ward and a mountain camp with only ex-junkies and each other for company. They didn't pass it. Their backgrounds and their personalities and their interests and their ways of working are so ill-assorted that most of the time, instead of helping one another, they got in one another's way. They tried to keep their differences to themselves, but the boys, of course, sensed them at once and took advantage of them, constantly appealing to one social worker over the head of the other. The issue finally had to be resolved by returning Kelley to New York, where he busied himself with preparations for the boys' return; his job with the project was only a

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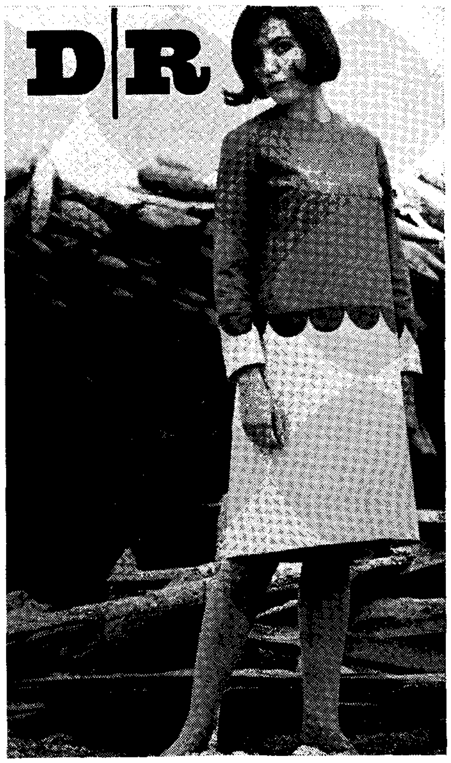

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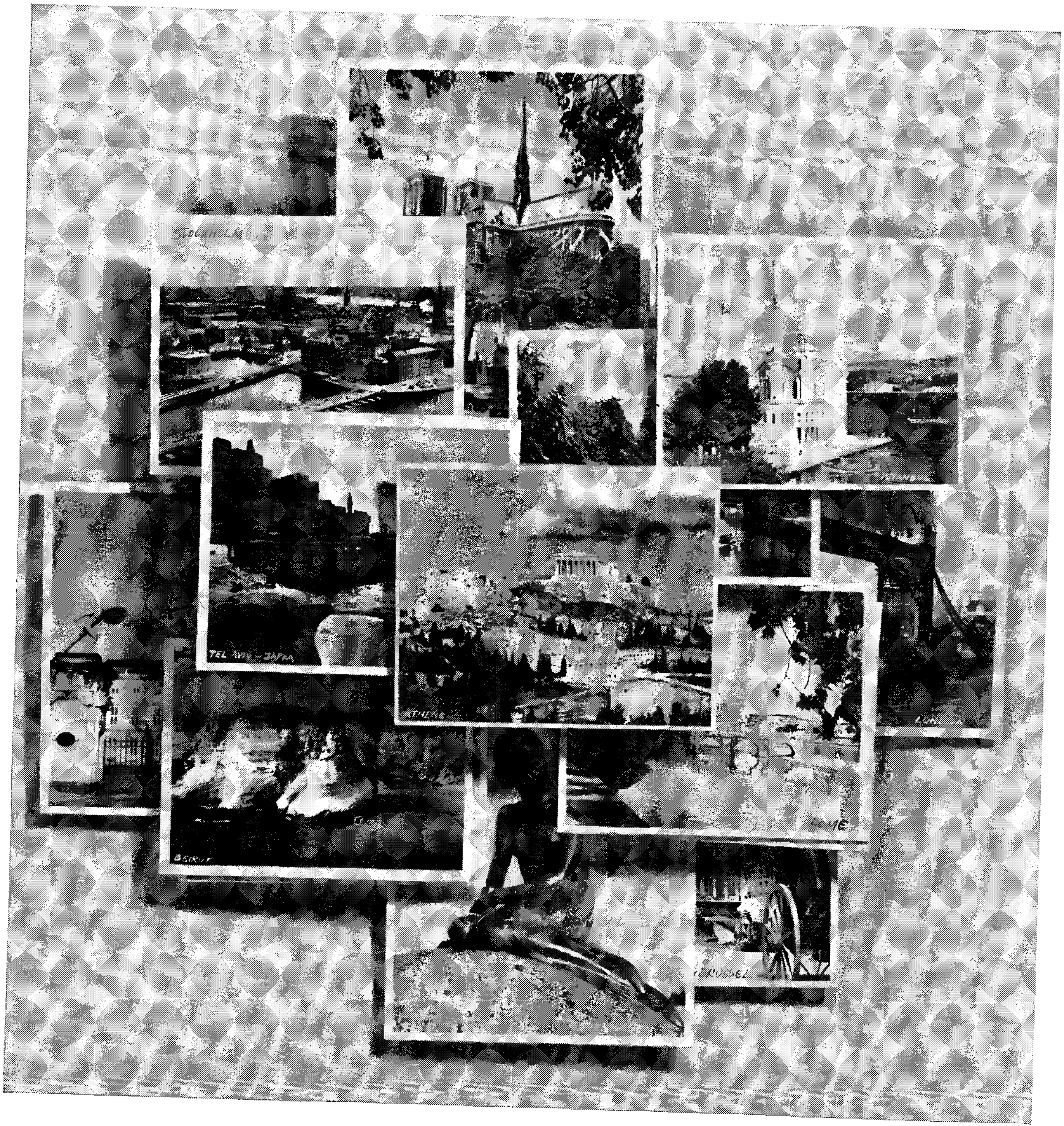

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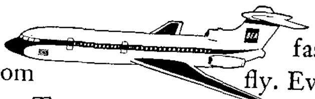

summer one anyway, to end when camp ended.

Kelley's departure occurred two weeks before the end of camp, when all the currents and crosscurrents I have mentioned, and probably a lot I didn't detect, combined to produce a major crisis. First, Alfonso insisted on accompanying Kelley back to New York. He claimed he was homesick, but his departure was probably precipitated, if not provoked, by everything else that was happening: the mounting boredom of camp life, the wrangles over money, the difficulties between Camacho and Kelley, the boys' increasing awareness that giving up heroin was going to involve not only "feeling good" but accepting discipline and facing everyday problems they had never dared face before, like work and education and family life, and even sex—for the sex life of a junkie is usually as dim as the rest of his life. It is my belief, moreover, that they had an even more unsettling problem than any of these to deal with. As a group of addicts, their personalities had been blurred and their many differences in intelligence and temperament had not been evident. But once they had been sober for a couple of months they scarcely knew each other anymore. In short, the group was breaking up.

Kelley and Alfonso left on a Friday morning, Kelley's regular day off. Kelley did not know at the time that he wouldn't be back himself, but, luckily, someone was available to help Camacho out—Peter Desmond, who is not a social worker but a crew chief from the World of Work. He had been putting in four days a week at the camp, his specific mission being to teach the boys the rudiments of furniture-making and his general orders being to be as helpful as possible in other ways. That Friday afternoon, the eight remaining boys were in a sullen mood, and they got more sullen as the weekend wore along. They muttered and cursed and argued, and did their housekeeping tasks savagely when they did them at all. On Sunday, first they appropriated the furniture, then they somehow got hold of more liquor—though not much—and stayed up half the night beating conga drums and keening, much like restless natives in a B movie. On Monday, they refused to get up. Camacho tried to rouse them several times, and finally he lost his temper, which must have been a pretty easy thing to do right then. He stomped over to their cabin—he still has a limp from having been knifed, and it grows more pronounced when he

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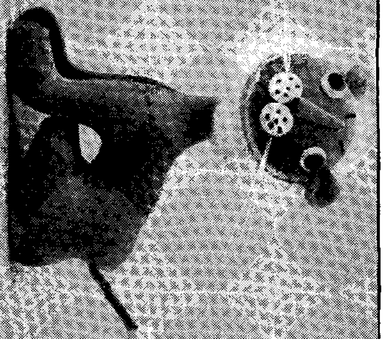

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is tired or excited—and said, as he remembers it, something like "All right, you son-of-a-bitches, pack your goddam bags and get the hell back to the gutter where you came from." Then he stomped back to his own cabin. He learned later what happened next. They all jumped out of bed in a fury and started packing. Then Ismael discovered that a catch on one of his bags was broken, and he studied it carefully for a long time. Then he went out to forage for something to fix it with, and he stayed out for a long time. Then he came back, and he sat on his bed and thought for a long time. Then he said, "You understand I don't mind, but Frankie's got to go back to jail." Then he unpacked his bag, and so did everybody else. It was the first time at the camp that Ismael had come to the surface as a leader. It was the first time that he had had to. After that, patching things up with Camacho, who was sitting in his cabin appalled by what he had done, was merely a matter of mumbling and stammering and looking sidewise.

A week before camp ended, Juan Cruz, the third non-Continental who had been arrested during the spring, showed up. He impressed me as a quiet and pleasant boy, but I met him only once and I can't say I know him. On the last night at camp, there was a celebration, which, in addition to an especially good meal of Mama's, consisted mostly of the boys' throwing buckets of water over everybody—each other, Camacho, Desmond, and Mama herself. Mama wears a wig, because her hair is gray. Her wig got drenched, and shrank so much in the course of drying that it no longer fitted her head, so at first she was tempted to deplore the water-throwing strongly. However, the boys promised to buy her a new wig when they got to the city, and that appeased her. On the morning of the last day of camp, I drove up there with Levitt and the camp's owner, who was anxious to make a final inspection of his property before everyone left. While the boys were clearly pleased to be leaving the sticks, they weren't nearly as exuberant as they had been on certain less noteworthy occasions when I had been with them. They seemed to have been sobered by their camp experience, which, of course, was precisely its object. They seemed uneasily aware, besides, that the purpose of the city experience they were embarking upon was to sober them more. The morning and the early afternoon were spent in tidying up and in stowing the equipment that belonged to Mobiliza-

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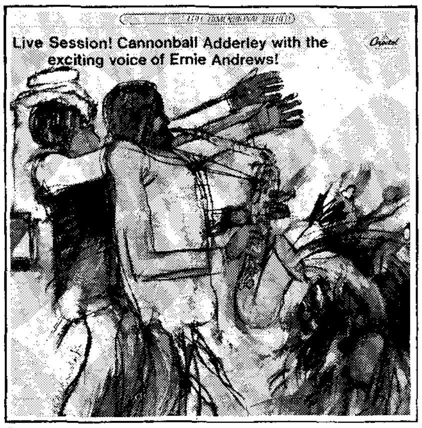
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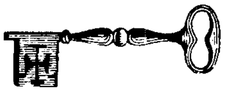

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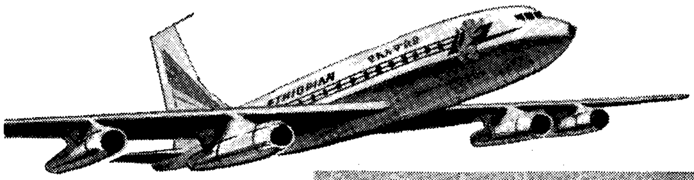
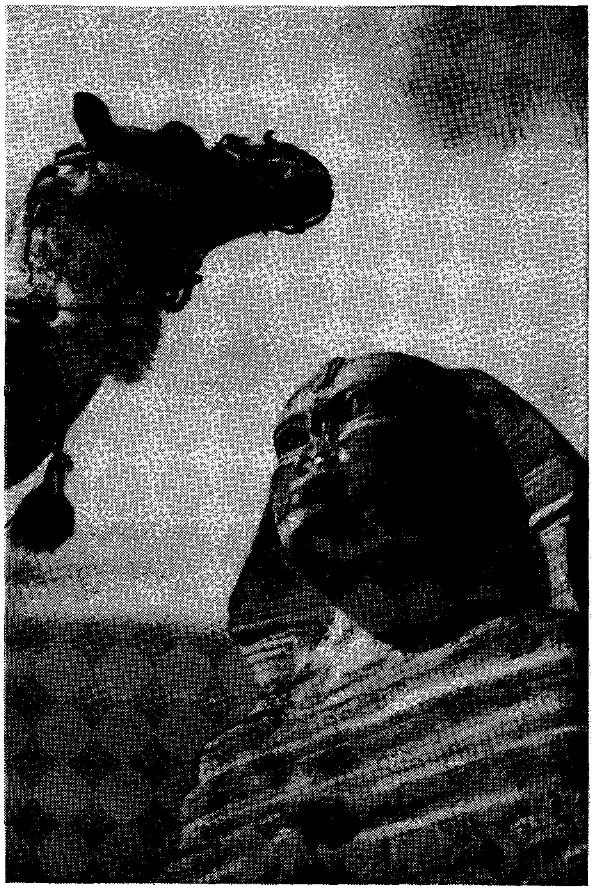
tion in a truck and in stowing the baggage and Leroy in a station wagon. Leroy, who had broken a leg playing softball, wore a big cast and wasn't easy to stow. There were no arguments while these tasks were being performed—which, come to think of it, made the day remarkable after all. The truck and the station wagon finally left, followed almost immediately by Camacho's car, carrying Ismael, Chino, César, Tommy, and Frankie. As it left, I noticed that Ismael was sitting in the front seat next to the window, and I suddenly remembered that although every time the boys got into the cars they jockeyed fiercely for what they considered the best seats, the front seat next to the window in Camacho's car was never up for grabs; it was Ismael's property as much as the driver's seat was Camacho's. Desmond drove a car carrying Tony, Harry, Juan, Mama (who was to stay with the project in New York), and me. The drive was uneventful. I was curious about what landmark would make the boys feel that they were home. It wasn't the Tappan Zee Bridge, which put us on the proper side of the Hudson River. It wasn't the city limits. It wasn't the bridge over the Harlem River, which put us in Manhattan. It was Fourteenth Street. When we crossed Fourteenth Street, the boys came to life and began eagerly pointing out spots of interest, which were mostly scenes of gang fights they had been in. It was well after sundown when we pulled up before St. Christopher's Chapel, which is at the opposite end of Henry Street from St. Augustine's Chapel and, like it, is a part of Trinity Parish. Mobilization had been offered temporary quarters for the boys in a parish building next door to the chapel. Upon their arrival, all the boys rushed upstairs to shower, shave, and change into clean clothes; they had permission to visit home that night, with orders to be back by one in the morning. A few minutes later, they streamed merrily out into Henry Street, scrubbed and brushed and combed until they glistened, on the way to give their parents their first look in years at what their sons were like sober. Then and there, at ten minutes to eight on the evening of Tuesday, September 1, 1964, on the sidewalk in front of 46 Henry Street, the Continentals were closer than they had ever been to having it made, and closer than they have ever been since.

TO my surprise, and Camacho's, too, I think, Tommy was the first to fall, less than a week after returning





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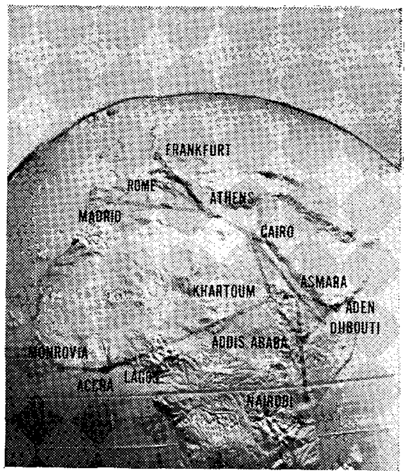

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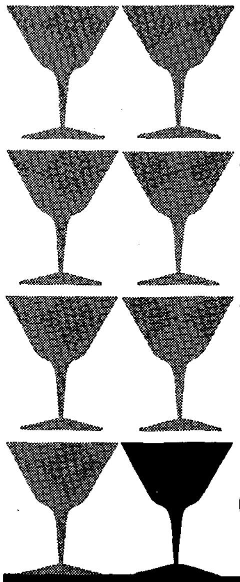
to the city. He didn't come back to Henry Street one night. The other boys were quite ready to expel him from the experiment forthwith—which, indeed, was the action the Proposal explicitly called for. However, the expulsion policy had already been eroded, because Frankie had been taken back after his Saturday night binge in Monticello, and because Alfonso had been allowed to move back in with the group in the city even though he had walked away from camp. So Levitt went to look for Tommy. He found him in the first place he looked, on the steps of the Grand Street Settlement House, where, he said, he was looking for Crawford. He had a confused story, the gist of it being that everything was the fault of an older brother of his. At camp, he had told me at length about this brother, who, he said, was a "wrongo." What he evidently failed to consider when he made his excuse to Levitt was that following the lead of someone you know is a wrongo is a poor way of proving that you're a righto. In any case, Levitt brought him back to Henry Street, where he lasted just three more days. Then he left again, taking with him the partner-in-crime of his boyhood days, César. I have no disposition to assert that Tommy and César would ever have managed to hang on to the end, but I am certain that their departure was accelerated by their having acquired some money. Shortly after they got to Henry Street, each boy was given fifty dollars as partial payment on his wages for the reservoir work, which were still entangled in municipal red tape. I don't think Tommy was ready that early in the game to steal or hustle or scheme for a fix; I don't think even César was. However, they were the two Continentals who were least able to stand affluence. The next dropout was Harry, who had returned to drugs at about the same time he returned to the city, but who had been able to conceal the fact for three weeks; he too, was given a second chance and muffed it. A few days later, César spirited Alfonso away. César's protectiveness toward Alfonso had struck me, when I had observed it at camp, as a case of *the blind leading the blind.* By the end of September, only five boys were left in the Henry Street quarters. Leroy's leg had turned out to be more badly broken than the doctor in the Catskills had thought, and, after spending some time in the Hospital for Special Surgery having it re-repaired, he was home in a hip-to-ankle cast. Lucky Leroy! For, by the



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end of September, Harry had been taken to Bellevue after an overdose of sleeping medicine; César and Alfonso had been arrested in Brooklyn for consorting with known addicts and had spent five days in jail before being tried, and, somehow, acquitted; and Tommy was back in Coney Island, quarrelling ever more fiercely with his father, and spending his evenings with his wrongo brother. All of them asked Levitt to be taken back again, but by then even Levitt's patience was exhausted. Camacho's and the other boys' had been long before.

The five remaining boys, with Camacho and Mama, left the quarters on Henry Street in October. Staying there had been an expedient to begin with, and it turned out to be a completely unsatisfactory one. The accommodations were cramped, uncomfortable, and hard to keep clean—especially since the tidy El Capitán had been the first to go—and that was the least of the difficulties. The greatest was that the place was on the edge of the boys' home grounds, and as long as they stayed there they were subjected daily to the temptations that had helped undo them in the first place. Not only did they have to traverse the neighborhood every day on their way to their various jobs and schools, but almost every evening old acquaintances of theirs, male and female, reputable and not so reputable, would gather in front of their residence and converse with them on the stoop or through the windows. There can be little doubt that a lot of this conversation consisted of the outsiders' urging the inmates to slope off in one direction or another. What Mobilization simply couldn't do (and I simply don't believe that it couldn't do) was find suitable quarters. Finally, in desperation, the boys were moved into a suite in a rather elegant hotel in the Eighties near Riverside Drive. It's impossible to say whether or not the hotel was a better expedient than Henry Street (it certainly was far enough from the old neighborhood, at least), because by the time the boys moved there their morale was so low that, in hindsight, anyway, it was simply a matter of time before the project collapsed. Once Frankie felt sure that, short of doing something that would cause his arrest, he could misbehave with impunity because neither the other boys nor Mobilization had the stomach to send him back to jail, he began to misbehave. He drank consistently, and he is not a boy who is mellowed by drink, though, characteristically, he always is, or pretends to be, repentant after he sobers up: "It wasn't me talk-

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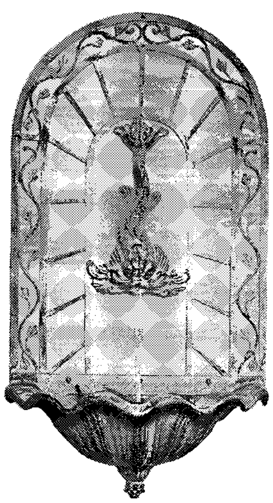

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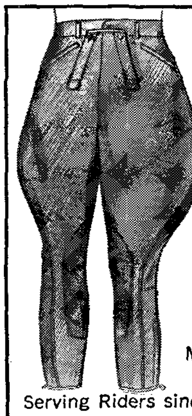

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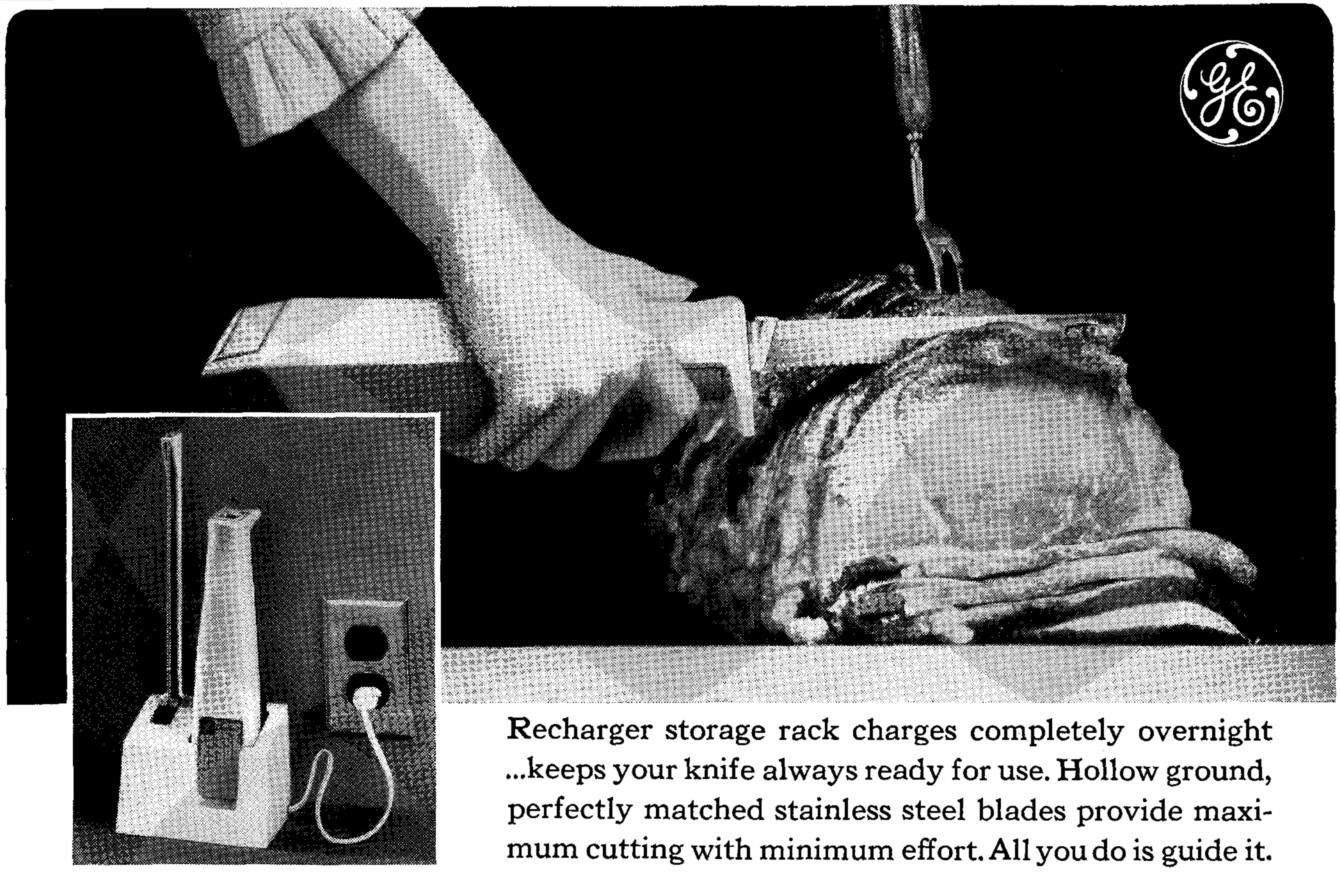

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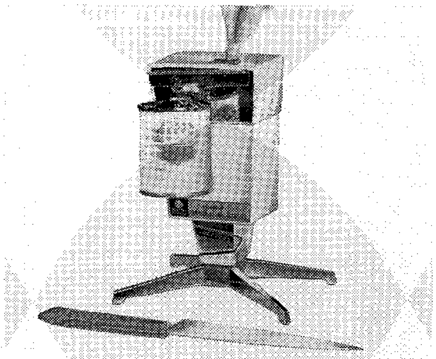

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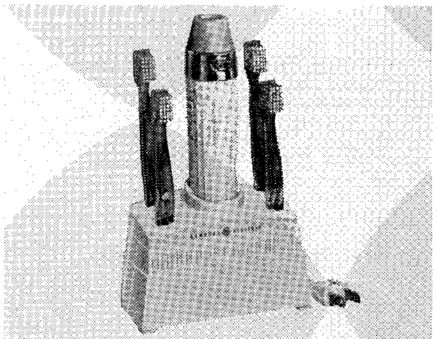

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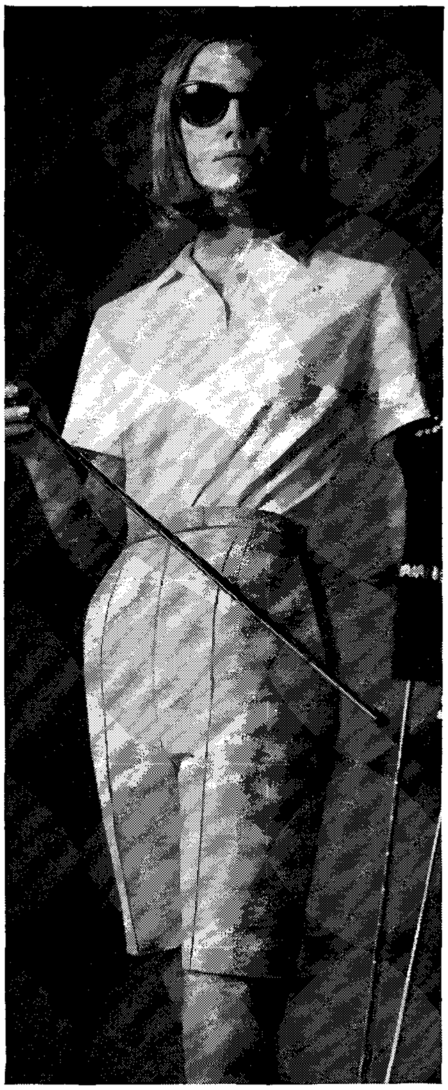

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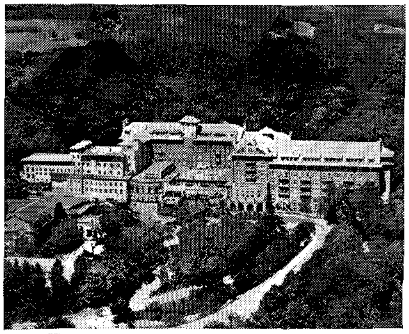
ing, man, it was the alcohol" is an expression he uses so often that it can be called dog-eared. He often came back nights well after curfew, and explained his lateness to the other boys with detailed accounts of an affair he was having with a married woman. He was fired from three or four jobs Mobilization found for him, not for incompetence, for he is a good worker, but for showing up late or not at all. Tony was an object of envy to the other boys because, instead of working, he was going to school to learn photo-engraving, and they thought of him as Levitt's pet. No doubt this was a small cause for complaint, but Tony, with his loud and sarcastic mouth, has a gift for converting small complaints into big grievances. Before long, he and the others stopped speaking. Juan, who had not been a Continental, who had not been in the hospital, and who had spent only the last week at camp, was bewildered by the prevailing friction and acrimony. All he could do was drift with the current, sleeping late or shirking his chores or drinking when the others did; the group assuredly was never any support for him. Chino was a model of probity almost until the end. He got a job in a tile shop, and for several months had a perfect work record. He was so conscientious about his behavior that every time his fellow-workers would invite him out for a beer after work and he accepted, he would confess the lapse immediately afterward to Camacho. It wasn't until after Christmas that he fell. Ismael persuaded him that what they both should do was go to school to learn how to be dental technicians, and he stopped going to work. It is my impression that it wasn't until then that he first sampled heroin again. The others had all had a few doses already. As for Ismael, he must have had the biggest letdown of all. He left camp as the acknowledged leader of the group, and by the end of a month he found himself in command of an army of one, consisting of Chino. His difficulties were increased by his work problems. Whether accidentally or by design, Mobilization judged his vocational ability solely on the basis of his work record as a junkie, and so he was sent out on menial jobs at which he refused to work for more than a week or two at a time. At the end of November, Levitt left Mobilization. By then, Camacho was sad, angry, exhausted, and had started smoking again. Even Mama (who had never been given her new wig) was barely speaking to the boys, and they hadn't washed a pot or swept a floor in weeks.



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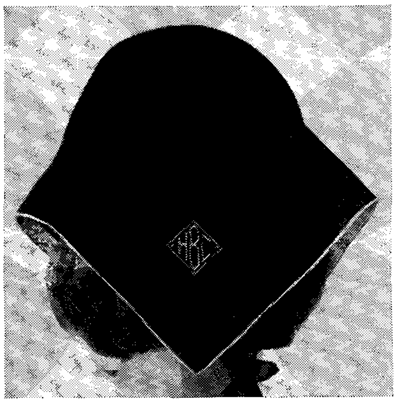

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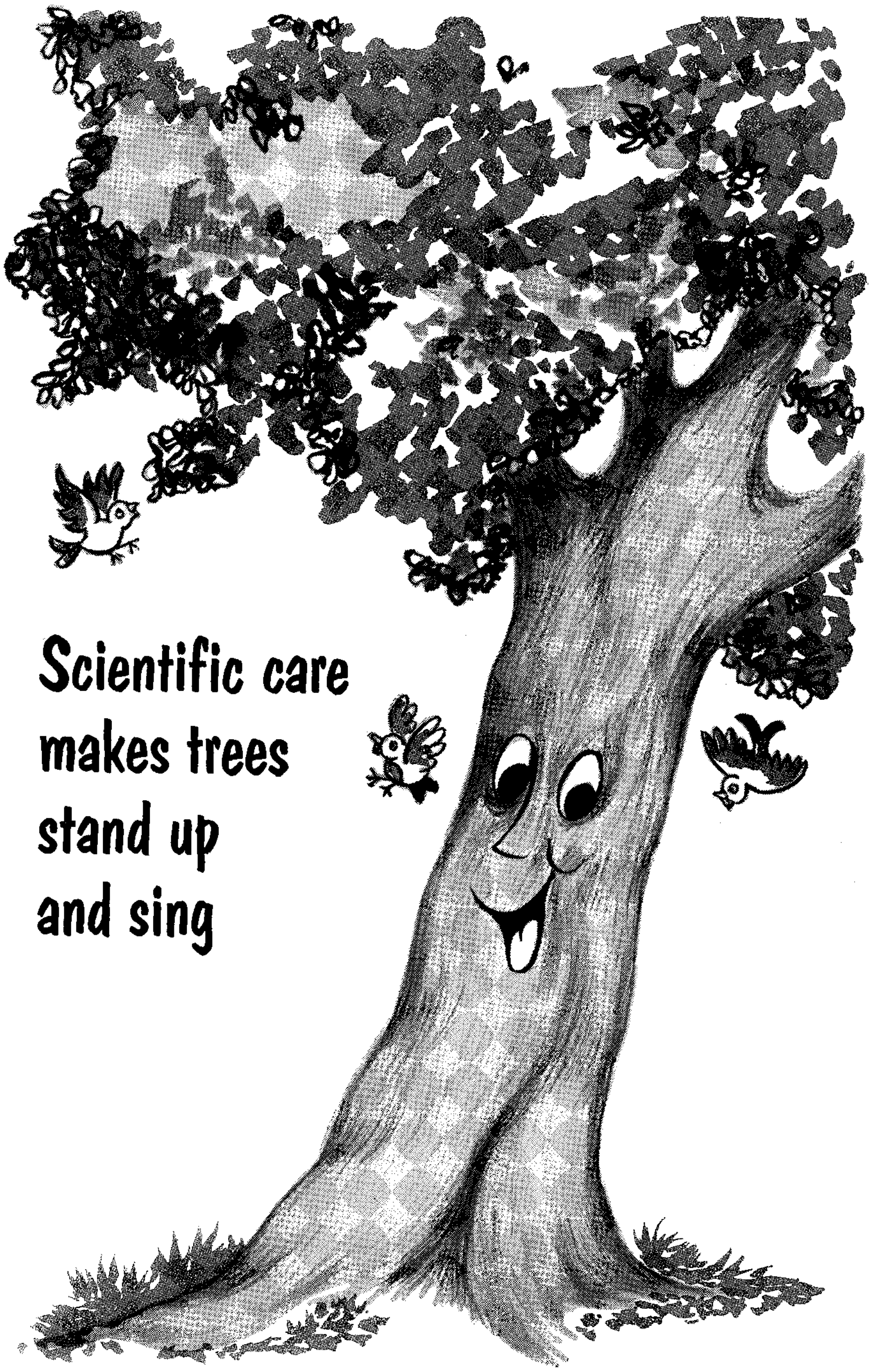
The project's end was well described in a report to the Mayor's Conference on Narcotics Addiction in February by Dr. Nathan Goldman, a sociologist and clinical psychologist who joined the Mobilization staff in September and who was in on the death: "Group cohesiveness, except as expressed against the staff, was gone; education was a dead issue; work, after the need for Christmas money was gone, was neglected. . . . No further progress was envisaged in this situation. It was terminated early in January. In the words of a social worker [who had been with the project only during its last weeks], 'I could not have predicted what their reaction would be when told that they all had to leave the residence. . . . They seemed to be ready and resigned to such an announcement . . . they were in excellent spirits, joking and singing. It was the first time I had seen them in such a mood. Somebody remarked that it was like being back at camp again. . . .' "

Mobilization has no present plan for promoting another effort at group abstention from heroin, an attitude I can only describe as accepting failure philosophically. Meanwhile, the reasons for the failure and the lessons, if any, that can be learned from it are being bitterly debated by the Mobilization people who participated in the program, and I suppose they will be for many months. In my limited time with the project, I saw, with my limited vision, many things done that I thought should not have been done, many things left undone that I thought should have been done, many things being allowed to happen that I thought should have been prevented. Of course it is true that the work that was done with the Continentals was not the first attempt to save junkies that failed, and it won't be the last. However, I must add emphatically that when I make this bland, pontifical statement, I don't feel that it's about people I know. And I know these boys. I meant it when I wished them luck that Tuesday night on Henry Street as they happily headed for home. No statistical proof that what happened to them was likely to happen can make me less angry that it did. As of now, only two of them are headed anywhere: Frankie is back in jail, and I fear it is reasonable to suppose that that's where he'll spend much of his time, on and off, as long as he lives. Leroy has an office job at Mobilization and is planning to return to college, and I hope it is reasonable to suppose that, now that he's been picked up by the scruff of the neck and dumped back



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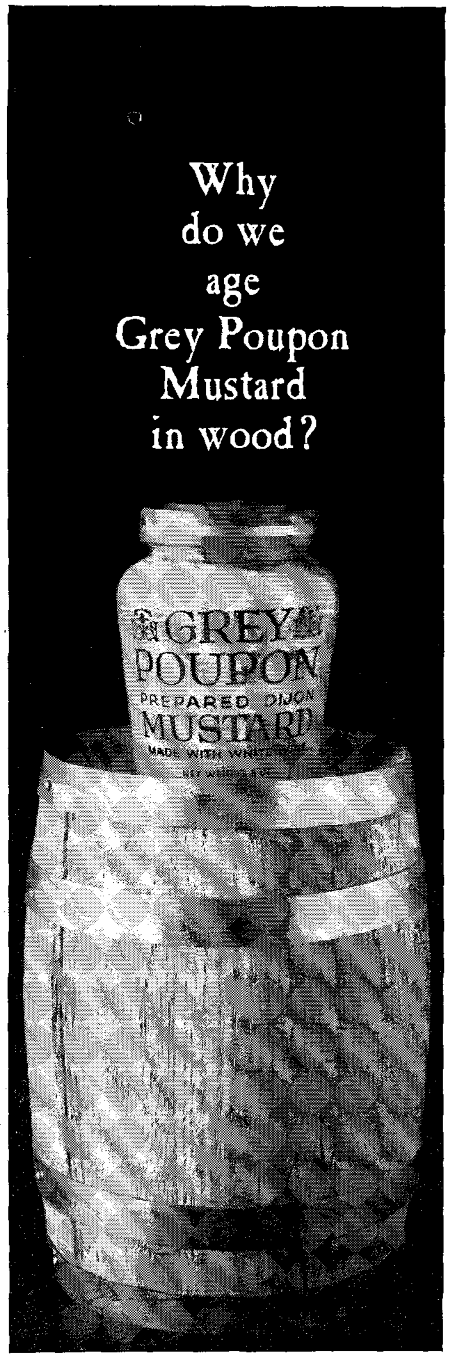

It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

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into the middle class where he belongs, he'll stay there; he is unfit for jungle life.

The Continentals, to a man, are drifting again, but not together. Camacho encounters one or another of them every few days. He is not altogether certain what any one of them is really up to—truthfulness is a quality that only Chino, among them, possesses to any measurable degree—but his impression is that Harry has taken up with a new crowd of neighborhood addicts, a more sophisticated one than the Continentals; that Tommy spends most of his time in Brooklyn these days, which may be a good sign; that César and Alfonso, who have remained constant companions, have returned to the cycle of stealing and nodding and stealing again that they escaped from so briefly; that Ismael and Chino, who are also still a team, are trying hard to stay clean but not always succeeding. He sees Tony sometimes, too, but, as always, Tony, alias Watermelon Head, alias Unisphere, alias Frenchy, Jr., the melancholy, bumptious, short-legged boy who is stirred by tales about mother love but who never had a kind word to say to goofy Alfonso, remains a puzzle. Perhaps it is because he is such a puzzle, above all to himself, that, of all the boys, he is the one who somehow personifies "junk" to me. Crawford once told me that several times when Tony was mooning around in the Continentals' clubroom at the Grand Street Settlement House, he took a pencil and slowly and carefully wrote on a piece of paper two short words in letters so big that they filled the sheet. They were always the same words, and when I think of what the Continentals have gone through and what they have yet to go through and what they have put other people through, the words express my feelings, too. They were, and are, "*¿Por qué?*"

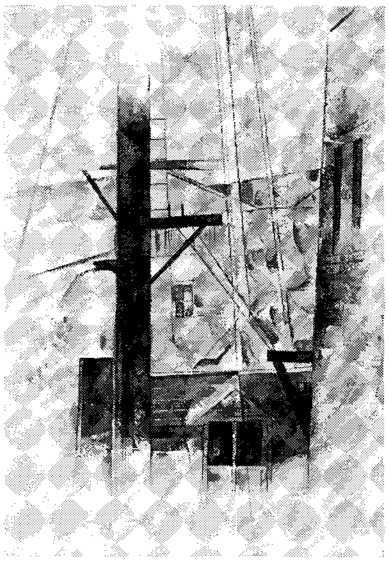
—ROBERT RICE

•

DEAR HELOISE: I am sure that many people wash their curtains the year round. I always shake mine first to remove the accumulated dust. It saves getting all the dust in the wash water itself and removes the lint and accumulated residue. Another thing—I always spray a little cold water in for those who love to eat my washing machine first so as not to set the soil in any fabric.

—*Indianapolis Star.*

We're so hungry we could eat a clotheshorse.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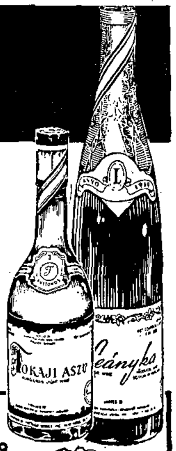
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THE THEATRE

GONDOLAS, ANYONE?

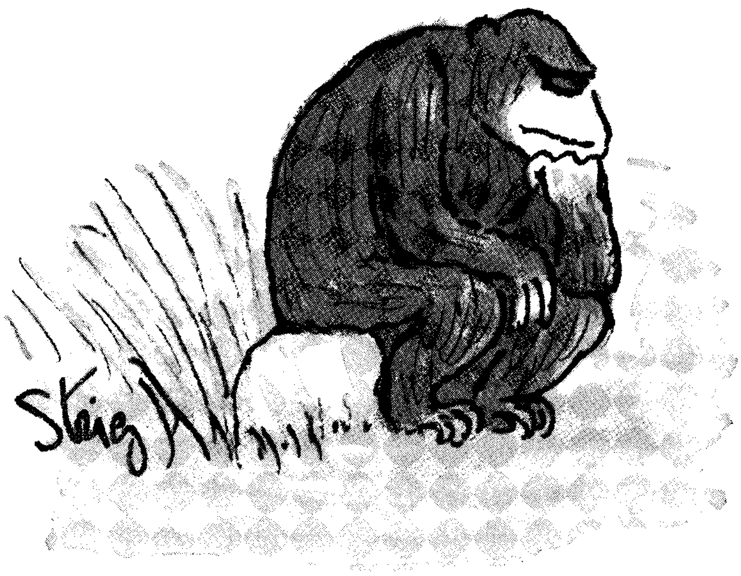
MORE than a decade ago, Arthur Laurents created a play called "The Time of the Cuckoo," in which Shirley Booth portrayed a wary but romantic American spinster trying desperately and unsuccessfully to keep her heart from running away with her head in the course of a visit to Venice. Later on, the play was made into a movie—"Summertime"—in which Katharine Hepburn depicted the lady unable to maintain her stiff moral balance in the lax and lovely atmosphere of dogedom. Both Miss Booth and Miss Hepburn, in their interpretations of Mr. Laurents' heroine, saw to it that there was something rueful in the surrender of a righteous maiden's virtue in surroundings she regarded with bewildered ambivalence. Now, in "Do I Hear a Waltz?," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, we have a third visitor to Mr. Laurents' Venetian scene in the person of Elizabeth Allen. With rue, I can assure you, her heart is not laden. In this version, for which Richard Rodgers has provided a pleasant but hardly memorable score and Stephen Sondheim some serviceable but not very inspired lyrics, Miss Allen transforms the original, rather wistful spinster into a brash and bouncy young woman, out to get a man at any cost, and it is hard to imagine that she is quite as dismayed as she pretends to be when a Venetian shopkeeper who has caught her fancy turns out to be a married man with several children. As the shopkeeper, Sergio Franchi is highly ingratiating and sings—as, indeed, does Miss Allen—with all kinds of verve, and such others in the cast as Carol Bruce, who plays the proprietress of a *pensione*, and Stuart Damon, Madeleine Sherwood, Jack Manning, and Julienne Marie, who play an assortment of American guests at Miss Bruce's establishment, are all commendable. Perhaps the happiest contributions to "Do I Hear a Waltz?" are made by a couple of transplanted Greeks. One is Fleury D'Antonakis, who does a very comic bit as a slatternly servant at the *pensione*, and the other is Christopher Votos, a ten-year-old, brimming with assurance, who has a fine time serving as cicerone to couples anxious to take an amorous spin in a gondola and as a kind of confidant to Miss Allen. Neither the choreography, which was arranged by Herbert Ross, nor the lyrics and music seemed to me to be well integrated with the plot, and the direction, by John Dexter, struck me as only sporadically effective. The pastel sets, by Beni Montresor, are pretty, all right, but hardly indicate that Venice is a place where passions are seething, and the costumes he has invented for some of the ladies frequently look as if they had been fabricated from Pillsbury sacks.

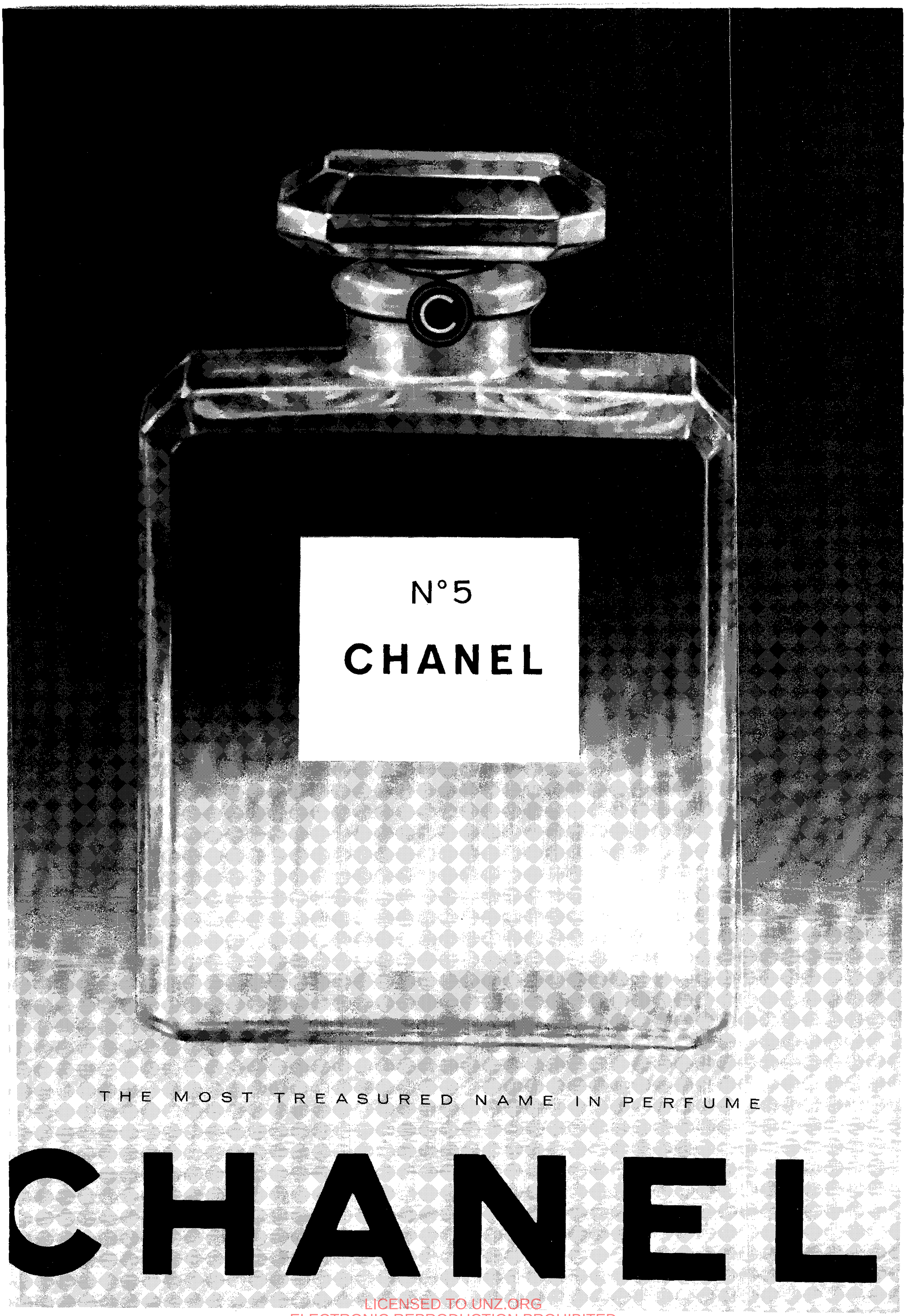
—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

And Lies and Lies and Lies

THE delightful and funny adaptation that Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall have made of Mr. Waterhouse's novel "Billy Liar" may be just the play to break the jinx on the Gate, which has been having a run of bad luck for the past three years or so. The hero, as you may remember, is a boy in his late teens who breaks up the tedium of his daily routine by slipping into one fantasy after another. The son of a fairly prosperous garage owner, he has had a bit more education than is usual for his station in life, but not really very much. He has a job with an undertaker, which he hates, and he lives with his rather puzzled parents—mother indulgent, father exasperated—and his ancient, grumbly grandmother in an industrial town in the North of England. He is a flash improviser as he moves from one gratuitous lie and game to the next, imitating the inhabitants of a world he has never set foot in except by way of the movies and television. No prop or opportunity goes to waste. A teaspoon becomes a pipe, at which he puffs in worldly fashion as he converses with a nonexistent girl in a nonexistent coffee bar in London. He cannot pick up a stick without leaning on it heavily and limping around, or tucking it under his arm as he stands erect to deliver a military eulogy at the graveside of the Lady with the Lamp, inventor of radium and penicillin. What bewilders everyone (except the audience) is the transparency and nuttiness of the lies—why spread the rumor that his father, among several others, is about to have a leg amputated, and that the mother of his closest friend is pregnant? Now he is in several kinds of jam. He has pilfered from his boss, he has two fiancées, and during the day that is covered by the action he promises himself to a third. There is Barbara, a shorthand typist and compulsive orange eater, a girl of earsplitting gentility. There is Rita, a scrappy blonde in slacks, high heels, and a sweater. And there is Liz, an ardent wanderer, who indicates at least one escape route but who is a bit too far along, and possibly too good, for Billy in his present state of unrest. He is catching hell from all sides, especially from his father and from his grandmother, who never stops nagging at him. When he blows up at her, she has a fake seizure and then a real one, and she dies before the second act is over. Yet, like so many other young rebels of recent British fiction, Billy is basically a good boy—more a handful than a serious problem—and though at the final curtain there is promise of

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trouble to come, there is no real doubt that eventually everything will be sort of O.K.

The script is a most skillful and entertaining mixture of domestic trifles and personal and domestic crises. Billy's house, in which the play is set, may be hard to live in—for him, at any rate—but it certainly is an amusing place to visit. The performances of all concerned seem either absolutely right or on the right track. A young Canadian actor named Scott Hylands does well as Billy, though I felt that he hasn't yet quite mastered the entire part. Paddy Croft is excellent as Billy's mother, and Margaret Linn is particularly amusing as the well-brought-up Barbara. Ethel Griffies, that glorious character actress (age eighty-six), makes her Off Broadway début (with her arm in a sling after a fall that broke her wrist) as the cantankerous, difficult old grandmother, a role she created in the London production of the play and in the movie. I don't see how anyone could be better or funnier or more touching, and she must be exactly what Mr. Waterhouse had in mind long before he adapted his novel. Alert to every nuance of her part, she becomes the Spirit of Arteriosclerosis. The dirty look she gives Miss Linn, who offers her a glass of water during that fake seizure, makes a particularly glowing moment. Perry Bruskin is the director, and Karl Hueglin is responsible for the credible, effective setting.

"THE DAY THE WHORES CAME OUT TO PLAY TENNIS," the second of Arthur Kopit's pair of one-acters at the Players Theatre, is a farce about the invasion of a Jewish country club by eighteen of the tennis players. The action takes place in the nursery of the clubhouse, and, with the exception of a snide English waiter who looks like a wax dummy, all the characters are members of the club's executive committee, which has been summoned at dawn to deal with the emergency. The ladies, according to a stumbling and overwrought report by the son of the president of the club, arrived in a couple of Rolls-Royces with one-way mirrors for windows, and immediately made for the courts. They never put in an appearance onstage, but they make themselves felt in a number of ways.

The play is Mr. Kopit's first major entry since "Oh Dad, Poor Dad." There is no plot. Again he makes use of all kinds of old movie and burlesque stunts for his effects. The club president's son spends much of his time

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rocking on a hobbyhorse. A couple of exploding cigars explode, and the wrapper on a chocolate bar conceals a pop-up butterfly. A panel in a door opens and a bottle of tequila flies in. Tennis balls bounce through the windows, and later bang rhythmically against the closed shutters. The tone of the comedy is more mocking than satirical (at least, I could see no indication that Mr. Kopit wants to change or do away with Jewish country clubs), and the targets of his mockery are varied. A lot of what is said is coarse and indecent, but it didn't strike me as vulgar or out of keeping, and some of it is funny. "Oh Dad" dealt in part with a namby-pamby young man and his rapacious mother. This time, we have a namby-pamby young man and his contemptuous father. The son is much more overtly sissy, as the part is written—and, God knows, as it is played by Anthony Holland, who is nothing if not overt in everything he does. "Oh Dad" was farce, too, but as performed by an expert and subtly directed company it was farce with an undertone of horror. In "The Day the Whores," there is no undertone of anything. The play is better written than it sounded at the Players—some of it is as harsh and unsparing as a tape recording—and perhaps Mr. Kopit's intentions (assuming he had any) would have become clearer if the acting had been better, which is to say less muffled, more on target, and not so distractingly and disagreeably broad. The production just rattles along, without ever taking off. The only performance I admired was that of Muni Seroff, as an elderly fellow who is terribly distressed to find himself at the club in bright daylight dressed in his pajama top and last evening's dinner clothes. On the whole, although I didn't think much of the show at first, I was eventually conned into it, and I was even able to disregard the snap-on, snap-off laughter of the opening-night audience.

The curtain-raiser—called "Sing to Me Through Open Windows," and a minor entry if ever there was one—is a fantasy, full of elaborate effects that come to nothing, about an old magician, a boy, and a clown.—EDITH OLIVER

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK FOR THE VOTERS OF BELMONT, MASS.

[From a list of candidates for municipal office published in the Belmont Citizen]

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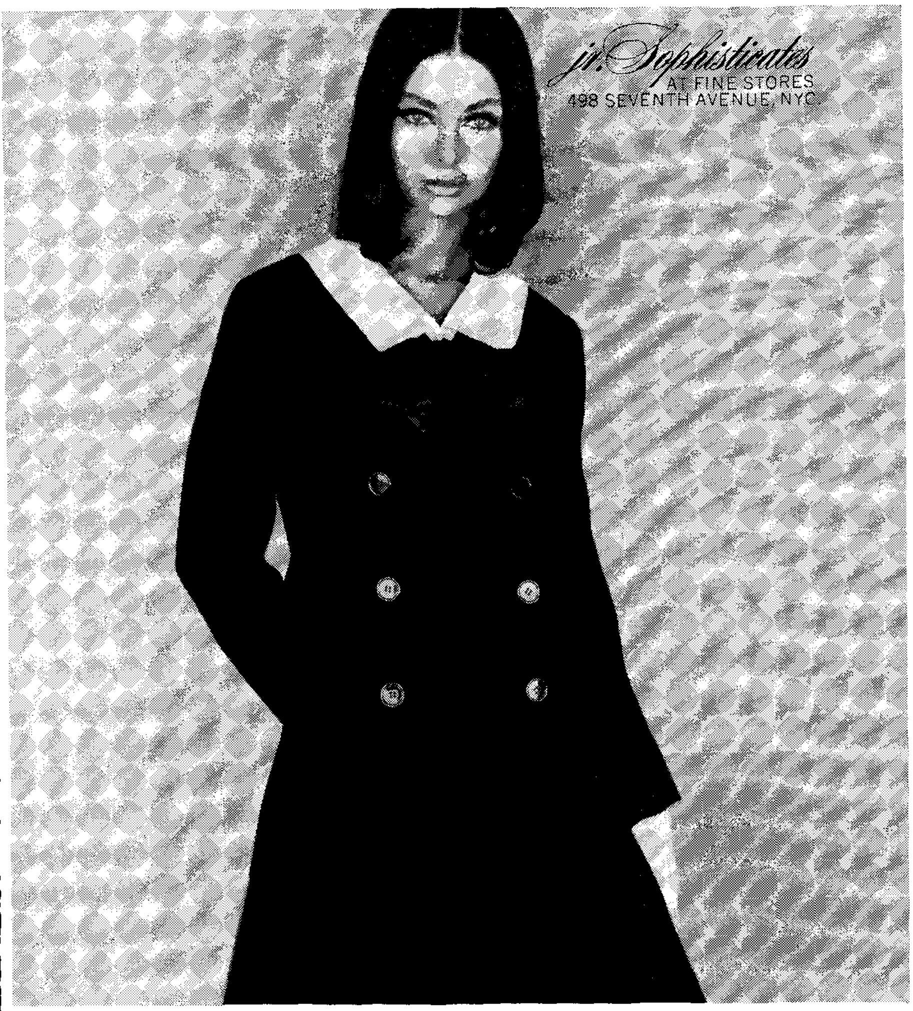
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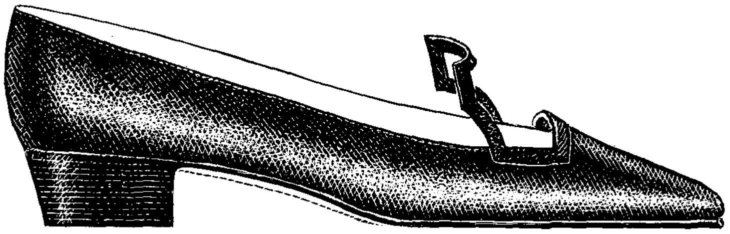

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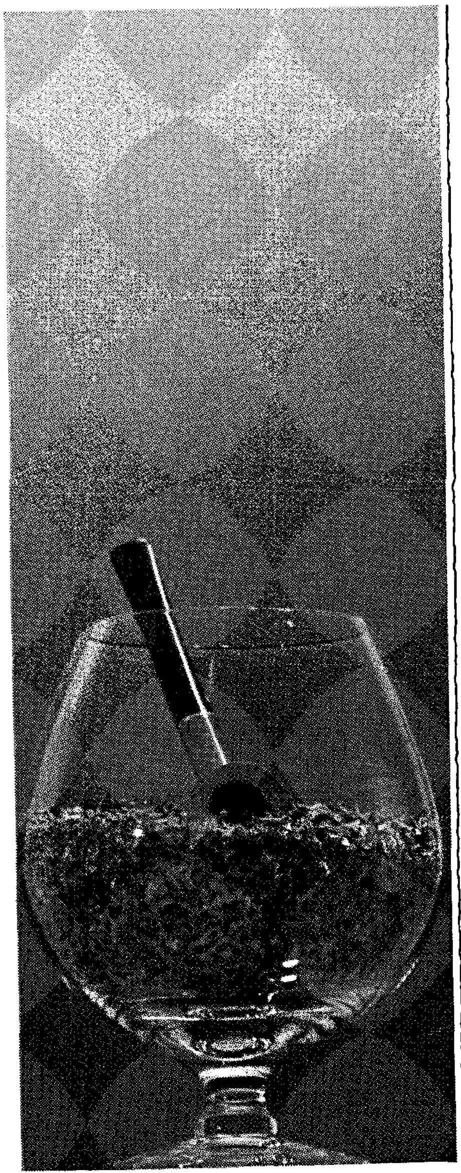

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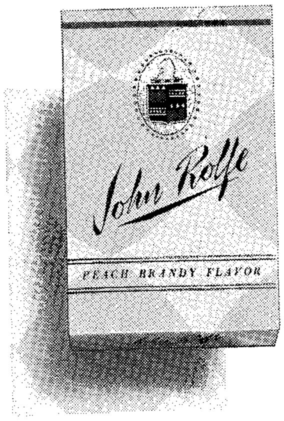

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THE RACE TRACK

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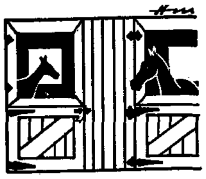

THOUGH it was the first day of spring, we had real winter racing at Aqueduct last Saturday. Snow began falling before noon, and by race time the infield, as you looked across it, reminded you of an old-fashioned Christmas card. At times, it was difficult to distinguish the runners, but forty thousand horseplayers didn't seem to mind the low visibility and the bitter cold. At any rate, they bet $3,817,744 in the course of the afternoon. Laurel, in Maryland, wasn't so lucky; the program there was cancelled after five races because of the weather.

The Paumonok Handicap, which was named for a Brooklyn Tammany club, and which used to usher in the season at Jamaica, was won by Cupid, who rolled home through the curtain of big white flakes eight lengths ahead of Power of Destiny. Exclusive Nashua was third, three lengths behind. Cupid, a four-year-old by Vertex, who is also the sire of Lucky Debonair, the winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, was claimed by Bert Martin from the Greentree Stable last summer and has done all right ever since, winning six of his eight starts. In one of them, at Santa Anita, he ran six furlongs in the extraordinary time of 1:08⅖. Earlier in the afternoon, Bold Bidder, who had disappointed everybody in the Swift Stakes on opening day, beat nine other three-year-olds in a six-furlong dash, but he's no Bold Lad in my book.

Aqueduct opened on Monday, the fifteenth, without fanfare. There was merely polite applause from a crowd of forty-five thousand as the horses, an undistinguished lot, paraded for the first race. Minutes later, something named Solid Mike led all the way to win it by six lengths. Though his form was no great shakes, Solid Mike was a solid favorite in the betting, no doubt because hunch players remembered that Larry Adams, who rode him, had ridden the first winner of the season a year ago, and also in 1963. What price he does it again in 1966? By the way, Bill Mahorney, an apprentice who starred at Santa Anita, is the latest darling of the aficionados who bet on jockeys. He had seven winners here last week—one less than Mike Venezia, who, by the

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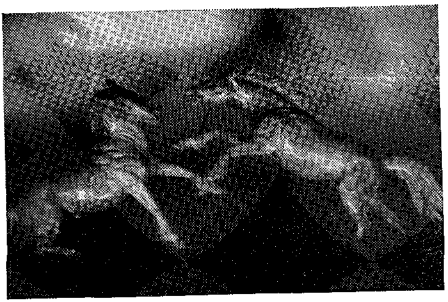

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way, has signed up to ride for the Greentree Stable through 1968. Dependability's victory by a head over his stablemate Beaupy for first money in the Swift surprised Jack Dreyfus, their owner, and Allen Jerkens, their trainer. Both thought Beaupy rather a good thing, and he led until he was fifty yards from home, but then Dependability, a son of that famous old stretch runner Stymie, caught him and passed him.

IT'S a pleasure to report that Bold Lad's training is continuing according to plan. On St. Patrick's Day, he did five furlongs in 1:02⅕ over the main track at Belmont Park, and last Saturday, before it snowed, he breezed through six furlongs on the training track in 1:15⅖, galloping out to the seven-furlong mark in 1:29⅕. Bill Winfrey, who trains him, was delighted with the performance. Now it seems that Bold Lad and Jacinto, a star at Santa Anita, are going to meet in the Gotham Stakes on April 3rd. Shortly before Bold Lad worked, Jacinto went five furlongs in 1:04⅖, easing up at the end of six in 1:18.

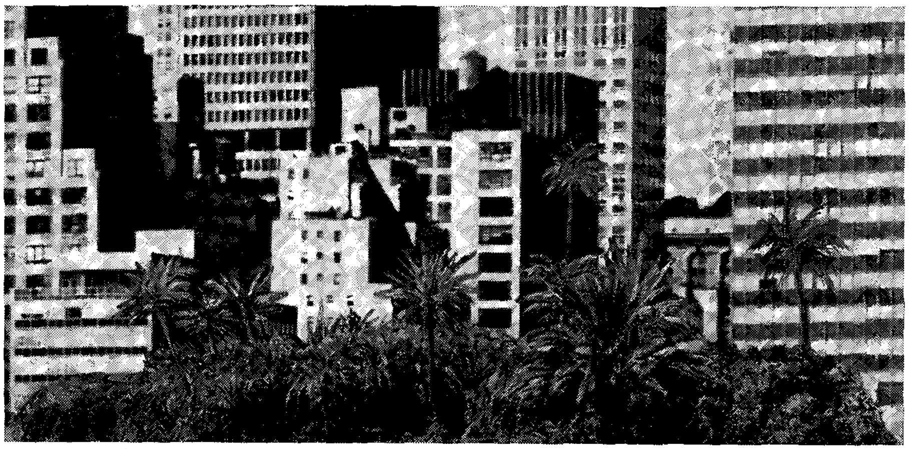
AS had been expected for some time, off-course betting raised its ugly head in the legislature at Albany last week. The setup proposed is roughly the same as the one that didn't get to the post last year or the year before, and I, for one, sincerely hope it won't make it this time, either. Bills were also introduced to legalize quarter-horse racing with mutuel betting. Quarter horses, as you know, are a special breed, used on cattle ranges and noted for their agility and high speed over no more than a quarter of a mile. Those with outstanding ability find their way to the quarter-horse tracks in the Southwest. (Vice-President Charles Curtis and the celebrated trainer Sam Hildreth both rode in quarter-horse races in Oklahoma when it was the Indian Territory.) Sponsors of quarter-horse racing say it would bring millions to the state treasury—for education, no doubt. Well, if the gentry in Albany want a surefire money-maker, they could repeal the ban on night dog racing and have a track for it in Central Park. The revenue would be enormous.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

2 LEAVE POLICE JAIL;
1 RETURNS, 1 DOESN'T;
CAPTAIN INVESTIGATES
—*Headline in the Gloucester (Mass.) Daily Times.*

Naturally inquiring turn of mind.



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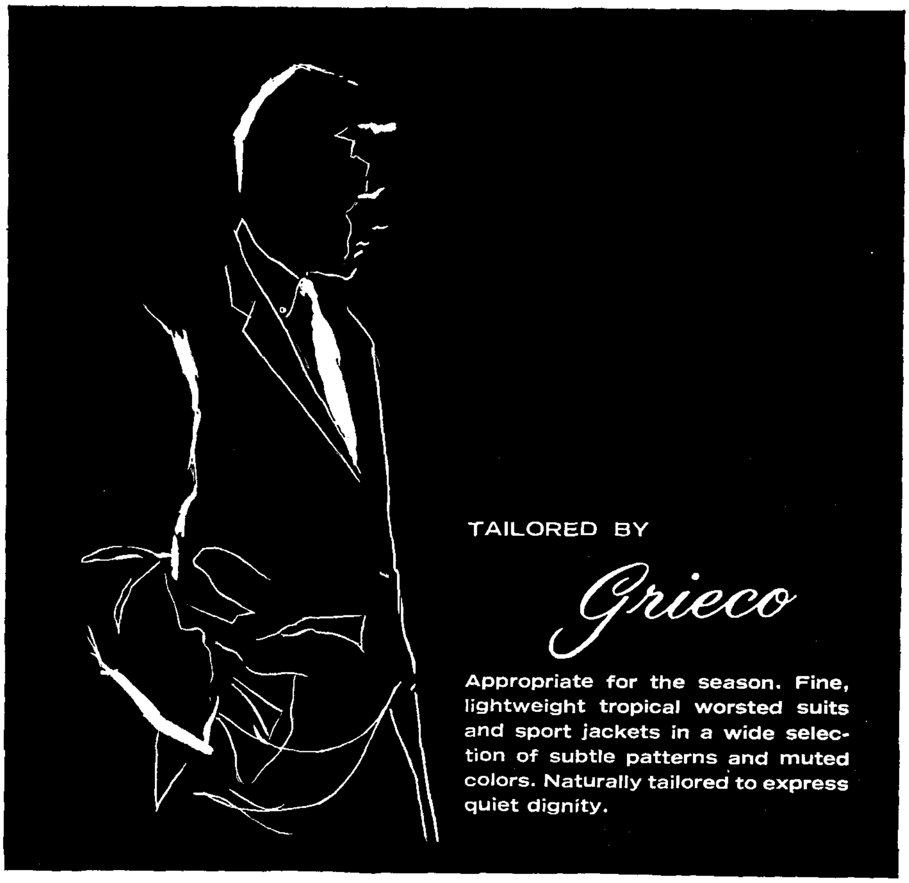

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

LONDON,
FEBRUARY 10

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

WHEN a writer chooses his words as carefully as John Updike does, his use of a particular word can bring the reader up with a bump. This has happened to me in reading the phrase "as laconic as Hebrew" in a story by Mr. Updike called "The Music School," printed in the December 12th issue of *The New Yorker*. *Laconic*? What can Mr. Updike have meant by this?

But first we have to ask whether we should look into Mr. Updike's mind for the meaning or into the mind of his character, Alfred Schweigen, who is telling the story in the first person. We learn a good deal about Mr. Schweigen in the course of the story; we hear about his youth, his wife, his daughter. More relevant to our inquiry, we discover that Mr. Schweigen, when he thinks aloud in Mr. Updike's presence, has a remarkable feeling for *le mot juste*, and a special aptitude for the illuminating simile. Most of these similes—such as the one that begins, "Like those vanished gentlemen whose sexual energy was exclusively spent in brothels"—spring urgently from the context of the story and Mr. Schweigen's character. We are entitled, then, to ask ourselves both why Hebrew—an unusual language—forced itself into a simile and why it was dubbed "laconic."

I daresay I was led into this inquiry by the fact that I happen to know some Hebrew—perhaps it is germane that I was a lecturer in Hebrew at Oxford for ten years—but my special interest arises less from my knowledge of Hebrew than from my ignorance of Russian. Like most English-speaking people with no Russian, I was brought up on the comfortably fruity Garnett translations of the great Russian novels, and I have continued to find them satisfying even though (as I am told) they are far from accurate. I learned from them, at least, why Russian novels are great, which is more than I was able to learn about Russian poetry. Nothing in English—or French or German, for that matter—could let me understand where the genius lay in Russian poetry, and, in particular, why the Russians swoon at the mention of Pushkin. It became clear to me, as I pondered on this question, that the Russian language must have some pow-

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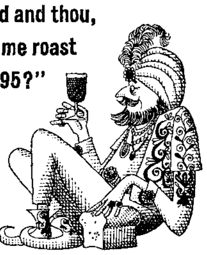

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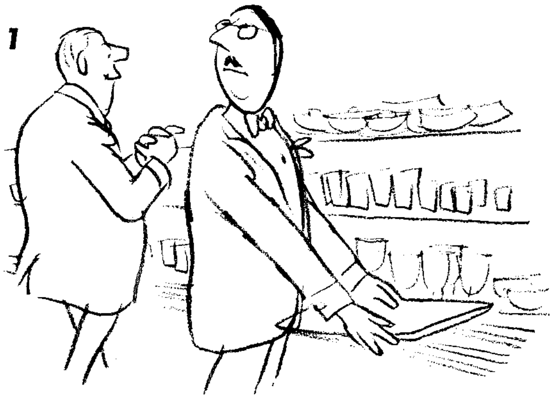

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I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.

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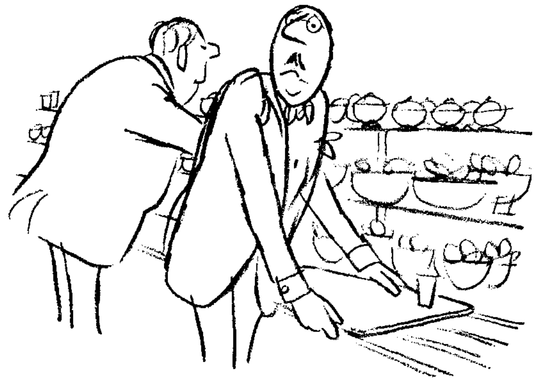

I thought you were a big chili man.

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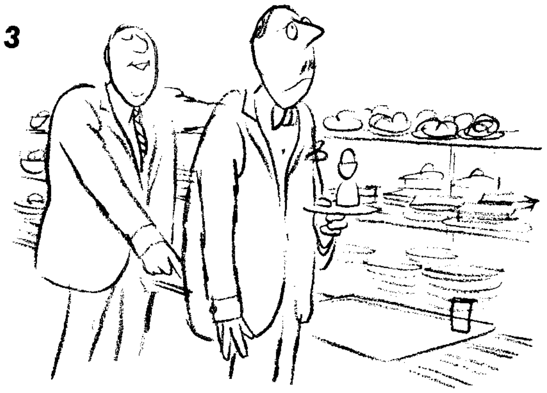
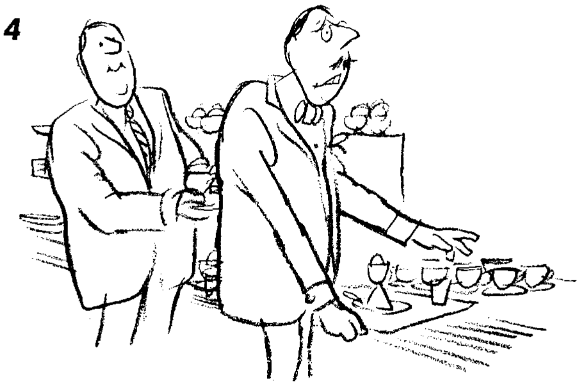


Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.

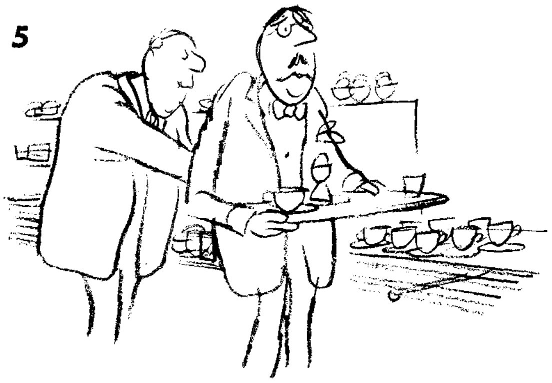
4



He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.

But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?

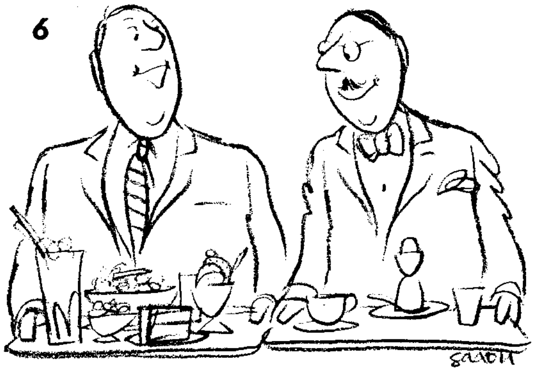
5



It doesn't seem to be worrying him.

It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.

6



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erfully distinctive character that, in the hands of a Pushkin, could transform simple—even banal—thoughts into magic. The point was confirmed for me when some years ago I came across a new English version by Edmund Wilson of "The Bronze Horseman." Mr. Wilson, appalled at the existing translations of Pushkin into a kind of jogging Victorian verse, had set out *to convey the force and directness* of the Russian text. To me, for one, it opened a fresh vision. My response was to send a message to Mr. Wilson (since I didn't have the privilege of his acquaintance) to ask if he wouldn't please learn Hebrew and do the same for a book of the Bible—say, Isaiah or Job. To my great delight, I was told that Mr. Wilson was already learning Hebrew, and in due course we saw the results in some essays published in your magazine. As one would expect from him, Mr. Wilson in writing of the Old Testament was concerned not merely to find out what the Hebrew words meant but where the character and force of the language lay. He threw light on this but—alas—produced no sustained piece of translation to illustrate it; nor are there, as far as I know, any translations that, by giving the rhythm of Hebrew in English, might show the English reader what Mr. Schweigen may have had in mind by his choice of the word "laconic."

Can one ever, in fact, convey the rhythm and tempo of one language into another? It is, perhaps, not an impossible task when the languages are as close as English and German; English people are constantly being comforted at the reassurance by Germans that Shakespeare has caught very adequately the real spirit of Schlegel's text of the plays. Given the right translator, it is apparently even possible—if more difficult—to get something across from Russian to English. Only today, I have been reading in the *New Statesman* a review of two translations of Pushkin's "Eugene Onegin," one being the old, "metrical" translation by Babette Deutsch, newly issued as a Penguin book, and the other a freer version by Vladimir Nabokov. The reviewer, who appears to know Russian, seems to favor Mr. Nabokov's version, and illustrates this rather pointedly by quotations. He produces four lines from Miss Deutsch:

> He sang of parting and repining:
> The mystic, wistful hours of night;
> Of distance, promising delight;
> He sang the rose, romantic flower. . . .

and comments that these internal

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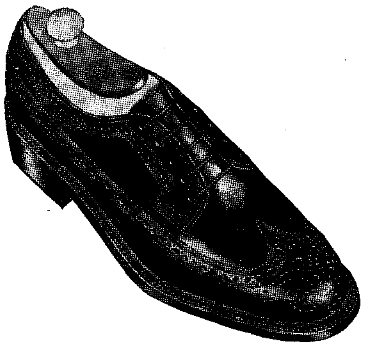

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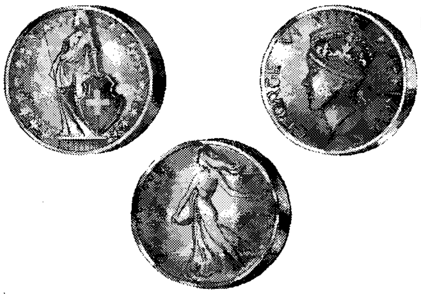

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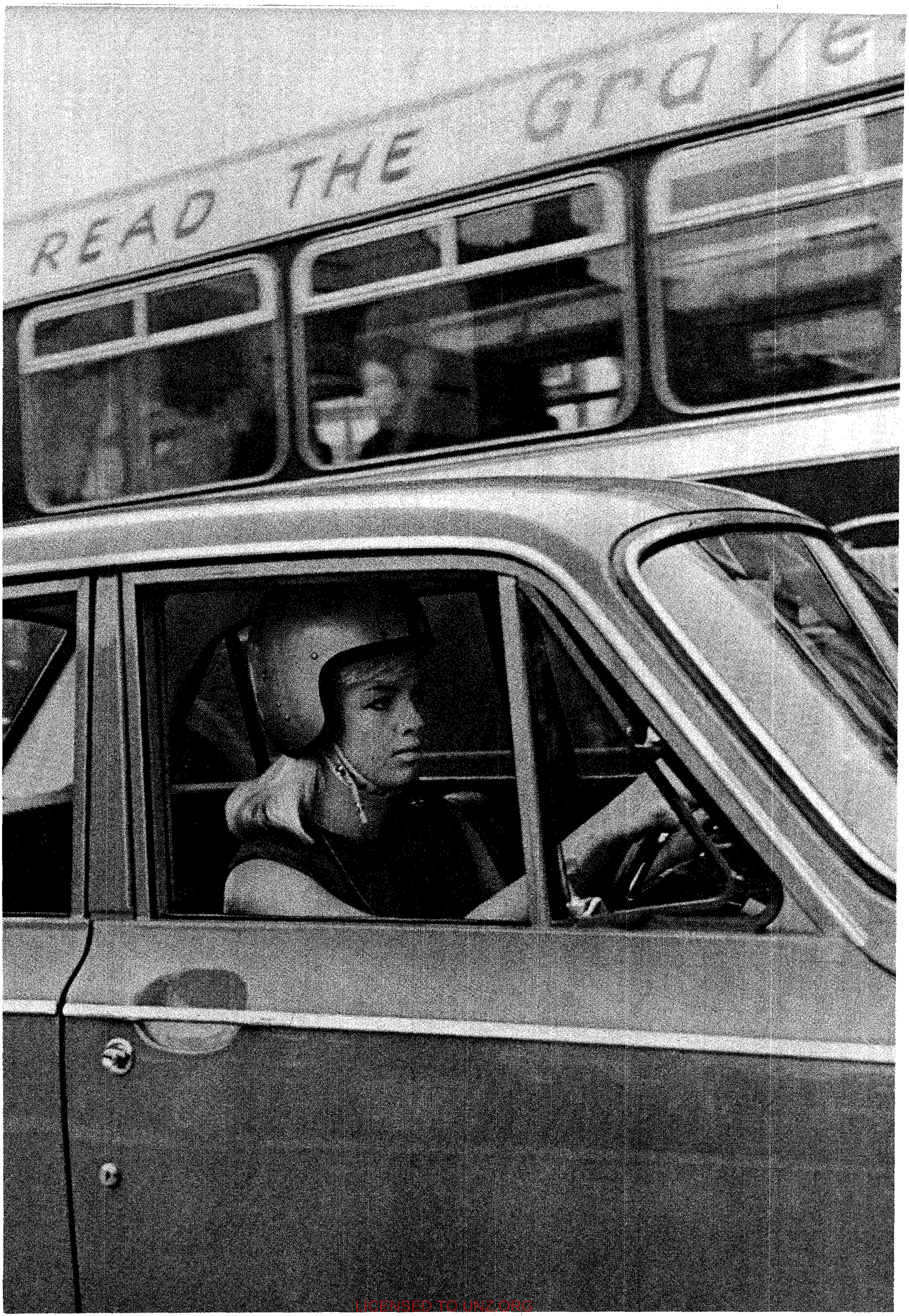
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rhymes "are not so much tremulously sentimental (the needed effect) as galumphing." He then gives us Mr. Nabokov:

> *He* sang parting and sadness,
> and a vague something, and the dim
> remoteness, and romantic roses.

The English reader begins to get the idea.

Could one, however, go on from this to produce a single adjective that would convey the flavor of the Russian language? My own impression—based largely on hearing Russians speaking their utterly delightful variety of fractured English—is that Russian, by virtue of leaving out definite and indefinite articles, must be a much more explosive and forceful language than ours. My feeling was supported some years ago when I asked a distinguished translator from the Russian—George Reavey, himself a poet—to provide me with the exact flavor of a short passage from the same "Eugene Onegin," which I wanted to quote in a detective story that I was writing. It was clear that in the original the poet had set out to catch the marvellous sense of excitement in a theatre just before the curtain goes up. In the version I had before me, the lines, as I recall them, ran something like this:

> Each box is packed with men of
> State,
> The gallery is loud with cries,
> For they can hardly bear to wait
> Until they see the curtain rise.

Mr. Reavey gave it to me like this:

> Theatre's packed—boxes re-
> splendent—pit and
> stalls one big buzz—impatiently the
> gallery
> applauds—and rustling the curtain
> swiftly rises.

I had an immediate sense of recognition that this must be close to the Russian feeling. It seems to explode dazzlingly, like a firework. Is this, then, the word: as *explosive* as Russian? "Oh, no," a Russian said to me when I tried it out. "Not *explosive*. Just the contrary—tender, subtle, romantic, imaginative, evocative. All this, together with a very special Russian quality that can't be defined—earthy, direct, rooted, historic. Yes, and something intellectual, too. Rational, thoughtful . . ." "Poetic?" I suggested. "Yes, yes," he said. "Poetic." And I was back at the beginning. The language of Russian poetry is poetic.

Mr. Schweigen (or so Mr. Updike suggests) has no such problem with Hebrew, which is for him quite simply

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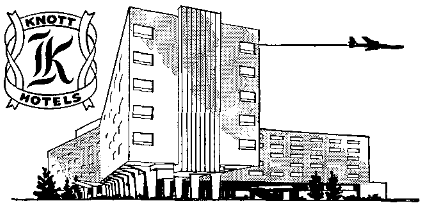

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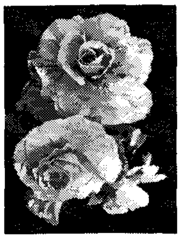

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"laconic." Looking for a clue, one starts by assuming that he may be referring to something in the *structure* of the language, for the effect of Hebrew as one hears it in the original is strong and stirring. The construction of Hebrew grammar has, I will concede, one oddity that may have struck Mr. Schweigen, if he studied the language, as rather laconic. It is a point dealt with by Mr. Wilson in the essays mentioned earlier—the peculiarly casual time sense in Hebrew verbs. In classical Hebrew, past can be future, future past. There is no clear dividing line. On top of that, there is no present tense at all, which is perhaps as laconic as anyone could wish for. Yet I would argue with Mr. Schweigen that this treatment of time does not justify his adjective. The peculiar use—or absence—of verbs, far from leaving things vague, seems to generate an extra tautness of meaning. Grammarians may have had to invent terms like "historic future" or "prophetic preterite" to indicate that things are not what they seem to be, but the old Israelis in the market place listening to the prophet Isaiah threaten them with all kinds of future horrors in the past tense had no doubt at all where the meaning lay. And as for the complete absence of a *present* tense, it is not casual but tremendously affirmative to see that in the phrase "He leadeth me beside the still waters" the single word for "He leadeth me" is in a kind of future tense that implies something that has gone on in the past, is going on now, and will go on forever. Everything is made crystal-clear. It is hard to think of Hebrew in the original as sounding laconic.

But it is quite different, of course, when one thinks of Hebrew in *English*, especially in the English of the Authorized Version. Here one has only to open the Bible at any page to feel, coming from the past, a wonderfully gentle, unhurried ease. Time is passing by slowly, in the limpid English of the early seventeenth century. "Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." In language like this, nothing in the Bible can hit us with surprise and alarm. Every word, every familiar phrase, evokes two and a half centuries of the Lesson read with calm gentleness in the parish church, the strange summoning up in a cold green country of ancient bizarre figures from the hot sands of the desert:

> Then the word of the Lord came to Jehu the son of Hanani against Baasha, saying: Forasmuch as I exalted thee out

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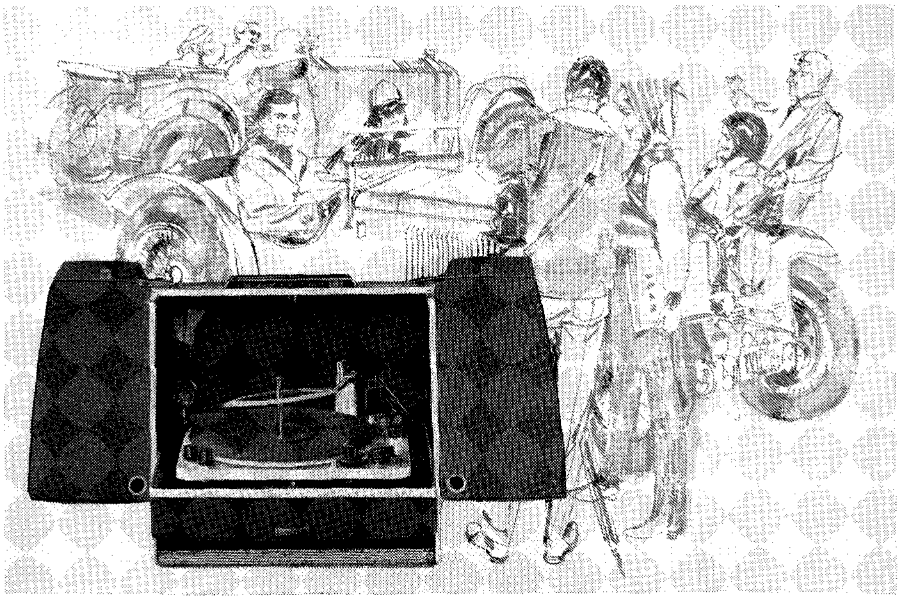

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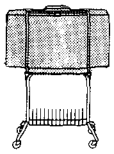

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of the dust, and made thee prince over my people Israel...

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I think not. We are given clearly to understand that Mr. Schweigen has passed his early years in a very different atmosphere, where the visit to church brought together a group—to use his own words—of "awkward fat Germanic bodies . . . scraping and grunting . . ." We cannot easily assume, therefore, that he had in mind the most laconic creature in existence—the English country parson, mouthing in his high, neutered voice the measured strophes of the King James Version. And we are driven back remorselessly to the acceptance of the simple truth as he tells it to us himself: Mr. Schweigen does really know about Hebrew, and he finds it laconic.

How does he know about Hebrew? Did he learn it himself? It is, of course, possible, but unlikely. Science teaches us always to look for the simplest explanation of an unusual phenomenon, and in this case there is a hint of something obvious and convincing. Mr. Schweigen's story hinges on a conversation he held with a Catholic seminarian. In this conversation there is no discussion of Hebrew, but it is fair to assume that the two men have talked on other occasions, and that during one of these talks the seminarian told Mr. Schweigen that he had studied Hebrew—natural enough—and had found it a laconic language. The thought—it is a striking one—stayed in Mr. Schweigen's mind. In the right setting, it came tumbling out unconsciously. Half the problem is solved.

But the other half abides our question. Is Hebrew indeed laconic? Someone hearing Hebrew read one day said to me, "It sounds harsh and guttural. Is it, in fact, as fierce as it sounds?" I replied, "Fierce? Oh, no. Just the contrary. It is tender, subtle, romantic, imaginative, evocative. All this, together with a very special Hebrew quality that can't be defined—earthy, direct, rooted, historic. Yes, and something intellectual, too. Rational, thoughtful . . ." I should have added, if I had remembered, that it was very poetic as well. But not laconic? Oh, all right: laconic, too—as laconic as Russian.

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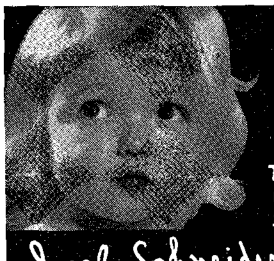

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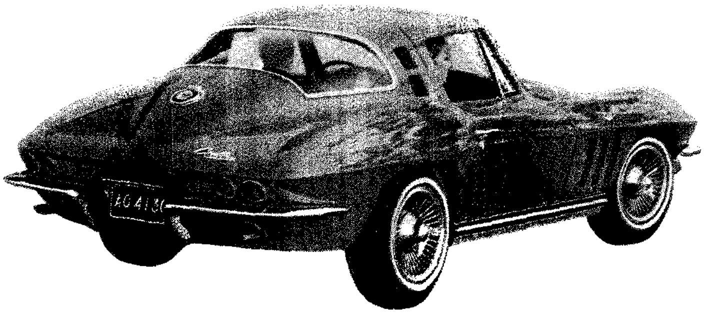

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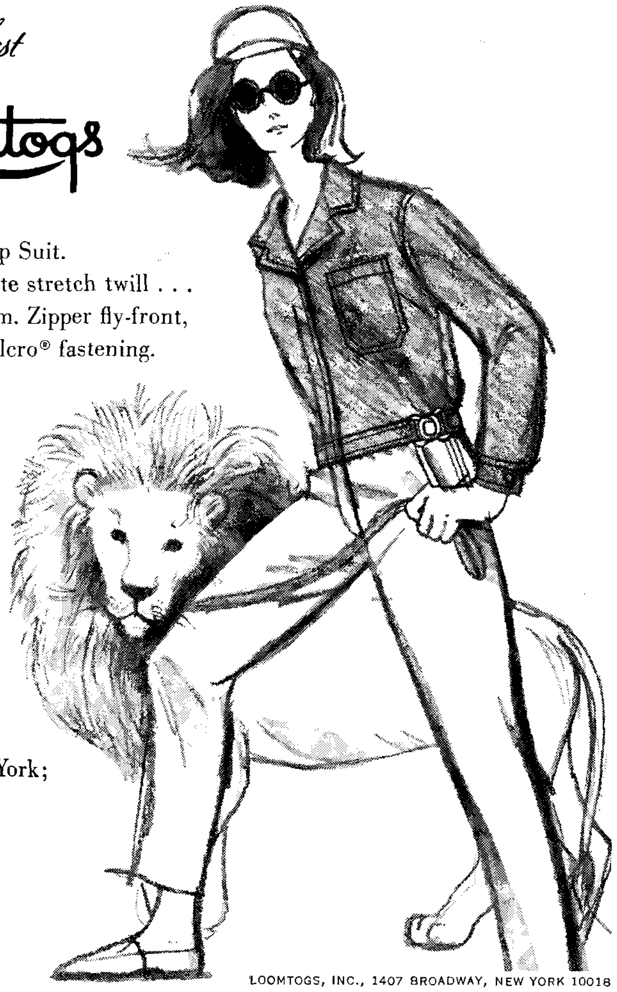
THE ART GALLERIES

"*Op*"

ONE nice thing about getting to one of the big museum exhibitions a week or so after the opening, as I did for the new showing at the Museum of Modern Art, "The Responsive Eye," is that the furor has died down, the panic—or the initial stages of it, anyway—is over. For there is a touch of panic about everything in the art world nowadays. Things happen so fast, for one. I turned away briefly a couple of years ago, and when I turned back it was to discover that Abstract Expressionism had been superseded, definitively—so the theorists said—by Hard-Edge Abstraction. A while after that, Hard-Edge gave way to New Realism, or the art of Happenings, as I prefer to call it (George Segal, Robert Rauschenberg, and so on). This was followed by pop art, and now I find myself confronted by "op" art, which is the term for the works in the Museum's show. It all reminds me of a remark made by Satchel Paige, the venerable but never superannuated Negro baseball pitcher. "Never look back," he said, in his wisdom. "Something may be gaining on you." The trouble is that in the art world something always *is* gaining on you. Or so it seems to me.

I'd like now to come back to my original notion—that there is a certain element of panic in the outlook toward modern art—and I must say that I have no sure idea of what the causes are. One may say, as I've just said, that the abrupt changes in styles are responsible. But styles in painting and sculpture, as in writing and music and ballet, have always had their seasonal rotations, ordinarily from classic to romantic modes and then back. The difference now is that the changes occur faster. Yet one is still left with the question of why. To advance a tentative answer, I'd say that not one factor but a mixture of factors is involved. One of these is the growth of the practice of collecting art as (I quote) a "status symbol," paralleled by the concurrent idea that in certain of the higher income brackets it can be a tax device—which, of course, reinforces the idea that the collector *must* be in a high



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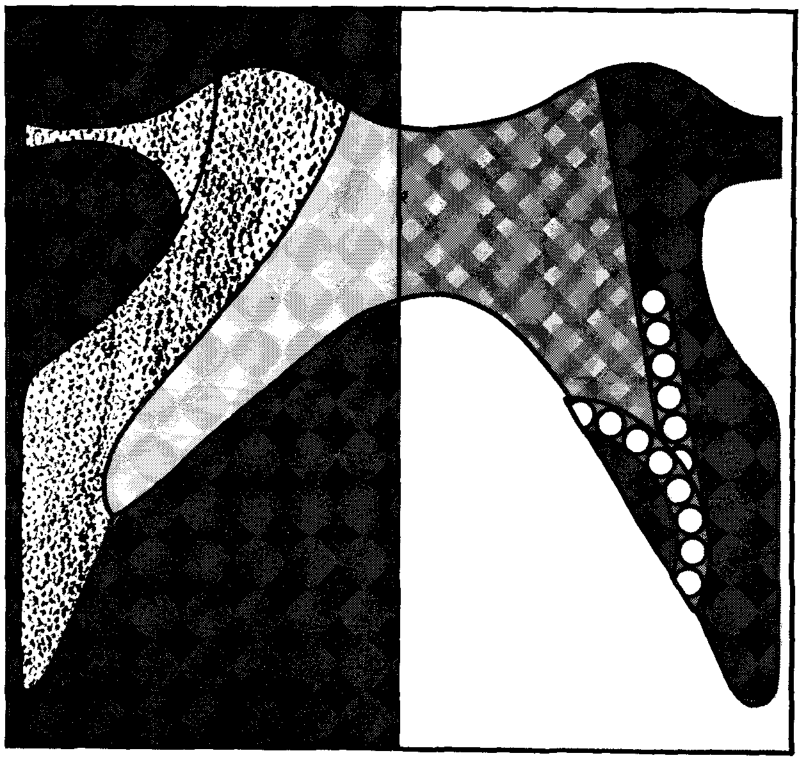

shoes, '64 shoes, '65

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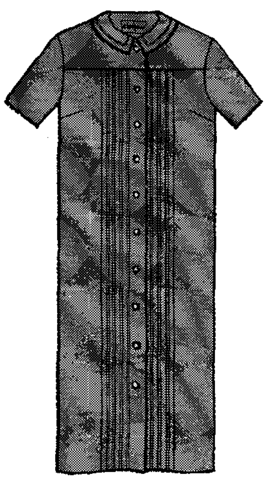
the taste that sets the trend

tax bracket or he wouldn't be collecting in the first place. (This habit, I think, is pure chichi, and is hardly a long-term influence except as it affects prices.) Second is the almost mystical reverence now accorded to the big, carefully planned, and well-heralded museum exhibitions, which seem the more portentous and persuasive because they are usually the result of the combined efforts not of one but of three or four museums across the land. ("The Responsive Eye" will go from here to St. Louis, Seattle, Pasadena, and Baltimore before, like a ballet troupe, it is disbanded.) Third, and a very small third, is the improvement in the techniques of advertising and promotion by which, for a time at least, a great blast of publicity can blow a given artist or group of artists far up beyond his or their real deserts.

In general, this third and relatively minor factor is the one most feared by the art world, far more than it deserves, and usually in a hushed what-are-they-going-to-try-to-put-over-on-us-now? attitude. As a recipient, over the years, of more hundreds of pounds of promotional material than I like to think of, I believe it is clear that the come-on method does not, in the long run, work. Oddly, the real hard-selling efforts come not from the modernists, who are getting along all right as it is, but from the conservatives—as, for example, the Gallery of Modern Art, which has tried to take over (if not quite the name) the fame of the Museum of Modern Art, and in the process has been trying to lead us all from the thorny road of Fauvism, Cubism, Abstraction, and Lord knows what else onto the smoother, saner, and more sensible path back to—who can tell?—perhaps Pre-Raphaelitism.

The odd thing is that most of the artists, to their credit, do not go along with such primarily faddist ideas at all. Restless though they may be, and certainly opinionated, their feeling seems to be that "op" and pop, and all the other forms, can get on together without too much friction, and when I was touring the Modern Museum's show (which, as I've said, is classified as "op") I ran into a couple of Abstract Expressionist friends of mine who were, to be honest, far more enthusiastic about it than I. But then, being artists, they had no money involved; it is only the people who had plunged on pop and are now confronted with "op" who are worried.

My own reactions to the show, which is a quite large one, with a hundred and twenty-odd paintings, sculp-



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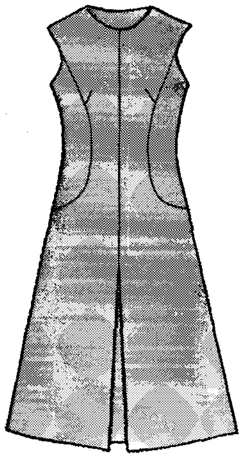

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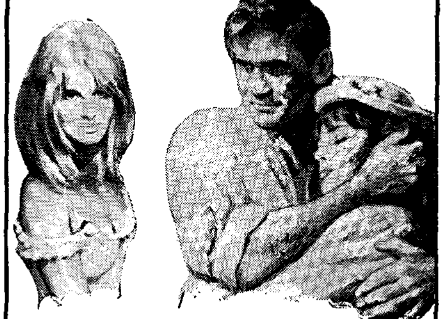

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tures, and other works on view, were mixed. To begin with, the title itself seemed a trifle misconceived, if not truly a misnomer. In "op," or "optical," the majority of the devices stem more or less remotely from the sort of "trick" designs we have been familiar with from childhood, whereby the same straight line can be made to seem shorter or longer by reason of its embellishments, or the boxes piled in a pyramid appear to number nine or ten depending on how one looks at them. Thus the aim of the showing and of the works included is not—not at all, indeed—to evoke a clear, direct response from the eye but, rather, to confound and misdirect it, and a majority of the pieces are designed, usually by either coloristic or metric devices, to confuse the poor, trusting eye and make it see what it thinks it sees but what in fact it doesn't see. I shall cite a few examples.

One is Richard Anuszkiewicz's "All Things Do Live in the Three," in which a pattern of reddish intersecting squares and rectangles is only dimly discernible—on the fringe of perception, one might say—behind a denser pattern of tiny blue and green circles on a field of faintly bluish red or lavender. This depends on coloristic effects to achieve deception. An example of the metric method at its simplest is Wolfgang Ludwig's painting of two balanced circles, both with a tight cluster of radiating spokelike lines, but one with a black hublike center and the other with a white one. (The "trick" is that the dark-centered circle looks noticeably darker and denser in texture all over than the white one.) In between—or, rather, in variations of one or the other of these modes and in still other combinations—lie most of the examples in the exhibition. Surprisingly, I found the sculptures and reliefs, collectively, the most consistently inventive and attractive. I don't know why, unless it is that the extra dimension gives an extra fillip, a sort of three-card-monte effect, to the deceptions, and it is a fact that a good many of the examples have a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't quality that is delightful—a number of the reliefs being constructed on two or more planes, and the designs on the foremost ones being drawn or painted on a transparent surface, with the result that the combined patterns, front and rear, seem to alter according to the angle at which one approaches them. Thus, in Walter Zehringer's lively "No. 2," in Plexiglas and painted plastic, an array of small, brilliantly colored circles seems to twinkle and dance, now here now there, as one

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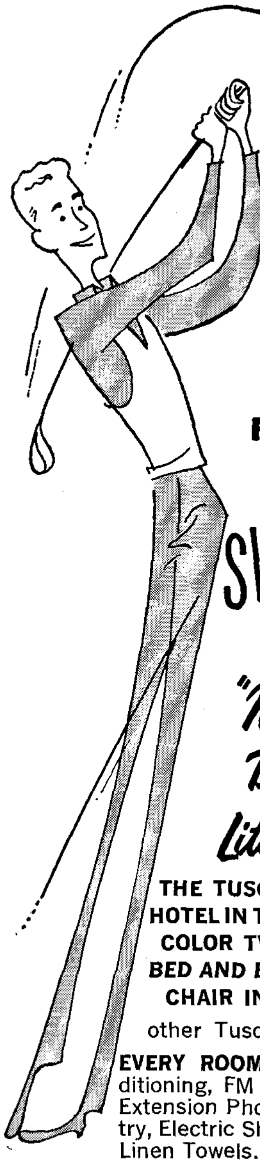

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walks past; in "Color Block," by John Goodyear, a similar effect is obtained by scattering bright patches of color along the slats of four panels, or screens, of white-painted wood. Others, like the large, boxy "Spatial Dynamism" of Hugo Rodolfo Demarco (which depends for its "mobile" design on a plastic screen backed by reflecting prisms) and Alberto Biasi's "Dynamic Vision S 9/2," are more complicated. The danger is that the tricks will come to outweigh the sound artistic appeal, and quite a few of the pieces, like Enzo Mari's "Structure No. 725" and "V.25," by (mysteriously) Equipo 57, unfortunately fall into that category. After all, one can't live in a Coney Island Hall of Mirrors forever. The same complaint can be made against the paintings, for here again the question arises of how much importance can safely be given to sheer artifice, which for all its initial shock power is bound to decline in interest once the mechanics of the device have been seen through. There is, too, a tendency in many of the contributors toward a dependence on repetitiveness, and some of the examples in this genre look like nothing so much as designs for wallpaper—tasteful wallpaper, to be sure, but still wallpaper.

Yet, as always in art, the line between good and bad, success and failure, is fine-drawn. Why is Anuszkiewicz's "All Things Do Live in the Three" so beautifully effective, while the basically similar "Nixe's Mate," by Larry Poons, is awkward and cluttered; why does Yaacov Agam's "Double Metamorphosis II" look merely signposty alongside the similarly conceived but much more graceful "64/8," by Karl Reinhartz? Here, I think, that old matter of scale versus content is involved—Agam's piece is too big for its boots, while Reinhartz's fits its own nicely. More than that is involved, though—more than I intend to go into now—for the style is still experimental and my feelings about it are tentative, and my commentary from now on will be fragmentary. A couple of other things surprised me. One was how widespread the practice of this relatively new method has become; there are entries from Germany, England, Italy, France, Canada, Venezuela, and the Argentine, and Equipo 57, which, I learn from the catalogue, is the pseudonym of a group of artists in Spain. I was struck, too, considering the newness, as well as how widely flung the national groups are, by how nearly identical their technical approaches to the subject are. And I was certainly

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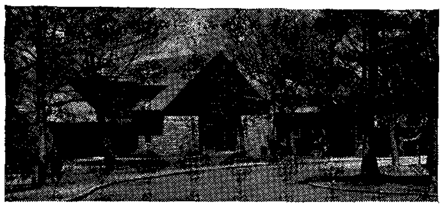

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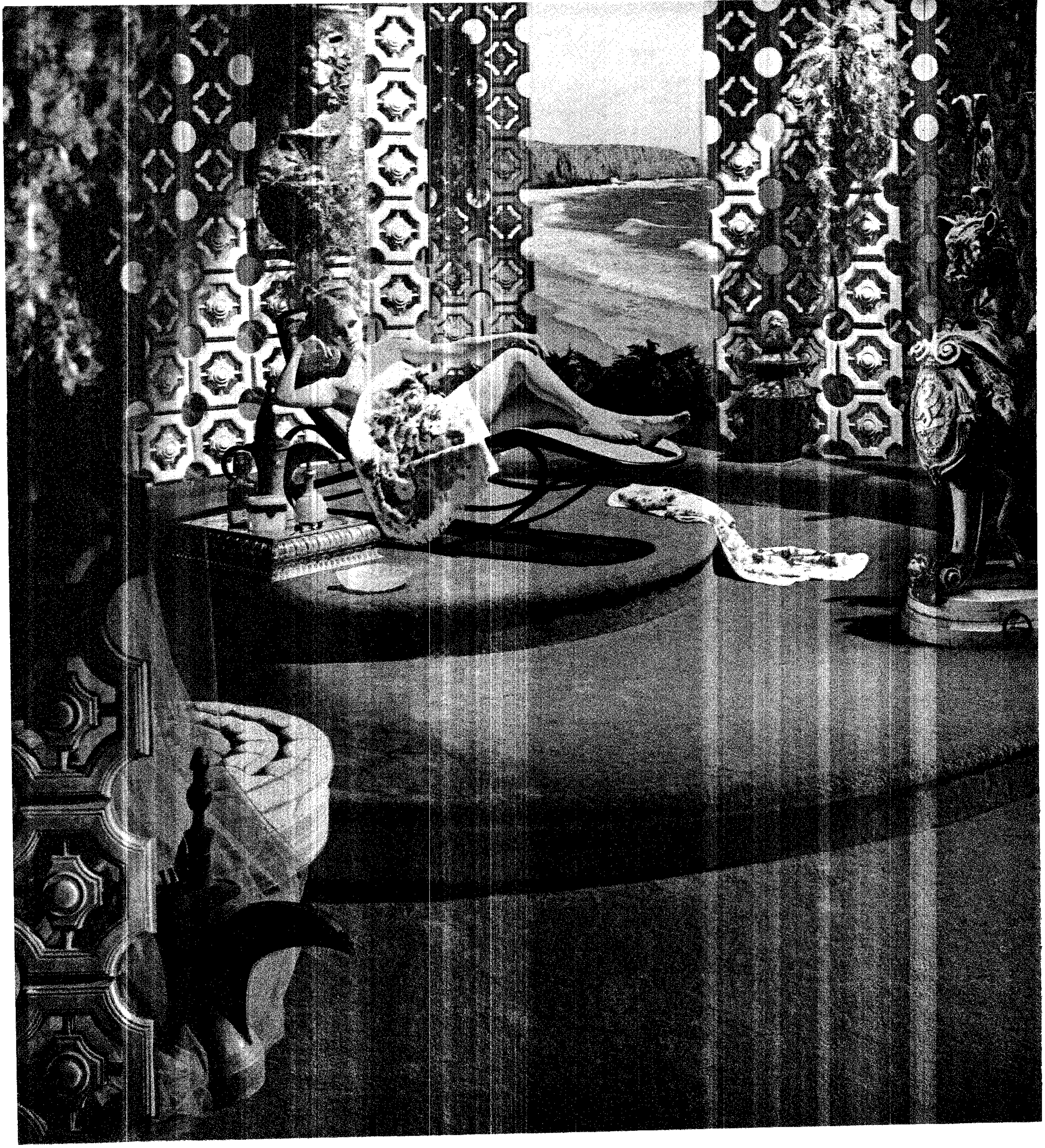

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The arrangement of the exhibition, by William C. Seitz, is impeccable. In view of the (shall we say?) excitableness of the show (my Abstract Expressionist friends called it "exciting," and it is that, too), the exhibits have been grouped by similarities of manner and method—a good thing, for a mingling of styles might have resulted in pandemonium. Josef Albers, long known for his wizardry at contriving miraculous coloristic juxtapositions and now emergent as the dean of this new movement, has a room of his own, devoted to examples of his famous "celebrations of the square" that are marvellous in their dignity and impeccable organization. Ad Reinhardt, Albers' close disciple and a long-time exponent of subtle color relationships, has a favored position, too. To make a scanty list of some of the many others I liked, I shall cite Gerald Oster's neat "Triple Radial," Mon Levinson's waterily shifting "Black Moving Planes XIX," Benjamin Frazier Cunningham's fiendishly involved and involuted "Equivocation," and Bridget Riley's also involuted but calmer and also watery "Current"—along with (to return to the sculptures) Getulio Alviani's cunningly deceptive if ponderously named "LL 36 Q 14x14 inv.," a panel of engine-turned aluminum, in which the manner of the burnishing makes it almost impossible not to believe that the dead-flat surface is wavelike. All in all, a provocative affair, though in view of its coloristic vagaries it is no place for the color-blind.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Due to a typographical error in Walter Arlen's review of the Pasadena Opera Company's "Carmen" in Monday's Times, the last sentence of the fourth paragraph read: "She (Mildred Miller) was also oblivious to his wooden acting." It should have read: "She was also undismayed by Christopher Lachona's rather strained way of singing and oblivious to his wooden acting."—*Los Angeles Times*.

There, Mr. Lachona! Feel better?

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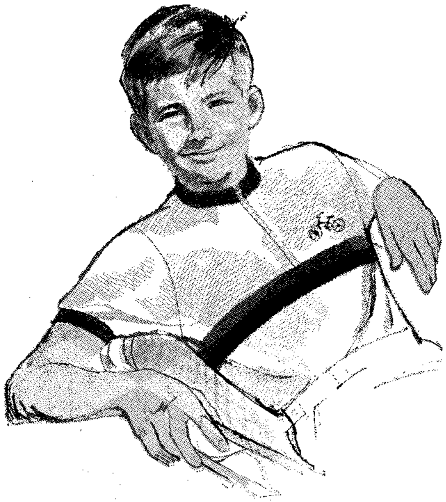

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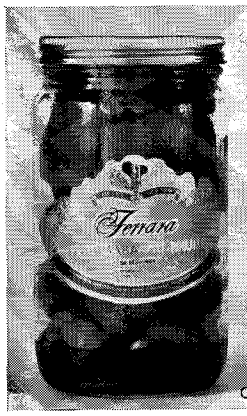

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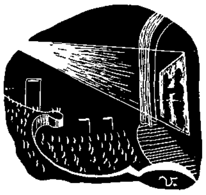

I ONCE heard a leader of our local bar begin an argument before the United States Supreme Court with the unexpectedly candid words "There are a number of dicta in this case that I will have to work my way around." In thus admitting the difficulty of his position, he won the immediate interest of the entire bench (though not, as it turned out, sympathy with his argument), and I feel like echoing him in respect to "Samurai Assassin," which deserves to be highly praised but about which I am duty-bound to offer certain warnings. It is unquestionably one of the best Japanese movies I've seen and an excellent movie by standards having nothing to do with its place of origin; nevertheless, there are reasons that a lot of it may prove irritating to a non-Japanese-speaking audience. One of the dicta that I see myself as having *to work my way around* is the fact that the picture gets under way with maddening slowness, employing snippets of flashbacks that are at once too many and too fleeting; another is the defect of atrocious subtitles, which compound the slowness of the opening scenes and often render them nearly unintelligible. All the verbal absurdities that one encounters in cheap foreign guidebooks and dictionaries attain their perfect flowering in Japanese subtitles, which are much worse than those of any other country I can think of. I'm told that these curious grammatical artifacts are manufactured in Japan, by people who claim a knowledge of something more than pidgin English, but if the Japanese film industry is serious about seeking a foothold in this country, it must see to it that the subtitles of its movies are written here, by people who habitually speak the language and do not raise between actors and audience an impenetrable thicket of gibberish. "Samurai Assassin" survives its subtitles, but what a needless risk to run!

I urge the picture upon you in this peculiar fashion, then: that if you will only sit patiently, and as inattentively as possible, through its first thirty minutes, the last hour and a half will provide you with abundant rewards. For once truly begun, the action of

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the movie is of a fierce and bloody directness, constantly mounting in speed, horror, and—strange to say—beauty, as the Oedipal hero marches, sullen and unwitting and ambitious, from the mystery of his birth and rearing to the moment of inevitable patricide. The last scene, which is a desperate battle fought in a snowstorm outside the walls of a great lord's castle, is surely among the most beautiful and terrible ever filmed, and should suffice by itself to make the reputations of the director, Kihachi Okamoto, and his marvellous photographer, Hiroshi Murai. The hero is played by Toshiro Mifune, who, like James Cagney in his prime, contains so much coiled-up energy that he threatens to explode at the slightest touch into a dozen other complete selves, all equally passionate and unquenchable. Mr. Mifune has wisely served as his own producer in "Samurai Assassin." I hope he and Mr. Okamoto and Mr. Murai will continue to make pictures together; if they do, then I hope further that they will try their hands at some contemporary subjects. With due reverence for the Japanese past, I can't help wondering whether I haven't heard enough by now about how hard it was for a samurai to find employment. Things, I am tempted to protest, used to be tough all over.

"YOUNG CASSIDY" is taken more or less loosely from the several volumes of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, which, it is fair to say, was taken more or less loosely from real life. Basing a movie (or a play, or a novel) on the life of a celebrated person, especially a person celebrated in the arts, is a hazardous enterprise, and I'm sorry to report that not a single hazard of consequence has been avoided by the makers of this sadly foolish picture. On the one hand, the dogged literary struggles of a poor young Dubliner of fifty years ago are unlikely to fascinate us unless we know in advance that he will wind up writing such works as "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars." On the other hand, since the truth of the events depicted is what makes them worth our attention, any deviation from this truth in the interests of drama will disappoint our just expectations and reduce the enterprise to a nullity. A similar double awkwardness must be faced in dealing with the main characters as they existed and as they are shown to exist on the screen. We know perfectly well what O'Casey looked like, but if the producers had given the starring role in

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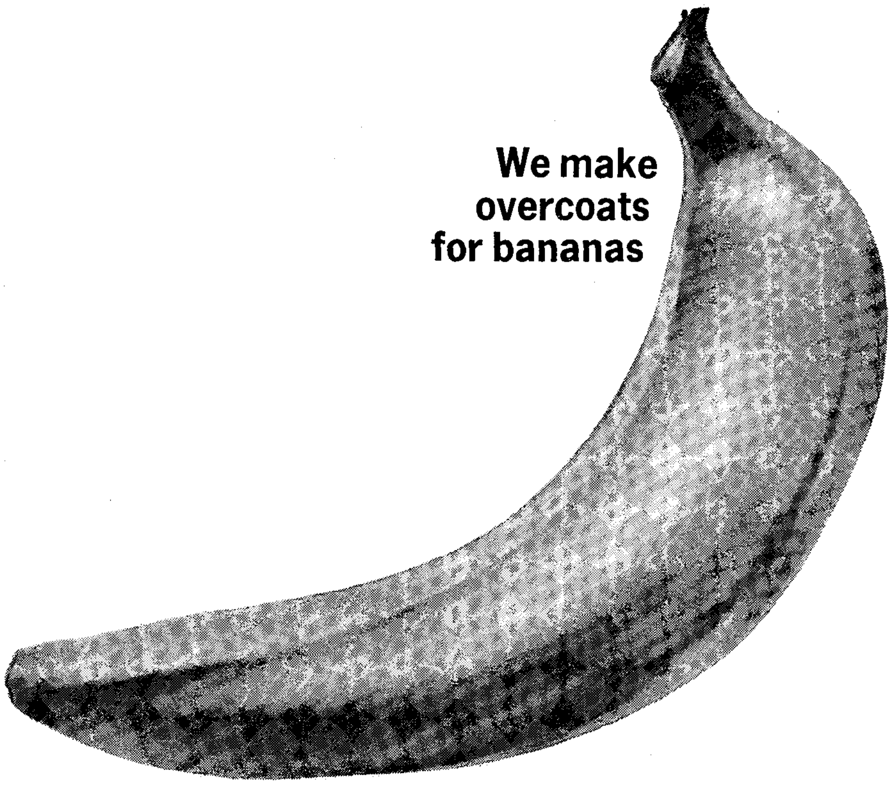

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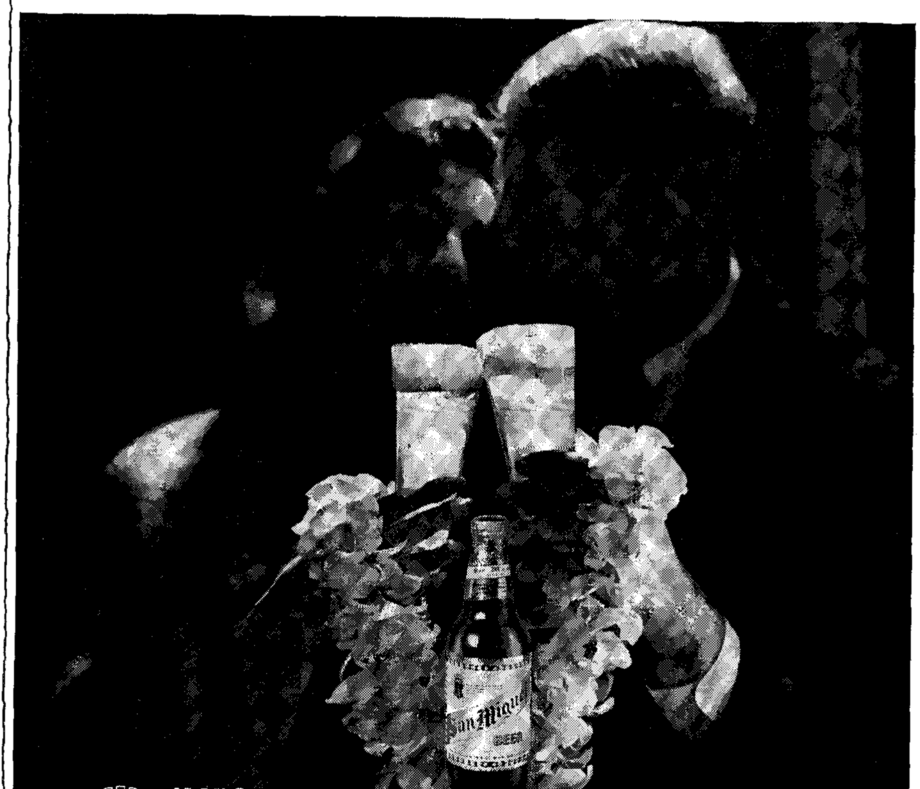

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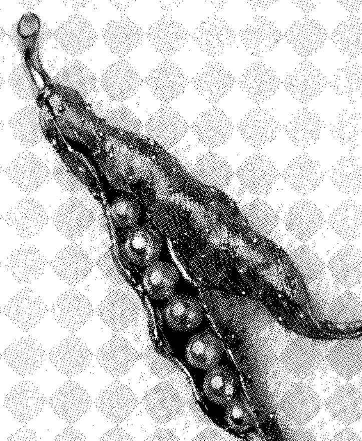

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their picture to a wiry, bird-faced, half-blind young tatterdemalion, would the necessary millions of people have cared to watch him making love to such pretty creatures as Julie Christie and Maggie Smith? No, the hero must be handsome and broad-chested and unbespectacled—that is, he mustn't be O'Casey at all. As for the events, they must be both vivid and various, at no matter what cost in historical exactitude; let a skirmish between strikers and the police cause the streets to run ankle-deep with blood, and let the Easter Rising find O'Casey in the thick of the danger, though in fact, having characteristically quarrelled with the leaders of the Irish Citizen Army, he took no part in it whatever.

The role of O'Casey is played by Rod Taylor, who is much too old for the boyishness he affects and who has an uncomfortable time with his Irish accent. Miss Christie and Miss Smith do what they can with conventional roles as, respectively, a jolly prostitute and a tiresome virgin, and Edith Evans and Michael Redgrave do what *they* can with the roles of Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats. The director, Jack Cardiff, must have encouraged Dame Edith to play Lady Gregory as kittenish, which she certainly wasn't, and he must have encouraged Sir Michael to play Yeats as a pompous patronizer of his social inferiors, which he may have been on two or three of the worst days of his life but which he certainly wasn't with O'Casey. They were born to do battle, those two, but when the battle was finally joined, it wasn't between a workingman's shirt and a stuffed one.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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PROBY, ZZO ZEARS LONG ZAZR TZED ZZTZ A BOZ AT THE BACK, REFUSED TO COZZENT ON ZZS ZLLNEZS"

—*Reuters news dispatch.*

Sounds like sleeping sickness to us.

•

KHE SAHN, South Viet Nam (AP)—An American missionary family living in an area surrounded by Viet Cong terrorists has staked its fate on a belief in God and the guns of a U.S. Special Forces Team.—*Miami News.*

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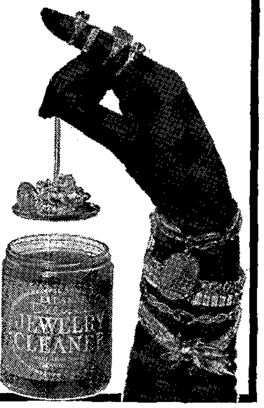

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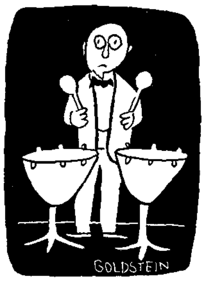
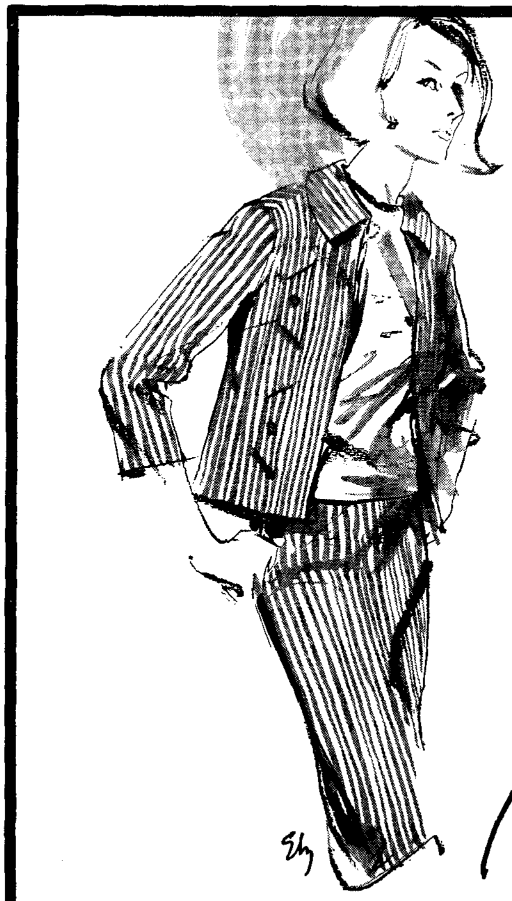


LAST Friday night at the Metropolitan probably reminded others, as it did me, of one of the more gala events of the era of Giulio Gatti-Casazza. There were three celebrated stars on the stage for "Tosca," indifferent *mise en scène* (this was, after all, the twelfth "Tosca" of the season), and conducting that was not particularly remarkable for vigor. There was also an audience, containing a large number of notables of one sort or another, that applauded and shouted so loudly and continuously that it often interfered seriously with the progress of the opera. Outside the auditorium, pickets marched with signs reading, defensively, "Franco Corelli is the greatest tenor in the world." The applause, nevertheless, was mainly for that star of stars, Maria Callas, who had come back, after an absence of seven years, to do the title role in Puccini's opera. A gasp went through the audience as she made her first entrance, and it was followed by an ovation of several minutes' duration.

Miss Callas's reception was, I must say, every bit deserved. She was an electrifying figure on the stage—youthful, graceful, sensitive, beautiful to contemplate—and she lived the role as no other singer within my memory, except perhaps Mary Garden, has lived it. Miss Callas is a unique creature—already, in fact, a legend. Her voice, considered purely in terms of decibels, was not overwhelming the other night, and it was very artfully handled in order to curtail high notes that might have got out of hand had any forcing taken place. But that same voice, considered from the standpoint of expression and emotional shading, was marvellous to hear, recalling, from time to time, the voice of the great Claudia Muzio. I make these comparisons with Garden and Muzio simply to provide some frame of reference. She was a little like both of them, but she was also Maria Callas, perhaps the most individual operatic artist of our time, and a consideration of her voice as an athletic instrument is almost irrelevant, because it separates a mere facet from a total stage personality that can grip and hold



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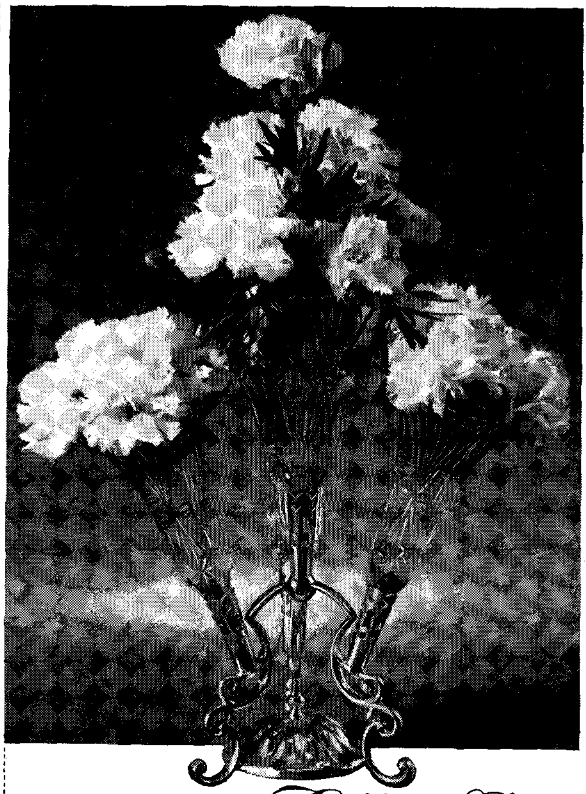

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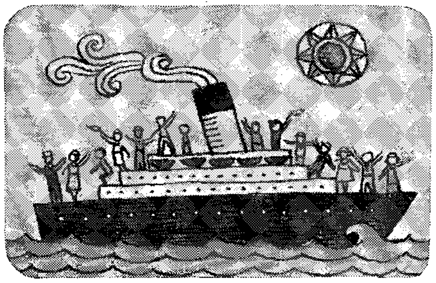

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an audience as few singers of today can. From her first entrance right on to her dive off the battlements of the Castel Sant'Angelo, she was a living, suffering, palpitating presence, giving herself in love, dissemblance, fury, and tragic resignation, and drawing her listeners into her emotions with a power that was almost hypnotic.

The Scarpia of the evening was Tito Gobbi, one of the greatest Scarpias—poised, insinuating, occasionally savage, but, unlike most others, aristocratic and almost lighthearted in his sadism. The second act, owing to the scenes between him and Miss Callas, was the finest of the three. Mr. Corelli was the Cavaradossi. He made an unusually handsome figure, and his voice flowed forth like the phenomenon of nature that it is. Moreover, this was one of Mr. Corelli's best evenings, and though art seldom modified nature, the effect was still imposing. Among the lesser roles, that of the Sacristan was particularly well done by Lawrence Davidson. Fausto Cleva conducted.

EITHER Gian Carlo Menotti has made some changes in his opera "The Saint of Bleecker Street" or I am beginning to understand things in it that escaped me on the occasion of its première here, eleven years ago. For one thing, the Saint herself, in the revival of the opera by the New York City Opera at the City Center last Thursday night, seemed to have gained in stature and to have become the opera's central pillar, as she ought to be, while Desideria, the hero's loose-living girl friend, took a secondary place, as befits the forces of evil. The production, directed by Mr. Menotti himself, was one of the City Opera's finest, and the casting ideal, with Joan Sena as the Saint; Beverly Wolff as the girl friend; Enrico di Giuseppe (a newcomer to the company) as the hero, Michele; Thomas Paul as the priest, Don Marco; Mary Jennings as the Saint's friend, Carmela; and, among others, Anita Darian and Muriel Greenspon as the unforgettable old Italian women, Maria Corona and Assunta. Among all these, Miss Sena and Miss Wolff, along with Mr. di Giuseppe and Mr. Paul, had the crucial roles, and performed very well indeed. The conductor was Vincent La Selva, one of the most impressive conductors of the current City Center season. The opera is Mr. Menotti's most elaborate one, with the exception of "The Last Savage," and it is perhaps the one into which his deepest feeling has been poured. It is not a perfect one. The

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character of the hero—mixed up, totally dependent on his sister, and essentially weak—remains a flaw, and some of one's sympathies are still drawn to Desideria. But the work moves along with the uncanny sense of theatre that Mr. Menotti has displayed over and over again, and the music is melodious and gripping, generated by a mind that has shown great courage, in a period of gimmickry, by sticking firmly to an expressive idiom that audiences can understand.

ON Tuesday evening of last week, the American Ballet Theatre celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by starting off its current spring season at the New York State Theatre. It had been several years since the troupe last appeared here, and again it proved how indispensable it is, both as a repository of great ballets of the past and as a forum for the work of numerous contemporary choreographers. I attended on opening night and on the following evening, noting the company's sterling assets, which include a superb corps de ballet, both in the female and in the male departments, some brilliant leading female dancers—Lupe Serrano, Sonia Arova, and Toni Lander among them—and a fine though slightly less arresting group of leading males. On opening night, before a worldly audience, there was an elegant performance of "Les Sylphides," in which Ruth Ann Koesun and Sallie Wilson took the main honors; a "Black Swan Pas de Deux," with Miss Serrano bringing down the house; a concoction, new to me, called "Études," of which I thought the first third might be eliminated with profit but which gave the whole company a chance at ebullient athletics; and, finally, the Bernstein-Robbins "Fancy Free," which retains all its charm.

Wednesday evening's program included a new ballet by Agnes de Mille, called "The Wind in the Mountains"—a wholly delightful essay in Miss de Mille's typical Americana style, with projected scenery and a group of frontier-type characters. It has a pleasing score, by Laurence Rosenthal. Among the characters are a pioneer called the Pathfinder, who speaks as well as dances (I think a mistake); a touching pair of lovers; a woman in red, who temporarily diverts the male of the pair; two skaters (Eliot Field and Ted Kivitt), who accomplish some magnificent feats of virtuosity; and, finally, a Stranger—a travelling salesman from the big city (William Glassman)—who expresses

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JAZZ

Northern Lights

JAZZ musicians, like all valuable artists, tend to be provincial. The great players often do not know one another or even hear one another. They rarely buy records, even their own, and they generally depend on radio and television for their musical news. They are, by and large, workaday stay-at-homes who avoid all-star get-togethers and who keep the sources of their magic close to their chests. Thus, the recent six-day collaboration of Earl Hines and Coleman Hawkins at the Village Vanguard (they were accompanied by George Tucker on bass and Oliver Jackson on drums) was doubly surprising: It *happened*, and the results were marvellous. Summit meetings, though, tend to start at a shamble. The opening night was reportedly indifferent, and the next night, when I paid my first visit, was disastrous. Hines and Hawkins were unavoidably late, and Charlie Mingus, the leader of the alternate group, was asked to begin the evening. But Mingus, whose public truculence is celebrated, demurred, telling the audience that he resented being second banana to Hines and Hawkins, that the audience was transparent because it was mostly white, that it didn't know music and would applaud when he purposely played wrong notes, and on and on. During the next hour, he punctuated reluctant bursts of his own music by storming off the stand because the audience, he said, was too noisy, and by firing his pianist, Jaki Byard, when he refused to let a pianist Mingus had invited sit in. By this time, Hines and Hawkins had arrived and witnessed some of Mingus's calisthenics. Hines, an old-school musician who wears a tie when he works, smiles at and speaks kindly to the audience, and obeys show-business codes, apparently was troubled by all this, for he was noticeably uneven during the evening. And this, in turn, upset Hawkins, who turned his back on the audience in his closing number and ambled dispiritedly into the far corner of the bandstand to play to himself.

But two nights later, when I went down to the Vanguard again, the planets were miraculously in harmony. Mingus held his tongue and played brilliantly, and Hines and Hawkins worked as one. (They had met just

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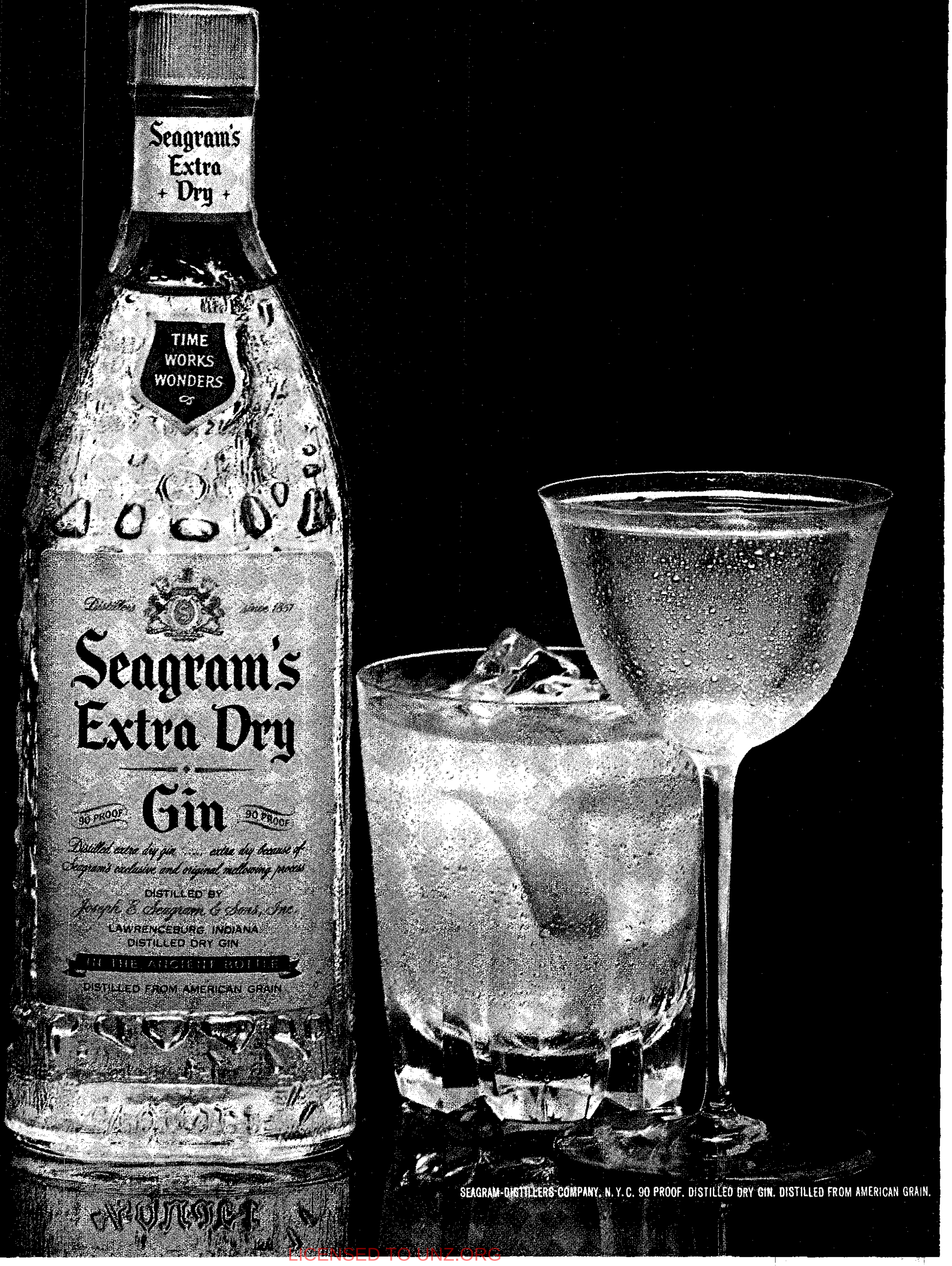
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once before their Vanguard stint—at a fine 1944 Keynote recording session.) Their first set was notable for Hines' fast solo version of "But Not for Me," which had a rampaging broken-rhythm passage, and for a Hines-Hawkins "Just One More Chance." Hines' judicious use of the loud pedal and of broad, come-to-me tremolos turned the number into a rolling lullaby, which sent Hawkins into a chorus of soft, dreaming phrases that were extraordinarily affecting. Between phrases, he seemed to accent his feelings by lightly touching the bell of his horn with the outspread fingers of his left hand; the motion suggested a butterfly landing on a flower. Hines worked even harder behind Hawkins in "Perdido," feeding him offbeat chords, echoing phrases, and monument-building riffs. Hawkins was impassioned in return, and then Hines played a superb solo, full of characteristic hide-and-seek runs and breathtaking broken rhythms. Their second set was even better. Hines did a grab bag of tunes that ranged from "Tangerine" to "Lullaby of Birdland," and then performed a Fats Waller medley that reached its climax in a "Honeysuckle Rose" that sounded exactly as if George Gershwin were playing it. Hines and Hawkins converted "It's the Talk of the Town" into another gorgeous lullaby, and Hawkins complimented Hines with a booming version of Hines' "Rosetta." Hines, with his customary sense of nicety, didn't solo. Both Jackson and Tucker hurried after the masters, whose mutual respect and inspiration seemed to dance in the air like northern lights.

Mingus apparently grasped this vision, for his set was equally exhilarating. A fast "Groovin' High" included a long series of exchanges between Mingus and Danny Richmond, his drummer (Jaki Byard, rehired, was also on hand, as were a trumpeter and an alto saxophonist), after which they played a volcanic walking-rhythm duet. This was capped by an Ellington medley that ended with a furious "Take the 'A' Train," in which Byard applauded Hines with several measures of flawless 1928 Hines piano, Richmond took a fine solo full of Jo Jones dynamics, and Mingus played some lightning shuffle rhythm. The audience rounded out the evening perfectly by being one of the most cosmopolitan ever assembled; Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain was on hand and so was Robert Graves. It wouldn't have seemed odd if they had sat in. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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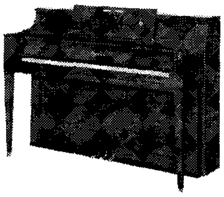

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BOOKS

Venetian Glass

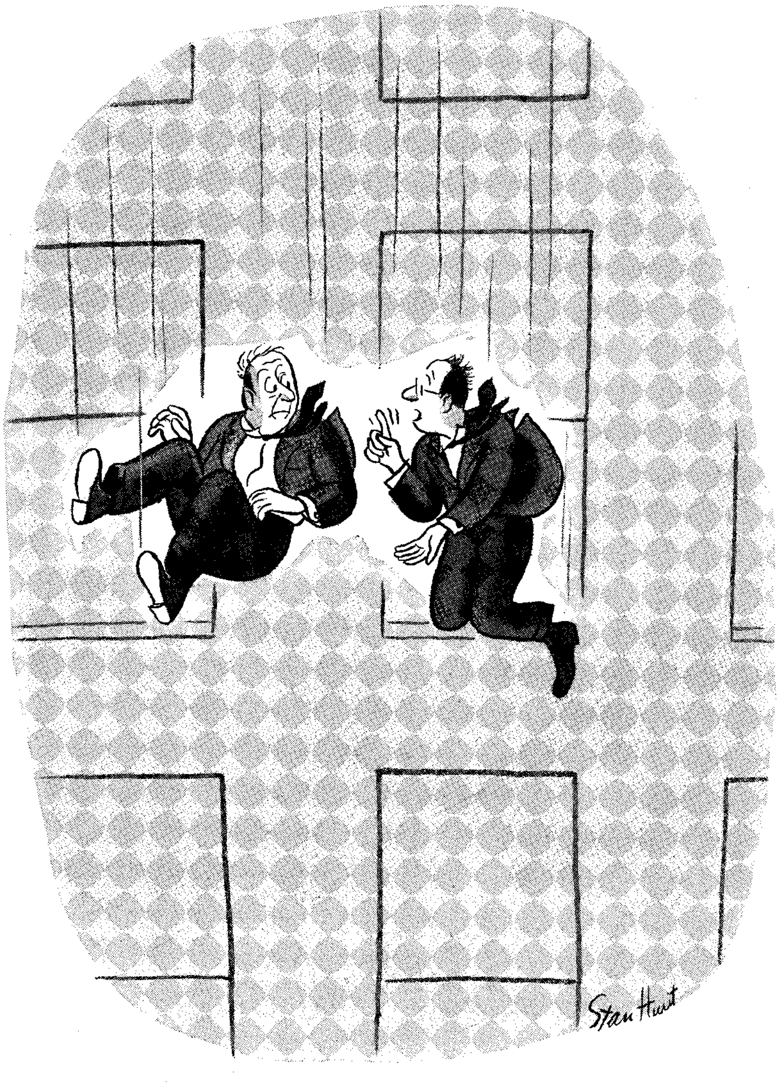
"THE SMILE ON THE FACE OF THE LION" (Random House) is a considerable comedown after "Venetian Red," P. M. Pasinetti's very successful first novel. Its shortcomings, however, are not those commonly found in second novels, which have a way of being written out of a drained experience of life and with the motive of establishing the writer as a novelist rather than out of an aesthetic necessity. In this case, the author seems to have been overtaken by the general malaise that has overtaken Italian fiction in the last ten years—years that may well be called, in contrast with those that immediately followed the Second World War, a decade of disappointment. Between 1945 and 1955, Italian writing had the air, if not the substance, of distinction, and novel after novel was surrounded by the nimbus of promise—acute in perceptions, economically and precisely written, and, in a moving way, urgent. All that had been held back during the intellectual moratorium imposed by Fascism was released, and a hunger for the use of the intelligence was evidently being satisfied. Pasinetti's first novel, published in this country in 1960, was a delayed product of that time, and his career is typical of the generation of writers who made it what it was. After finishing with school and university in Italy, at Venice and Padua, while Fascist obscurantism was at its most opaque, he went to the United States in the mid-thirties, and from there, by way of Göttingen, to Stockholm. "Venetian Red," written after the end of the war, was luminous with the sense of Italy's recovered freedom and with the certainty that what could be said about the effect of Fascism upon the lives of his characters was worth saying, and that his characters were important for having "lived so long and seen so much" in a time alive with tension and interest. But his new novel opens with a scene at that mysterious party to which the guests have gone against their better judgment—an obligatory part of every Italian film that aspires to achieve social criticism:

> "I was right," Genziana whispered to her escort, Quarto Martelli, who from the height of his basketball tallness was looking around delightedly. "I told you that it would be deadly." Genziana could immediately catalogue the young men in the background as belonging to the peripheries of the cinema. One of the Solmis was an architect and had dreams of branching out into set designing. Was it possible that they had invited her to see people of that caliber?

It is, alas, with the pencil-slim Genziana and heroes of that kidney that Pasinetti is now concerned. Genziana is ready to give herself to Bernardo Partibon, an inordinately solemn Californian architect of Venetian origin, but while he is in bed waiting for her she learns that her father has just died. The burgeoning romance does not recover from this chilling, so Genziana moves on to Bernardo's best friend, Clement, a confectioner of fashionable sculpture:

> Genziana suddenly stopped the car on the roadside, close to a large abandoned field drenched with water. "Come near me, stay here a moment." Her entire leg was in close contact with his, pressed against him from the hip to the ankle. He moved his hand over her face in a slow, strong caress; then he took her face between thumb and forefinger, pulling it closer, losing himself in contemplation of those large, questioning, submissive eyes.
>
> "You know, I don't take tranquilizers any more," Genziana said. With her lips parted, she breathed on his face.

To claim in justification of the yards and yards of this sort of thing—it is natural to think of it in terms of film footage—that Pasinetti is being mordant about the trivialization of life in postwar Italy is an aggravation of his offense or a participation in it. It is not necessary to be in Italy for more than a couple of days to become aware of the intensity with which most Italians are engaged in serious and worthwhile activities. Genziana comes out of a ditty box full of vulgar clichés with the label "La Dolce Vita," and it contents are as relevan to the essences of Italian life as the related group of clichés embraced by



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the term "Madison Avenue" are relevant to the things that are vitally American. It is difficult to believe that any significance is to be attached to a field of activity that draws on nobody's passion and that is looked upon, even by those most deeply involved in its processes, as the means to an end by which the reality of their private lives is to be sustained. And it is difficult to understand why Pasinetti and many of his generation of Italian writers have come to regard this tiny and unimportant backwater of contemporary life as a source of viable material.

One explanation may lie in the historical process. In the thirties and forties, anti-Fascist intellectuals, in Italy in particular, took their political importance for granted and assumed that they would play or were playing a leading role in the defeat of Fascism by advocating a liberal and humane ideology opposed to it. They could not be expected, being themselves too deeply immersed in the stream of history, to realize that they were advocating a return to a state of affairs that had gone forever. In Italy, above all, the ideological basis of the opposition to Fascism had the character of an antiquarian revival—of the promotion of precisely those nineteenth-century political concepts that a succession of bizarre parliamentary fiascos had reduced to absurdity. Because liberalism had failed to produce a workable society in Italy, it was all the easier for Fascism to replace it. It should have been apparent that the successor to Mussolini's arbitrary and fundamentally romantic social mythology could not invoke the past but must be a forward-looking form of utilitarianism, appropriate to a technological society in which efficiency and not any literary conception would be the supreme value. Modern Italians, perhaps because they put up with so much pseudo-Roman posturing under Mussolini, may quite possibly be bored by their historic past and indifferent to all claims upon them that are based on it. The objections of many of them to Fascism are not ideological but practical; it simply did not work. Faced with the test of a war of its own choosing, it conspicuously failed to deliver in the field in which it had promised most, and was overwhelmed in a contest in which the decisive factors were industrial and technological efficiency and quantities, and in which questions of ideology had no discernible part. Today, few if any Italians are conscious of any debt to an anti-Fascist intellectual élite, and some think of the prewar opposition to Mussolini and what he stood for as a gesture

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of futility—one with little meaning then and none at all now, since it is wholly irrelevant to what Italy has become. This is an attitude disquieting to anyone who has been brought up to accept the liberal tradition, for Italy appears to be an administrative and technological society without any conventional ideological basis at all. As in certain other countries, the ruling element is composed largely of bureaucrats, professional men, technicians, and men of affairs whose interests lie in effective action and who will accept any regime, whatever its character, provided that it allows them to pursue the activities they consider important.

The writer's position in such a society is a humble one, on the fringes of the worlds of entertainment and publicity, where the recognition he gets is dependent on his ability to establish himself as a personality. His dethronement as sage and oracle, and the end of the Goethe-Tolstoy tradition, are the more galling because they are associated with final and complete success in achieving the traditional liberal goal of freedom of expression—a boon a utilitarian society can grant with cynical generosity because it is aware that it has nothing to fear from ideas. As long as its administration functions at a reasonable level of efficiency and a majority of its citizens are occupied and amused, it is unlikely that anything a writer says will have any measurable social repercussion. The writer, accustomed to think of himself as a guardian and creator of social values, feels extremely uneasy in his new situation, and he takes his revenge on a society that has so little use for him by saying that there is something profoundly wrong with it if it makes so many people feel superfluous. To give substance to his case, he concentrates a disproportionate amount of his attention on the social outcast and the peripheral world he inhabits. This theory, which accounts for the worship of Genet in France and the appearance of a whole literature of addiction in this country, may explain the obsession with the least interesting section of society which so clearly and so depressingly has the Italian novel in its grip.

"The Smile on the Face of the Lion" is not at all unique; Raffaele La Capria's novel "The Mortal Wound" (Farrar, Straus; translated by Marguerite Waldman), a winner of the Strega Award, deals with exactly the same floating social element, and it, too, follows a brilliantly promising first effort

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after an interval of ten years. His publishers tell us, and so it seems, that he is a slow and careful writer, but what can fine scruples in the matter of placing words and images in relation to each other, and endless consideration, do for material that is not worth a second thought? His is a novel-length lament for the lost beauty and élan of a group of middle-class beach boys, water skiers, skin divers, and womanizers on the Naples waterfront, enjoying, in the early fifties, what appears to have been a hideously prolonged adolescence. While La Capria natters on about the tragic way that skin diving has deteriorated, the years have slipped away, weight has settled on golden flesh, work has become unavoidable, and charm has failed, a certain tension builds up. Will he get through the whole book without ever lifting his eyes from these his midges and taking his mind off his tiny grudge against life to notice the savage abundance of human activity for which the word Naples stands? At times, La Capria appears to be on the verge of acknowledging that this densely inhabited stone jungle exists, and hope rises as he seems to approach the problem of relating his characters to their background. But all he can bring himself to say about it is that the wrong people have been running the city since the war and that consequently much of its new architecture is in deplorable taste. The dear old place isn't half as dear as it used to be. A line in the book provides an adequate comment on the quality of its material: "Have you heard? Yesterday at the Nautico Bebbè Cappola slapped Vincenzino Marzullo. That's the pass we've come to."

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LIONS THREE: CHRISTIANS NOTHING, by Ann Borowik (Pantheon). Miss Borowik, a talented and witty writer, chooses to devote her second novel to a grotesque New York City romance that is characterized by bright color, fast action, and unpleasantly explicit language. The hero and heroine are simple-minded, talkative, and much larger than life. She is Barbara Denver, a beautiful actress married to a mad old financier, and he is Jim Nations, a famous professional football player. The plot rests on the unquenchable attraction that exists between Barbara and Jim, and it revolves dependably around

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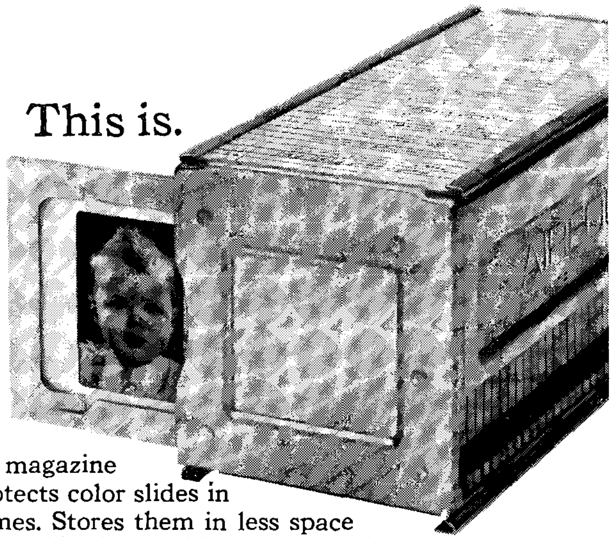

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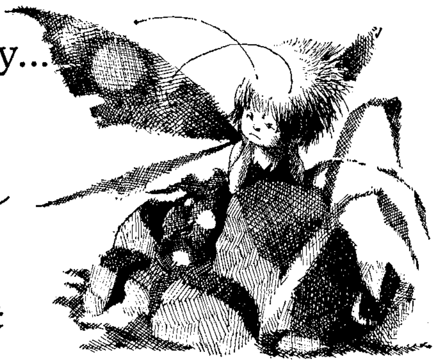

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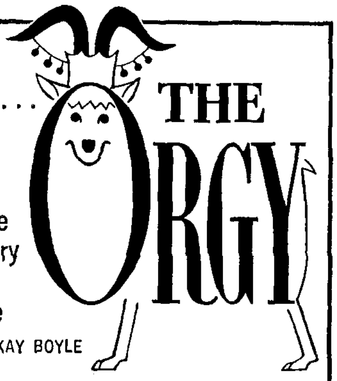

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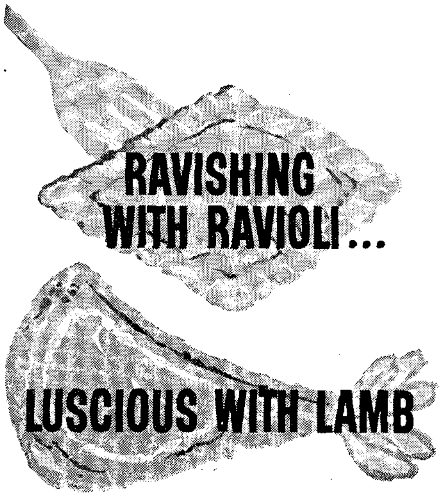
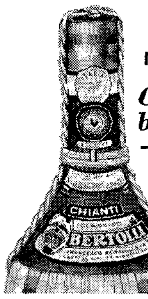
the financier's diabolical scheme of revenge.

THE HARD WINNERS, by John Quirk (Random House). This long, long story of hollow, hardworking, unhappy men and the women who surround them is based in Detroit and centered on a monster corporation known as National Motors. The book has neither plot nor design, and there is no attempt at characterization. It is a sectioned-out, or episodic, work in which each of the key men in the corporation is allotted a certain amount of space for his history, his habits, his hobbies, his ability, his ambition or lack of it, and so on. The story moves back and forth through a period of about thirty years, ending in the present, and in spite of the hearsay tone of the writing, it is effective, in a flat, bloodless way.

GENERAL

FREEDOM UNDER LINCOLN, by Dean Sprague (Houghton Mifflin). In 1861, the British Ambassador to the United States reported that Secretary of State Seward had said to him, "My lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the imprisonment of a citizen of Ohio; I can touch a bell again and order the imprisonment of a citizen of New York." Whether or not Seward actually said this, the fact is that, with the acquiescence of President Lincoln, he could and did do those things; indeed, at one time during the first, panicky year of the Civil War he filled moldy old Fort Lafayette, in New York Harbor, with victims of summary arrest and seizure. This book is a study of the abrogation of civil rights by the federal government during the Civil War—a story that has been skimmed over quickly by most historians and most biographers of Lincoln. Men were sent to jail for merely making objectionable remarks, habeas corpus was suspended, newspapers were suppressed, and at one time the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who had formally protested the suspension of Constitutional rights, was threatened with arrest to teach him a lesson. Lincoln, who had come to Washington as a prairie lawyer with little knowledge of the executive branch of the government, was in an agony during these years. He had been convinced that summary treatment of opposition was necessary to save the Union, but he longed for the day





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when the abuse of power could be ended and freedom restored. Seward, of course, had no such scruples. Illustrations.

The Italian Story, by Geoffrey Trease (Vanguard). A crisply compressed but never skimpy history of Italy from the Etruscans to the end of Mussolini. Mr. Trease, an English author and traveller, tells his story in an informal narrative style that covers a framework of facts; he has organized his book admirably and economically, but he is never in such a hurry that he cannot stop to ponder and comment on matters of interest along the way—on why, for instance, it was the uncouth Romans and not the more sophisticated Etruscans or Greeks who first united Italy, or on the murderous complexity of the political structure of the city-states of the Middle Ages, or on the astonishing vitality and creativity on the Italian peninsula, which drew all the rest of cultivated Europe to school there long after the zenith of the Renaissance. Illustrations.

The Inside Passage, by Anthony Bailey (Macmillan). The Intracoastal Waterway is a loose system of rivers, canals, lakes, inlets, and navigable swamps that makes it possible to cruise up or down the Atlantic seaboard from Cape May to Miami without once getting into open sea. This book describes a trip from Daytona to Norfolk, Virginia—a leisurely fifteen-day passage through some of the most richly historic, though now half-forgotten, territory of the Eastern United States. Mr. Bailey has contrived to make everything about his journey sound delightful and interesting, and has included photographs, drawings, maps, and hard-core information for the benefit of anyone who would like to make a similar trip. A small part of the book first appeared, in another form, in this magazine.

A Supreme Court Justice Is Appointed, by David J. Danelski (Random House). In recent years, we have had a good many current-events or inside-politics novels, most of them so bad as to suggest that American government is dull. This sober, documented study of a genuine, if unmelodramatic, event—President Harding's appointment of Pierce Butler to the Supreme Court—is enthralling. One might say that it reads like a novel, if novels were reading better. It sets forth webs of interrelationships and nar-

the General

A DAVID L. WOLPER PRODUCTION NARRATED BY VAN HEFLIN—Brilliant strategist . . . flamboyant leader . . . fiercely dedicated soldier . . . controversial public figure. This was General Douglas MacArthur—hero of two World Wars and Korea. But what do we know of MacArthur, the man? With rare films and photographs, many never seen before, this fascinating documentary paints an honest, intimate portrait. Join the privileged few who saw MacArthur in momentous hours of courage and conviction, in fleeting moments of informality with friends and family. "The General"—man and myth—is third in a series of great TV Specials, presented by 3M Company.

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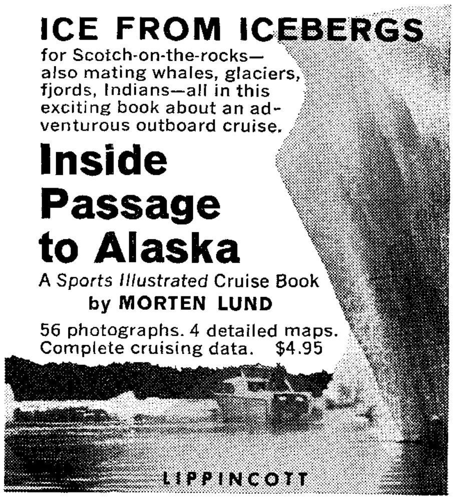

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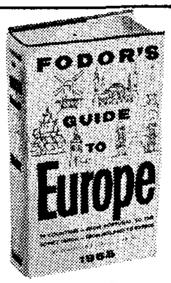

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Department 1

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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rates surprising, fast-moving, portentous events. Professor Danelski's point is that nothing is simple, but his book makes the complications, if not precisely simple, then elegant, orderly, and comprehensible.

THE SECRET DIPLOMACY OF THE HABSBURGS, 1598-1625, by Charles Howard Carter (Columbia). A study of the intelligence operations that helped the Habsburgs defend their scattered territories against unfriendly states, sometimes with arms, sometimes with well-placed bribes. Professor Carter displays a wonderful understanding of history; his passages on James I of England, for instance, are exemplary. He also describes the problems of seventeenth-century espionage—how to get material, how to assess it, and how to impel a large government to act quickly on the information—so that they seem entirely contemporary.

APOLLINAIRE, by Margaret Davies (St. Martin's). Apollinaire—a bogus Polish count (his real name was Kostrowitsky, or was it?), a posturer, and a rakehell, but also a poet talented almost to the point of genius and a critic so perceptive that he led the way in forcing public recognition of the Cubists—was almost too complex a figure for anyone to fathom completely, and there are times when this book bogs down in its dogged attempt to do so. The book's faults, however, are heavily outweighed by its virtues. For one thing, this is preeminently the moment for a more or less definitive biography of the man; Apollinaire died on Armistice Day, 1918, which means that practically all the source material is still available and that a number of his confreres are still alive. For another, the art movements he sponsored and the writing styles he experimented with are now, so to speak, embalmed by time, and their influences on more modern work can profitably be studied. Miss Davies has sprinkled her text with plentiful quotations from Apollinaire's own poems and other writings, and these are almost unfailingly sprightly, witty, and allusive.

•

LOWESTOFT, ENGLAND (UPI)—Scientists at the ministry of fisheries have admitted they failed in attempts to make fish seasick.—*San Jose (Calif.) Mercury-News.*

Oh, well, tomorrow's another day.

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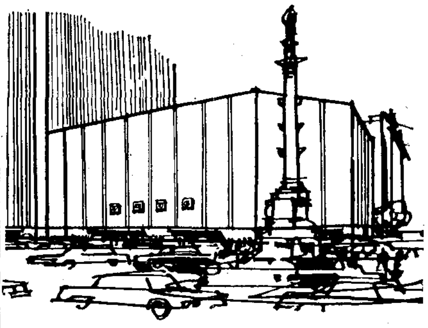

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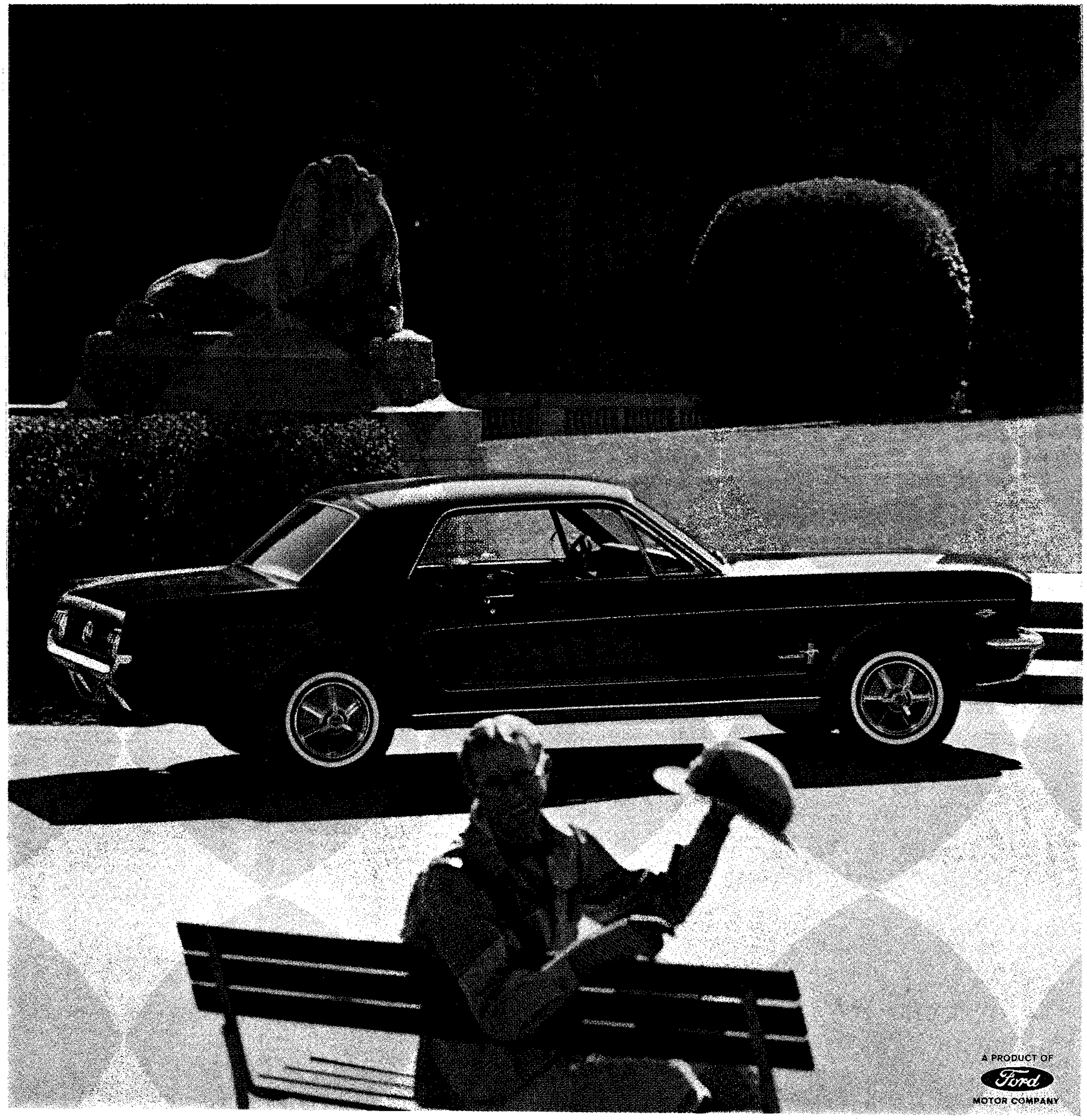

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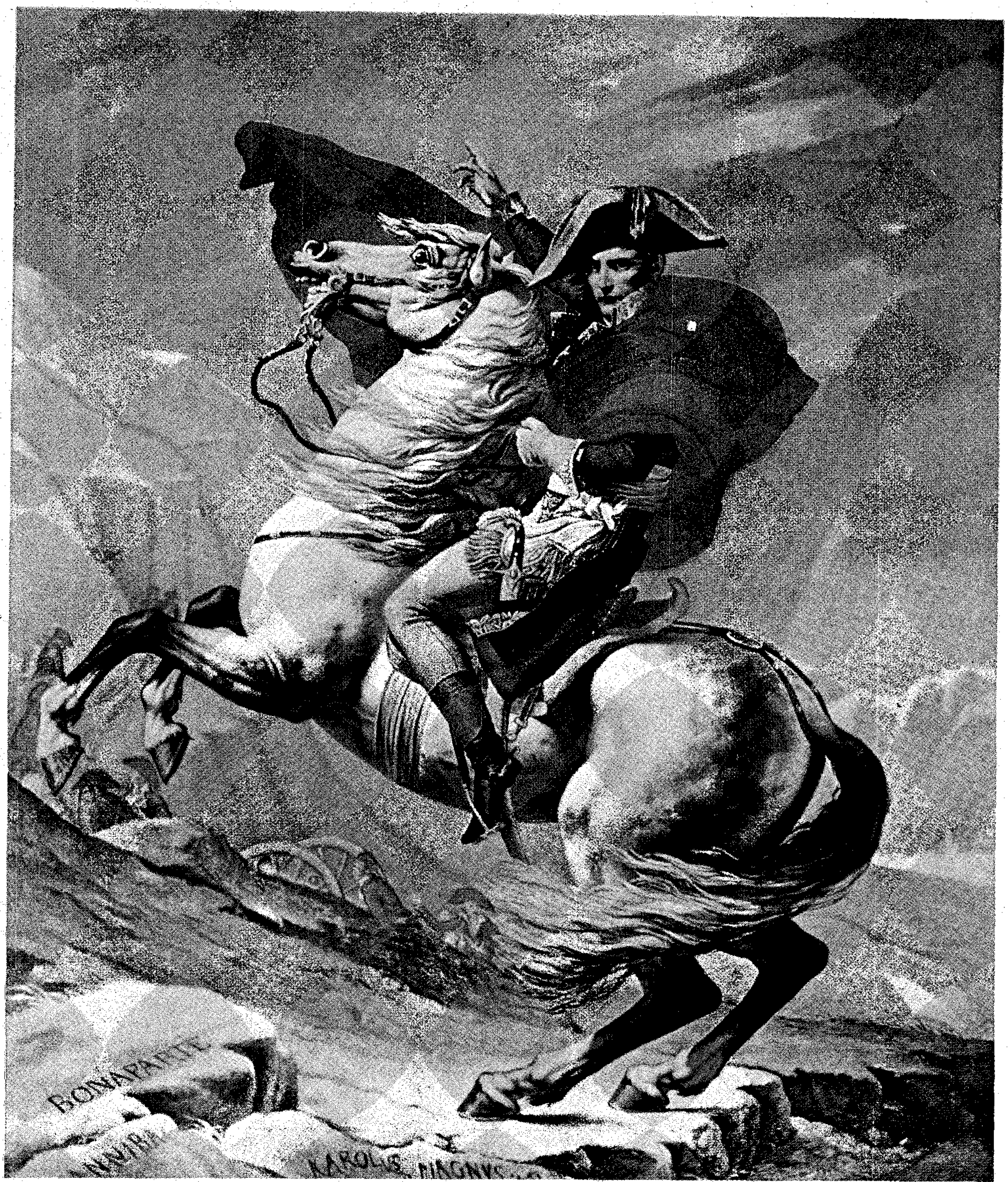

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